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PERFECT

THE COLLECTED PETER SOTOS
VOLUME 1

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PERFECT

THE COLLECTED PETER SOTOS, VOLUME 1

Peter Sotos
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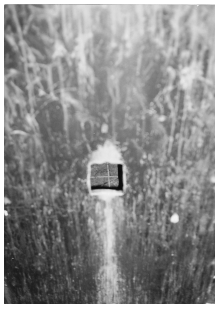

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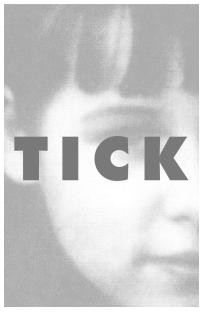

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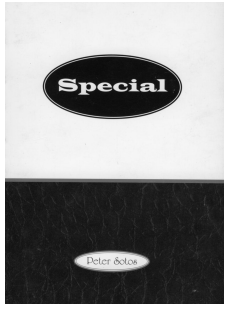

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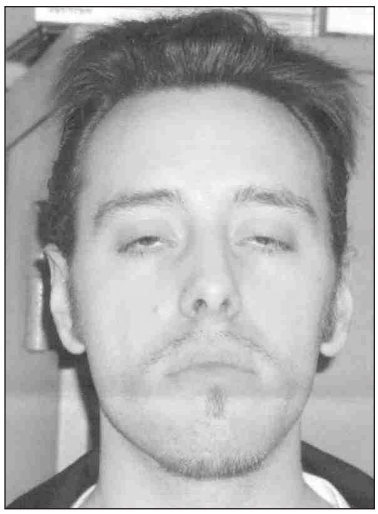


Were you ever abused by your parents?

This is a question for children. Especially since they lie so well. Explain what abuse means to you and then ask them again. The descriptions belong in the mouths of adults on screens. The little kids should be filmed listening and absolutely not comprehending. This isn't sympathetic. What has happened doesn't matter at all beyond the film and the specifically siphoned questions. Only film little girls if you can. Under ten in this culture. Boys are quicker to convince and the responses, lies, are less introspective.

Can you act?

I'd like to offer the part to the one who lives the scenes of the victim in her head. Her delay in public presentation has caused her to be less reliable, however. Find a girl of the age that Masha is remembering and convince her to live the role.

Do you think you can believe this?

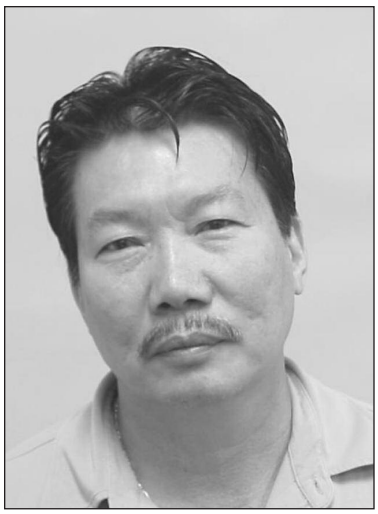
This is especially important as so many of her courtroom statements are wrong. The information she was instructed to repeat on rehabilitation, sentencing and her brief past refer to her latest minders rather than her sexual experience. Her continuing history of manipulation and her playdoh disposition towards other's subjective evaluations make her a comment rather than an intimacy. You don't have to trust anything else she says. Believing her distracts you from what you wanted to hear. She's been told.

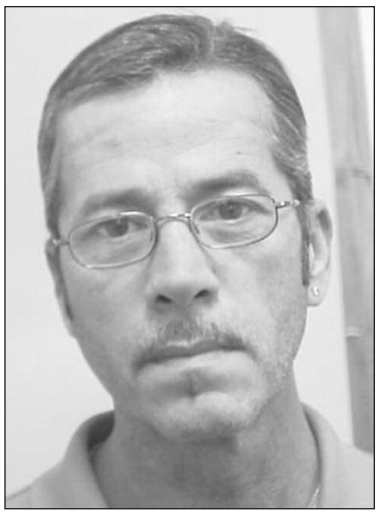
Pick an actor to remove her guile.

Someone prettier than her will make the details less like language and more like lust.

Victoire Thivisol would be plainly perfect back in her second, American, film. I don't give a fuck who the old man's kissing. As long as the grizzled fat drunk draws back after the initial gawking flicks and tells his dirt how to fucking do it better. A man shoveled up against a brick wall with his cock sticking over the lip of his jeans. I went from cock back to mouth and told him how to open up deeper and lean his weight and then put his nervous hand on his own hard cock.

I'm stuck at these men staying uncomfortable. The men who hope it may be their right or their need or their selfless shame to have sex in these places. The only times I'm interested in sex. I'm ignored by the runts adapting weakling political postures without showing that they've learned their own inadequacies. Those are the main stops for me. I want the decay positions amplified to perpetual and then drugged up to bland and torn and I'm fucking giddy that these glaring, lurched, collection hounds don't measure up. The women in the few places, more and more these days, are library reprints. They've only heard the glamorous encouragement with its niggling reversals and I'm enormously attracted to that fumbling bad fit. But it's hardly a genderless stupidity. The video confessionals come afterwards; gushing faucets and small drains. Thank fuck I don't have to see the recovery testimonials yet. Are you clean now? Not in what I'm looking to see from what I childishly peel back or that would be possible in where they, or me, are looking. I don't want to replace the crawling I watch with commiseration or with gangfucked fantasies of being molested or, better, photographed. The adoptive father tearing up as he remembers whatever. I want to see what you have more than anything else. But I never think that I'm in that position. It's not transmuted masochism or fear. I was astounded. A speedy photograph of a naked fatty man





holding a naked female baby almost completely upside down. Thick half erect cock and the infant was nothing more than a fleshy cummed on blob of hole and tiny slit. No possible emotion from her, no experience, just a soft, valuable, barely responsive and uncomprehending lump of forced open blubbery tissue. The shot was blurred, I would guess, because the facing prick with the camera was trying to snap and maybe catch the falling child at the same time. No one will believe me. Nothing had a greater effect. I constructed my own twist of events. The camera faggot naked as well. Two men trading full hand grabs just to hold the small wiggling sack open and steady while another pumps ineffectively in and on it. Could have been her mother with the camera. Could have been a stunted son and daughter like I've also seen. Until, I suppose, my history started spiraling backwards from what I did to connect with that charge again. Finding it elsewhere meant the possibilities were constant.

I don't beg but I could very easily. I don't think they don't know either. I'm not a cum hound.

Three women that fit together. I've always written scripts. A lazier, lessened opinion would be that it is essentially reviews. Sadly, I was always trying to include proof in my work. Every one of my books had enough names and pictures to prove to these impressionable minds that I wasn't like them. The original manuscript for Index came with pages of xeroxes from underground porn catalogs, personal letters from cops and perverts and favorite pictures. I was never not specific in who I was thinking about and the connections I was insisting on. When Index was published, it was as a book of text only. But I've spent all my time there and now think that not including those images was the correct decision. I don't think another's concept of proof is my worry. I stopped wasting time explaining, in general, a long time since. There's always a chance that I wanted to keep the images and the words together. To nail the photos down into a permanence that it doesn't have otherwise. This is a personal thought. The ideas, I understand, don't exist – at all – if they're not pinned down in writing. I just don't want to pimp them. And I don't like second guessing cunts. Legally, I have to consider the jumped perverts but they don't figure in private views.

I think most of these men would want you to believe that they were abused in whatever way sells a quick passable excuse. The women I've chosen are offered a different form of close listening. I'm more interested in slipping one valuable mouth into the other than academics seem to be.

Do you feel like you can talk about it?

This is what binds slime. None of them want the photos of themselves placed into a context that they can't control or explain in a way that doesn't hurt even more. This is why I'm sure that the correct decision to put photos of men on every page is fine art when it comes to a pornographic grasp. The pictures are entirely culled from sex offender sites. I have no interest in taking similar looking photos of men from anywhere else to attempt to show the banality of worry or fear or imbecile mother rights. I'm interested in protection inasmuch as it relates to what the women, children and little boys I'm talking about have gotten used to. What exactly they continued to expect. It drips from every single act and word they exist under. To tie this expectation down to the nonsense that grandstanders seep is another form of proof that I want to avoid now. An extensive collection of Marc Klaas and Maureen Kanka clippings are

replaced too easily by newer cases, hillbilly laws and tearless crying jags from names like Groene, Lunsford and Runnion. The swirling din detracts from what I've learned along with them. I despise what they do for what they say. I have to create their voices for them now. Not ever imagine that they'll offer anything better.

I'm not talking about choices. I never was. I'm consistently talking about offers.

The answers aren't good enough. Anti-exploitation websites juxtapose "Family Members or Acquaintances commit most of the Child Murders." with links to mugshot collections for community awareness. Child pornography websites should appropriate the same. I've grown fat on everything said and shown and I've grown sickest of the mythical screeds that deplete the desperate evocation of grief. The confusion of compassion with truth. I mix the murdered with the missing, the raped with the photographed. These men are just as flat and inconsequential to me. As are the young adults who alternate complicity with masochism in the pornography I buy. Don't have enough life in them to understand what that ulcer would mean now or entail later. Why I want to look for that specifically amongst the garbage heaps they call their work and personalities. Directly, they don't comprehend what their audience is looking for. From them. They spend all their real time thinking about it. Makes acceptable jobs and bad art.

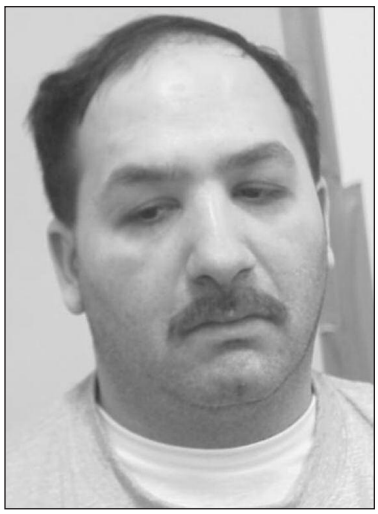
Would you like to try?

Every time I ask a question, it seems to be misunderstood.

I'm not challenging anyone. It isn't a critique or a loathsome device that needs alleviating answers. I'm not trying to understand why you're fucked up or how you define intelligence from such a budget conscious fog. Not all that many years between your tiny childhood and the easy younger adult years that can guide me into thinking you've made a decision. This is an old fat man talking to himself. The women I'm melding may or may not be considered as ugly as me. This is something that I want to separate from cultural epistemologies. Problem is these particular women don't fit into the constructs set up by law lugs who prefer thin young women or the sinks who mimic them. The market I've seen in porn sales that feature my level are chiefly sold as reactions to the overwhelming stream of masked-up eighteen year-olds. Sales for so-called marginalized women are based in a lazily articulated critique of the central market. The prettier girls perform in greater and greater numbers as renters shift loose change to chatty camera operators and label names rather than models. The employees that establish greener reputations are typically spectacular girls doing what isn't really expected of them yet. Many work especially hard to rinse away the nigger distance between liars and bad liars, models and amateurs, adults and consent. Plastic surgery, like motherhood, might help. Crackheads do a nice niche while you're down there.

Try to focus on adults and just skip the fucking faceless heads but accept that it's absolutely impossible. Every word of any book I've ever written is about what happens in adult sexual situations. That's all. My words placed underneath photos of arrested child molesters make that better, not clearer.

You're too young.



You can't show adult.

Show call.

It's not a significant drop to show the charmed acting charmless. It doesn't come across so well. You don't have to publicly accept stockade reasoning or exploit grief. It's not that bad. What you've gone through. It's not going to retain the impact that chaste arguments have over trying to sell something and doing quite well, thank you.

Don't act as if you're smart enough just to twist expectations. Or do.

I'd rather not spend any more of my little time haggling.

I come from a background of prostitution. My life isn't going to be spent with worse actors or essentialists. I can't look at newspaper briefs anymore without considering what they've turned into rather than how much I would have preferred them to be something entirely different. I find nothing tightly engaging about the misconception that those who sell to lower markets are excused by baseline unprejudiced honesty.

Fuck, I'm not looking for anything even remotely like veracity. Or even negligible damage. None of this has anything to do with masturbation any longer, not at my age. I simply want to see what you're doing for what little you'd like it to be. I'm willing to believe the part. I say that with complete faith in you. You'll be able to do just this, at least. I want you protected like you were, deserved to be, if you like, or want now. I find nothing ugly about wanting a little comfort, a tiny stop, I absolutely assure you. I don't know if you can do it without being ugly though.

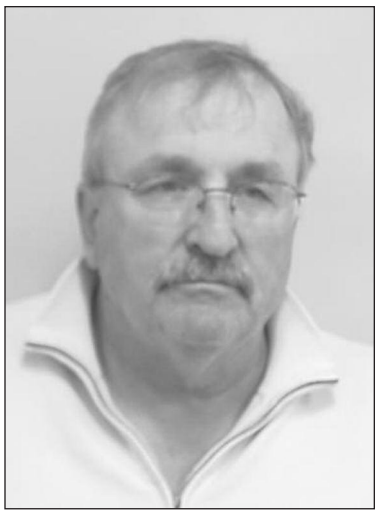
I'm in the shops. I know the sort of men like me that want the homemade footage of seriously damaged crackwhores sucking nigger dick. I know why they choose white women sucking on animals rather than the niggers who'd do it as well.

My pictures that are on the Internet disturb me more than what my adoptive father did because I know that the abuse stopped but those pictures are still on the Internet.

Wretches' discourse has changed. Rung solicitors now knowing that it's all fake. The stupidity that allowed for talk about your feelings and the sympathy it garnered from others is transparent manipulation with complacency agendas. The pictures that are found by those that matter to you have nothing to do with what your adoptive father had you perform. Those are highly questionable memories. The pictures of you that exist still are expertly found because of what little else you're doing now. Answering questions to relate the training. Circling the frame you've been coloring in. You are created to elicit sympathy and draw favors. You've done more to create more. The shots of you, the footage of you, are produced from the exact same context from which you have to pretend to avoid. You're exceedingly special.

Still.

It is my focus and it needs to exist. The animals with cameras fixed to their eyes recording what gets performed, below them, on children. Slob needs to give a camera to the toy. She can film the full sweaty pig while he humps and jerks and positions and, more importantly, directs. His face is obscured by his own camera. But pig drops it enough to wipe his bloat, soak and drool back to his thinning mess



of hair. Cunt with his stalled cock is captured pointing the camera to what he wants to see and what he wants his audience to view as lucky and special. Her bald point and his tragic grunts. Her thin chest and her opened face for police and dedicated jagoffs to pray for. Isn't she even better there. She watches his jiggling maw and stupidity even louder as he covers his reputation with plastic and common intent.

You don't want to sell it.

He never does.

The racemixing pricks who deconstruct pornography to extimacy and the dowdiers who trawl horror to explain social evil cruise the wrong topographies. This material is never created to trade or sell. This is a very small group of shaking fools who understand only that this sex never happens if it isn't recorded. It means absolutely nothing otherwise. This has to exist. The desperation that housewives and therapists sing about breeds from fathers. Most of the child pornography that currently makes its way to these gnats' thoughts are produced by families and close acquaintances taking their alone best shots. The tumor talk only forms in the minds of those clawing after such. Child pornography laws against possession are wished and passed by daydream criminals. Bringing the subject into finite view when such a cold actuality couldn't breathe and spread outside. The many millions spent in stupidly seeking out lesser versions of the bigger louder jagoffs. The financially sound solution would be to knock on every father's door and screen every single runt inside rather than trolling chat sites. Take the kid into every bedroom of every home and have them show you around. How many of these cunts hide pornography and how many raped children.

I could label the men that I prefer. The ones whose victims were under eight.

I'm not recording names or re-scribbling brief details along with their detestable mug shots. It's not a sympathetic decision, however much fuckable sympathy I'd like to cleave. Federal and state sex offender sites are separated from the suburban tabloid brands by their muted sense of outrage. They coalesce as the listed age range of victims can never be tactfully delineated.

I've chosen the sad fucks for the monograph from the FBI listings and made the appropriate selections carefully:

Only offenders who were engaged in the sexual abuse of children. There are a few exceptions; mainly when it comes to indecent exposure. But because these men are meant to be placed back into the gloryhole and faggot situations that I insist on, I thought it legitimate to include those that tug at themselves in public. Some might argue that it would have been more fitting to put rapists in the group. There may be some. But I'm more interested in men who memorize.

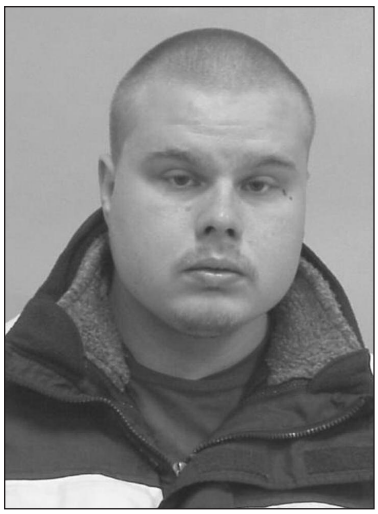
Men from zipcodes in Chicago where adult bookstores and sex slums are nearby public vents. I have only selected those neighborhoods where I've trolled.

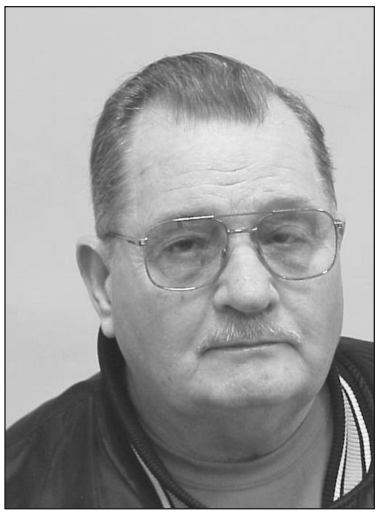
No niggers. My experience is key. Hispanics, the racially dubious and other parodies figure as they do in the cheaper wood and quarter joints near their jobs and hovels. Fathers, I dearly hope, are well represented. For the faggots. Gender wrecks, like trade, weren't excluded either.

You like looking at that cock.

It fits in an asshole easier than a vagina. You understand why.

Less tearing. Less proof. Less face shots.





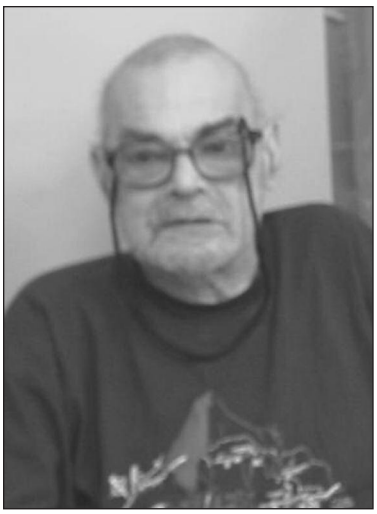
I'm going to let you film it alone this time.

It is not an alternate view.

I started to take these children's voices away from their faces. Not away from them. I also transcribed what I had in taped interviews. The initial intention was to slam one confession, one list of detail, into another. I did this wholly for myself. I wanted something that didn't break. Only perfect lists that lasted longer than what I was always fucking only getting. It wasn't a surprise that they all tended to sink to one particular mouthed point as the focus was mine. I looked for the same thing. Selected the footage that I responded to as much as picked through for. No self-lacerating objectivity for public discourse since what I came to understand from collecting came from the entirety of my constantly narrowing experience. The faces of men photographed by police mugs relayed the exact same stingily overworked information. This is why the finished edits can't be seen as a comment on the material or the social construct. I can't do anything about the stupidity and lies that frame this shit but the collection was designed to be personally perfect – not highlight or deconstruct modernist theories of the media or vulture cultures. What was crass for others was irritating to me; I don't want to talk to an audience of honesty sifting idiots who wall at lust and release. Mothers and fathers may appreciate this angle. I do not. I can't. I've done too much work.

The flat unlucky men I've located know these women's experience differently. Nobody's supposed to be ugly, lonely, jealous or vain. Replace complimentary definitions of sickness with countless degrees of defense. These poor boys got photographed in the clothes they got arrested in. List every possible thin concept between fair and judgmental. Sufficient and tolerable. They have pills for your instabilities and sad lapses. You can get more for your failure to be properly excited as well.

You wouldn't want to see another naked child. I don't fucking want to see another clothed one. I've come to appreciate fictional positions. I want to see actors. I don't need to see a life rife with abuse or devoid of simple applications. A film of sexual abuse made up of black and white still photos slipped underneath a narration of what adults have gone through in Knoxville. Recreation photos constructed by a director and writer who pay to make something more real out of their fellow townies' tales and airy histories. You find pictures of a topless underten wrapped to her waist in a comfy bed staring at a large adult's hand wrapped around a broomstick. Her brother molested her with two friends in a field outside their house. One actor on top of her and her told to look frightened. Clip of her naked and facing a group of boy actors. Her little butt only slightly blurry and then running away; more blurred. Wearing white for her age, she's covered in supermarket blood that is supposed to remind the audience of how brutal the psychology of seeing her pet goat slaughtered was. I learned not to tell. Aging incessant jagoffs. Any old man remembers the elasticity of facts and the insult of delusion. You count the conditions of a fake preschool molestation ring. And the recall changes the delicate confession of the narration to a filmmaker's insidious and now inhabitable agenda. Intentions supersede details. I wasn't looking at the old man with the baby when I was collecting child pornography. It's only now that it works. I wasn't fucking Kee MacFarlane until I found an old cocktail troll named Daniel as the single possibility in an otherwise empty Machine Shop stop just after all the bars closed. Place used to be packed at 4 AM. Now the shift slob charges five dollars and tells you: there's only one guy back there. They need to clean



the joint up. The filmmaker and the victim become the same liar. One that's too stupid to make something up with a tad more reliable reality, the other too unstudied to know that it shouldn't be included. One single liar that can't get over the desire to shock. Create melodrama. Draw sympathy. You try to hope that there won't be a list of helpful sites for the continually injured. You prefer to wish they weren't so bad at fantasizing.

Fucking make something complete. I'm sick of being a troll. Fucking finish something, can you, cunt. Fucking complete this.

The exhibition is here now. You can find pictures of everyone. Access to the pornography of you that turns the quiet incidents into pornography for everyone else is no longer a significant complaint. You can't have what you wanted. What you say was yours. Learn provocation, seduction, projection. You have to fucking grow up now. Stop sounding as if it's better to be stupid. It isn't.

How long did the abuse go on for?

This hasn't changed. I've selected three that could say it all the time. But you'd have to work out what kind of abuse is worse. What happened before or what's going on now that they might not be aware of. The three women are here at convenient stages of age. The first had photos of herself taken as a skinny naked raped child just cleaned from a russian orphanage, the second as a young woman away from home, performing sex specific acts for the man she thought was also in love with her, the third as an older woman of around sixty, fat, exposed, mainly sucking off men she may choose in a suburban sex theater. Knowing her, I'd argue that she doesn't choose. But as the requirements of the theater include her being coddled to some great extent, she can turn down any one of the cock waving line. I don't see it. I know it must happen. There's usually men aside the women that repeat:

Don't touch unless she asks.

When one of the plugs tries to feel around someone else's blowjob.

The photos I have of all three carry the weight of my own experience. I insist on this. The nigger whores I'd pay when I was Lynndie's age. The niggers who were older and available because they'd been raped less preciously than Masha and then continued to expect even less. Or the white trash who demand more. I understand the men around Carrie just as much as I know her own bloated sick rejected impulses and salves. The difference in personal revulsion is difficult to convince others of. But this informs my decision to only publish pictures of men with their clothes on in situations they've come to hate most. More than any cocksucking story that includes niggers or children or stupid housewives. This morass of protection, choice and sex may seem to be further complicated due to subsistence level lifestyles. It's all so fucking cheaply done and always performed for extra doghouse treats. Having their details under mug shots of thoughtless clumsy desperate men isn't a feminist, political or alienation font. It's the difference in what works, plays to type or gets recast. I swear I'm looking for contradiction rather than imbrication. I know where to look for obvious reasons.

There's a rule that the proprietors of 15th Street Books follow as much as they can. The women they let in should be accompanied by men. This is, against any public arguments to the contrary,

complied to when it can keep niggers out. Not just because it brings down the level of repeat pay custom. They sniff out the lone hookers who're safer inside than on the street but open the place up to pandering violations. Enjoy the free speech and anti-discrimination rights that contemporary understandings of sexual freedom allow brave dogs but market to the dagos that populate Melrose Park. The pimps that make it past the scumbags at the counter are ratted on by the slobs who actually believe this shit. The trannie at the register will soften things up: I know the girls. They like big black dick.

Sex offenders do not agree to have their photos taken. Let alone published by goons pandering to fools. Exactly like Masha Allen; that's hardly enough. They didn't choose to be where they were when forced by princess rules and hard confusion to stand in front of an even uglier cunt with a camera. The shots were taken as mugs and eventually released to sexual predator sites. It makes sense that few models were thinking as far in advance as the cops who were snapping and calming. Wanting just this ordeal to be over, not feeling temporary enough or in secure surroundings, not planning on the trial and sentencing just yet. The cop who has this sort of job is usually cut from the same quiet sickness as the model. Context works against both parties. The sympathy needed to lie through their teeth isn't really available to either side. The photos, with very little practice above idiot motherhood, ultimately show nothing. I chose this over the tackier thought that part of processing includes a model versus subject pose with the first instructions of probation and release.

A simple history of use. And no workable, useful critique of the medium. The experience, writers will tell you, is too central, too powerful and busy, to use anything but more and more words to expand the constriction of insects using documentation as "truth". A system of representation that cites a social phenomenon without any appreciation of the audience or artist.

You fucking see nothing. Nothing, for the easiest example, to pick the fathers from the abductors. Nothing that would mark a papa displaying his photo of his rotten child in a bar from a faggot in a different bar wanting to suck you off in the john. Dad shows his photo of his daughter after he suspects you'll tell his wife. Or he smells a tinge of faggotry back on you. The jaded truth, the cop with the artwear will tell you, is they're all the same. They don't just look that way.

I can't allow an audience in from the street. I can't have ads that invite in philistines. I've read the reviews, I know they're wrong. These slobs might want me to teach them something, have an affect, provide an experience. I can't put the pictures on walls because cocksuckers will make the wrong conclusions as to why one group faces another and why it would have been better to set the shots up in a dark sex room in Mitte rather than some moneygrubbing cum-marxist gallery in Kriensdorf. Just like any pig that's ever let herself get filmed for pay, the final critique will always be about money. Fair enough then. You have to understand. I took the photos out of the urinals I'd use them in. I couldn't bear the other cunts looking at them. I wouldn't have done what I did otherwise.

This works against me in ways I can count. Your concerns over price and monotony don't fit in there. Your level is simple, typical. Niggers applauding ingenuity, the entire idea is sickening. I know better what it is to be ugly and boring. My medium slaps me far more viciously than anything medicated shopkeepers or the police, with everyone that matters perfectly on their side, have ever tried to concoct and then eloquently explain. There's two fat fucks sitting in chairs outside the gloryholes at a heterosexual

pit in a revolting wop ridden suburb of my home. Roach talk about the level of the twenty monsters following the three or four lurids that tread from theater to hole in snippy degrees of ugly. I gave a cripple a handjob there once. He couldn't fit his cock or his mouth to the hole so I reached farther and yanked his hard thick proportionate dick until he cummed. Alternatively, I'd rub his sweat soaked hairy chest and stomach while he tooled himself. One hand working quick and the other supporting his withered weight by a lean into the wall. He stroked my forearm and fist wherever I petted him. Cupped his balls and listened to him encourage me. I'm not the only one who did this. He knew what pity, embarrassment, shame, compassion, revenge could pry out of the cocksuckers looking for cock through well lit holes.

Understand that I adore one single child so deeply that I'd like to fuck her and hurt her but suck indiscriminate men who repulse and mirror me as close to the experience as I can.

The camera that he had stuck to his eye while he fucked you suggests more than just you not getting fucked.

Both stories afterwards are mires, void. Not just because they're bad liars. Because they don't know what really happened isn't for me to figure out.

The videotape had to be seen by others. And then traded to even lower life forms. Working out the relationship they had between them and then separately doesn't create something better. Something that looks different from what's on the screen. Something other than what I found however. The available rape relationship is between subject and photographer. It wouldn't have been the same if I was one of the worried beasts hiding and snapping.

See if you can understand this.

You couldn't before.

I'll have to explain it. Seems much worse this way. Makes what I do even cheaper.

If I start here, perhaps that'll work.

What do you know.

This is what they do. And then go home. What I do is very different. Until I have to worry that you might be right. That it doesn't matter. And that I'm on a level not as perfectly combined as yours.

Cudchewing. Unthinking in this position. Obese. With her immense fifty pound alone gut slobbing onto her fatter flatter lap. Her incomplete face hung open to keep filled with one small cock after another.

Outside of the joint, in the smoking tent in the parking lot, this woman tells me she brought her son with her. It's his twenty-first birthday and he's never been laid. She and her husband, or whatever, have told the young man to stay on one side of the pit while they're on the other. The choice is between the theater where the polite blowbangs are slithering and then the glory holes that are like any other suck-off porn shop with the exception of larger crowds in the hall when women are in the booths.

This tells me to go visit her in the back. This grabs my crotch and asks me if my dick is as big as my feet suggest. This tells her provider to give me his card so I can call them later.

I don't ask her if she avoids the cameras that every other minder has brought with them. There are photos of her in the internet groups dedicated to the pit. I tell her that what she's doing is nice when she asks me if she's a bad mother or a really good mother. She's doing exactly the same thing for herself.

If not for strangers in a public place, she wouldn't be getting what she thinks is an important share of sex.

You don't think you're ugly, do you?

What's wrong with him? What do you tell him?

One of her mistakes looks down at a bald spot to see what's really lolling on him. It's not what he thinks he wants inside his dense blood flow. Hopes it'll get better someday. Which, with his short life derangement, is worse. I don't jagoff because I've seen uglier faggots yank on themselves while they suck and I can't stand to look at it anymore. I'd imagine just photos of the little girl I'd like to see split ten-year-old cunt to skull. You go ahead and cum, doll. Whatever stupid fantasy riddles me makes no difference to you. Doesn't change whatever I'm doing either. I'd rather not be this. You think it's good or just bad?

There is talk about new pictures that are even harsher than the ones we know. What was on those pictures?

I thought that I was seeing something exceptionally exciting in the newspaper clippings I kept and the sectioned, advertised pornography I carefully selected from winnowed racks and industries. My tastes were turgid definitions of fatherly concern since I believed that what happened was unfair and selfish, no matter how sellable the excuses were. I can't imagine that men with a pornographic interest in niggers look to crackwhore documentaries as elevating in any way. The market wasn't hard to expand. I'll tell you. Because this cow won't say anything I didn't expect or want. I know she was raped as a child somehow. When she was far prettier, no matter how gene-ragged she is now. No matter what the cause of that is. And it prefigured nothing. Compare the hulking beast who's taken on the cause of others so that she eats more than her fair share and the one that ended up here, sat on a couch with her flabby dugs dribbling down out of her dirty theater going t-shirt, with a line of men waiting their turn. For which, she's grateful. While she cores that what happens is gifted. Not one doesn't have a history of someone in her family doing the things she'll be told later were wrong. Unlucky enough to be caught out and separated into rapists and dangerous strangers. I fucked her mother way more than I ever did her.

A youth fitness center manager is among seven Victorians caught in a global child porn sting. The 48-year-old Pakenham man, who manages a YMCA, was one of 24 Australians arrested during the Australian Federal Police's online porn blitz, Operation Irenic. Police are sifting through one million sickening images of babies and young teenagers being raped, tortured and abused. More arrests are expected overseas.

One child who police fear was being groomed as a victim in New South Wales was removed from the care of a suspect.

Brighton Grammar teacher John Newton Hewitt, 49, was among the seven Victorians arrested on a total of 16 charges. He faces one count of using and one of possessing child porn. An ex-policeman and a forensic psychologist were also arrested in a sting that brought arrests in five states. They had accessed mostly US-based sites.

The six-month operation by the Online Child Sex Exploitation Team followed a tip-off from Interpol. AFP Acting Assistant Commissioner Kevin Zuccato said the operation had been a success but it had only dented the child pornography problem in Australia.

"Twenty-four arrests is an excellent result but I think it is the tip of the iceberg," he said.

"Our experience shows this is a serious problem, and I think the internet provides opportunities for people to feed sick fetishes and predilections." Mr. Zuccato warned parents planning to give children computers and mobile phones for Christmas to keep a close eye on internet access. "The internet is just as scary as the world is sometimes," he said. "We would not send out children to the park and allow them to play there unsupervised. Why would we let them play on the internet for four hours unsupervised?"

A number of the Victorians arrested appeared in court this month. Court records reveal they were Box Hill man Carl Laurence Adams, 30, who was charged with using and possessing child porn. Michael Kontoudis, 42, of Caulfield North, and 70-year-old Alan Franklin Clark, from Bulleen, were each hit with three charges. The men were granted bail on the condition they report regularly to police and use a computer only to correspond with their lawyers.

Three other men, including the YMCA chief, have yet to appear in court.

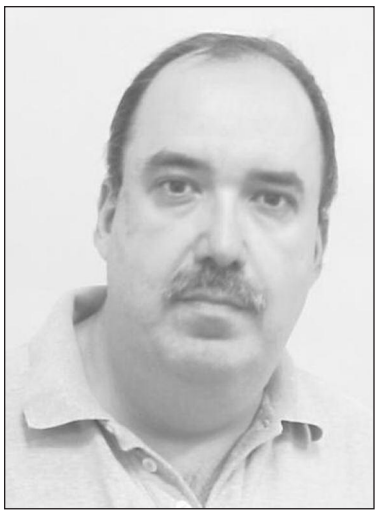
Child pornography novels can be freely bought in Australia, and carry no warning about their illicit content – or the danger faced by people who buy them. Several of the books were found at the home of Carl Laurence Adams, 30, of Box Hill, one of seven Victorians nabbed in a global child porn sting. Adams was charged with three child pornography offenses, including possession, and appeared at the Melbourne Magistrates' Court yesterday. Adams' defense counsel, Greg Thomas, told the court several books in his client's possession were freely available. The court heard other books found at his home could be classified as "art". The Australian Federal Police believes books by controversial US author Peter Sotos – available via leading Australian bookshops – could be considered prohibited material under the Crimes Act child pornography division. Sotos writes in graphic and lewd detail of incest, child rape and violence against children, often in first person from the perspective of sadistic sexual criminals. His books don't contain graphic images. Sotos' books can be bought at booksellers including Amazon, Angus & Robertson and Borders.

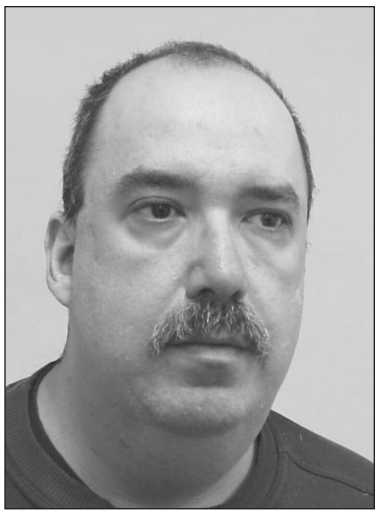
Commonwealth police prosecutor Krista Breckweg said Sotos' books – which carried no classification, disclaimer or warning – fell under the definition of child pornography. Under the Act, child porn means a film, photograph, publication or computer game that describes or depicts a person who is, or appears to be, a minor engaging in sexual activity or depicted in an indecent sexual manner or context.

Criminal barrister Ian Crisp said the case could open other Australian owners of Sotos' novels – and similar books – to police prosecution.

Adams, on bail, was arrested in the AFP's online Operation Irenic. He'll reappear in the court in May.

A Bookshop chain was last night criticized for selling an "absolutely disgraceful" book on the Dunblane massacre written by a man convicted of possessing child pornography. Predicate by Peter Sotos – the first man in the United States to be charged with owning child pornography – contains





graphic and disturbing descriptions of the sexual abuse of children. Each of the book's 191 pages contains pictures of all 16 of the primary school victims of Thomas Hamilton, who appears on the book's cover and on the last page. The book, which is on sale at Borders, contains extracts from the public inquiry by Lord Cullen, but most of the text consists of harrowing descriptions of the rape and violent sexual abuse of children as young as six.

Yesterday afternoon – almost ten years to the day since the tragedy – it was on display beside bestsellers on a prominent table at the chain's Glasgow branch.

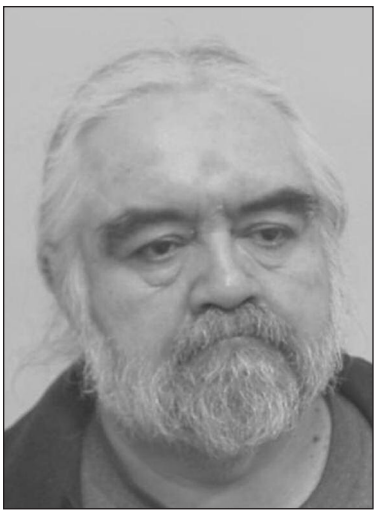
Although the book is available through internet bookseller Amazon, it has not been stocked in Scotland by either Waterstones or Ottakar's. The cover of the book reads: "Ten years on, controversial author Peter Sotos re-examines Dunblane dissecting Thomas Hamilton's motives and life and revealing the gay subculture of clandestine paedophilia which spawned the most reviled of all killers." The American author first came to attention when he published his own newsletter, dedicated to serial killers, on which he used a photocopied image from a child pornography magazine. The issue was taken up by Scotland Yard in London who alerted the authorities in Chicago. In 1986, after nine months of police surveillance, his flat was raided and Sotos was charged with obscenity and possession of child pornography. He was later found guilty of possession of child pornography. His previous work includes titles such as Proxy: Peter Sotos Pornography.

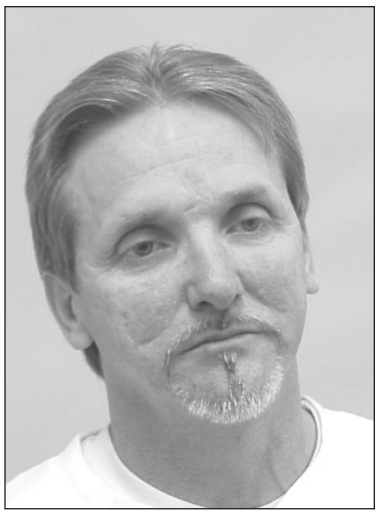
Last night Dr Mick North, whose daughter Sophie was killed in the shootings, said he had been aware of the title and had written to other families to warn them of its publication. But he had not been aware of the author's criminal record nor its sexual content. He said: "I did not know the author had been convicted of possession of child pornography. "It is exploiting the name of Dunblane. If our children's photographs are being linked in to that in any way, even if it's marginal, it is absolutely disgraceful and he and the publishers should be condemned. I'm surprised that Borders have it on open sale. It does really surprise me, especially in Scotland and at this time."

Last night a spokesman for Borders said the book should not have been promoted at the front of the shop, but added the store had a policy of stocking a wide range of books. "It is a legal book by a legal publisher and we believe in giving people the choice of what they wish to read."

A book on the Dunblane massacre written by a man convicted of possessing child pornography has been taken off the shelves. Predicate is written by Peter Sotos, the first man in the United States to be charged with owning child pornography. The book contains graphic and disturbing descriptions of the sexual abuse of children as well as pictures of all 16 of the Dunblane Primary School victims who were murdered a decade ago on Monday. Gunman Thomas Hamilton appears on the book's cover and on the last page. The book, which was being promoted at the Borders bookshop in Glasgow, also contains extracts from the public inquiry by Lord Cullen. It publicizes itself as: "A new examination of Thomas Hamilton and the Dunblane massacre, dissecting Hamilton's motives and life and revealing the gay subculture of clandestine paedophilia which spawned this most reviled of all killers."

A spokeswoman for Borders said: "We believe that our customers have the right to make their own choices about what they read and to support that right we make the widest range of titles available in our stores. This is consistent not only with our mission, but with the basic principles of free expression





and access to information.

At the same time, we are of course sensitive to the opinions of our customers and we investigate every comment we receive. In this instance, in the light of public concern, we have decided to remove the book from sale." Borders UK currently operates 36 Borders Superstores in city centers and retail parks, including four in Scotland.

It doesn't matter now, does it. So close to not mattering ever again. It felt like the right thing to do. It weaseling condolences in every single thing it said. Personal gratification being thicker than common unctuous numbing.

I offered it a line of coke. I'd end up fucking it's fat bloated AA face just because of the filthy tightness of the room. You fuck it's history only when it's this hideous. This utterly worthless and open. Toothless and raw. There's another press of fat men outside the booth and two cleaned up ecstasy clowns at the glory holes at each side wall.

Let me watch you suck on one of them.

I'll get it hard for you.

The history I'd be lost on is the one that sold her as happy once. As enjoying what her older brother did to her small body once he found out dad was doing the same motions.

You were prettier than your mother.

Where was mom?

Available?

What kind of cock do you look for, hog?

Which one here?

You don't know enough to start above niggers yet.

These creeps want a woman to do it. I can't imagine why that matters unless they like that you're worse off somehow.

I don't need a photo of a child's face next to each old fuck's portrait. You will, though. I don't want to chart the difference in ages for you. You're on your own. I've been trying hard to take away these prejudiced chirping voices instead. I refuse to add to the noise – I'm not making art that'll play up the cruelty or spotlight it. My interest is in the complete opposite direction. I'm so sick of these little nothings being treated better than they get from everyone else. The shrieking past that creates the tin squawks are drowning out the context I prefer. Which is what I do. Make them as I prefer. All the time. I've been doing it since I was a teen. Rape, abuse, love, seconds is how sex works for each veteran. Not their tastes. The prominence it takes and how it doesn't stop. Everything is true and trusted. Each side barely knows what happened.

It was hard. Like, to me, it seemed like it was dark. You couldn`t trust anybody. You didn`t really have any of your own possessions.

What is home to you now? It broke my heart when I learned you put all your possessions under your

pillow every night. How are things different?

Effete little piglet faces. You see it in slow motion reverse. I teach it. No clue how to make this greater than it isn't already. You can't enjoy it in vague relation. Your imagination doesn't create a different situation. Backwards is any body is a psychological proxy. Forwards is a predisposition towards children. All directions start with sex as a biological certainty for sentient adults. Rape as a violent appeal to what is promised then engendered.

These men are sleeping.

They're stumbling and you can't fucking see it.

I started looking for footage of calves like you with their eyes closed. Can't stand the shots anymore where there's an inkling of agency, of self-awareness, of intelligence ratting around somewhere it shouldn't.

I've exhausted the mothers attached to mothers and the cunt splayed kids in the middle.

The specific protectors and the failed protection they slur over. The crass idiocy of the text. You need pictures of adults, not references, and a pornography rooted in what I can tell is better than the fucking dramatics.

Some dreadful queen talking to you about his success on craigslist.

Did it myself. Because no one else seems to want it. It's as simple as connecting Thomas Hamilton's scattershot murders to Beslan run footage. It requires a risible need to concoct a sliding show of embarrassment. I show it when asked. I worry alot about it. But all that's after I made it for myself.

I wanted the little ugly cockeyed confessions as a directive for men fitting condoms over their hardened cocks. First, anything but her face and her mouth and her sitting positions. This is not because I find her freakish or others unlike her prettier. I honestly don't care anymore. I've got decades over decades' worth of newspaper and magazine shots and text and stains of little girls either exactly like what she was or not. Rather not sound like one of those simpering faggots who talk at me about who's hot or the kind of men they like best. As if they didn't understand that they're too homely to choose.

You don't have a choice here.

Fuck, it'll tell you what it wants and act like it's romance it's not locating yet.

You tell it that it's looking in the wrong place. It'll come to you. Should say that it doesn't measure up, first. Doesn't qualify. And has nothing to give. Fuck want.

It's what I won't listen to anymore. You don't know what you look like do you, sweetheart? Or how you sound when you're telling me what you want versus the mist you had back when. The way retards stare at cripples. Be nice, doll. Stay sweet. It'd be kinder to kill her. If it weren't for the smiling little moments like these.

So many of the old plugs pay. It's better than being rejected or not touching anything else. A video company from LA specialized in young street men. The classic tooth cracked blonde hustler whose bones jut and trailer tans look sick over bright white legs and scraggly crotch. The audio tapes I wiped over the bad mancini background and hard queen foreground were only little girls telling the air littler items around sex.

The masturbation close-ups, scabbed hands on hard cocks, became all men masturbating to

thoughts of tremble voiced little girls.

The close-ups of withered nebraska drip faces merely accentuated the cloying parody of innocence. Finding the girls inside the boys and the maudlin tragedy in both, in sex. The filmmaker looked dirtiest.

The close-ups of limp dicks exposed functionally out of worn jeans and cheap white underwear worked best. The concoction of base peer levels and old man gaze worked too well. I edited away all the other footage quickly enough. Became a cockwatcher. I hate the little lips anyway; I always wanted to see the clips that weren't released. The filmjohn getting his mouthful of cock and asshole when the camera didn't need his cherub mauled retrospect. The girls mock encouragement consistently. The way they do when filmed watching strippers.

If you didn`t, they`d steal them or – like, just a bad place to be.

Pulls back from her drooly attempt to deepthroat one of the gimps she's familiar with. The analysand looks slightly more acceptable as someone who can imagine what's going on in front of her teeth for just a few seconds. As she gasps and decides to clear up her illness a little. Her repeat tries to swallow more food, arching her medication filtered skull to pubis and balls and cellulite, diminish her reach on dreaming to act to job.

Her age is unmistakable.

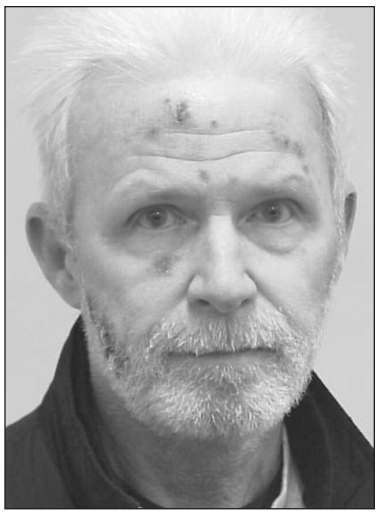
She'll tell anyone that the stairs down to the cellar are where the real people hang out. The same babble the younger ones tell their daily producers. Here is where spiritualism happens. When everything else is forgotten and a better language erupts through the blaring bullshit that is consciousness and narcissism. I want to see more drool, spit for lube, let the groans come from deeper than your stupid potsmoking gut. Says ohmygod like she's expecting even more than she can take now.

Lordotics follow the analysand down the stairs. They wait in the hall, also choosing not to ascend to the bar where social immobility is more difficult, less lazy and evocative of just more idiot boredom. Mice raise their little hump backs and accept the rape read as desire. And the bent fucks are sometimes regulated to the walk down the halls still fourth or fifth place in an angrier line. Never enough time, never enough real appetite to stall their turn or accept that they'd rather sink than just watch.

You don't muck in.

The script is nothing more than what goes through the old fat fuck's mind when he stands in the back, watching. Sits at a small table upstairs, smoking his only concern. Like every other overheated cocksucker who knows pornography and sex is where the conversation and the reviews stop but not the life. I don't fuck Carrie. Don't give her money or advice either. Prefer to see her bend her blubber over for someone that appreciates rats in compost. This is cheap to you. My life in pornography without a another penetrative body.

Director chose this carefully. A documentary made from a girl's rescue house in Iran ends with a twelve-year-old, in slight burkha coverings, getting released back to her family. She walks away with the abusive father and demanding brother and then turns around to face what she's leaving. Sees the



filmmaker still stuck in the vestibule and smiles wide and waves.

I thought that what I need to film now would be an adult woman. Much older than the pornography lines but not as degenerate as direct sales. And all I want to do. Because it could be done. And released and critiqued. Would to have the prostitute lay on her stomach the way the child did. And have nudity and salesmanship slightly covered with photos of her as a child. The ones that others took when they were trying to document her ownership and ridiculous innocence, naïveté, cuteness. I'm not sure that it would mean more if she gave the photos to the director. That she kept for whatever initially rotten reasons in drawers in her gray LA rental. Or if the director procured pictures from someone else in on the joke or idea. The substitute behind her. Masturbating while he looks at the photos of a happy caught child tells the cocksuckers who worry about context:

I was looking at her ass. The actress had the kind of ass I'm not usually paid to fuck. But I liked looking at her open ass. I never looked at the kid photos. I like older women.

I put myself in the position of a child molester. I'm an actor. I can do this job.

I'm surprised that I was able to do it, frankly. I'm glad I did. There's a bigger job than the one that I usually do. I'm doing something important. But it's not my idea. I was doing something that meant more. Still, it was my job.

You'll have to ask the actress. She's the one that it was more difficult for. I think she was upset afterwards.

She didn't give a fuck. She doesn't have a name that goes on the front of the box.

She didn't care. Why should I? People do this. I think it may be difficult for actors who only want to say it was. I think I was supposed to be her father. It was supposed to look more sad than sexual.

I don't think what it does for my career is a fair question.

I realized I like this. Maybe I thought the woman looked better this way. I shouldn't admit it. She looked better as a child just like she looked better with make-up on. There's no shortage of available actresses and even more so when it comes to men.

I told her to shake her ass. I saw her cunt as well. She wiggled her butt like she couldn't wait for someone to stick something inside it. Everything fits. I've seen women stretch themselves open when you thought there was just no fucking way. Once you see all that, nothing matters. It's a market.

The director is a fool. He's not being provocative. It's not performance art. Because performances are embarrassing. If he thinks he's filming me at my lowest, or the prostitute at her paid nadir, he's not understanding what really goes on inside here. The audience is dumb. If he had any brains, he wouldn't lower himself to what might surprise –or excite – them.

I offered to lick the photos.

After you cummed on it?

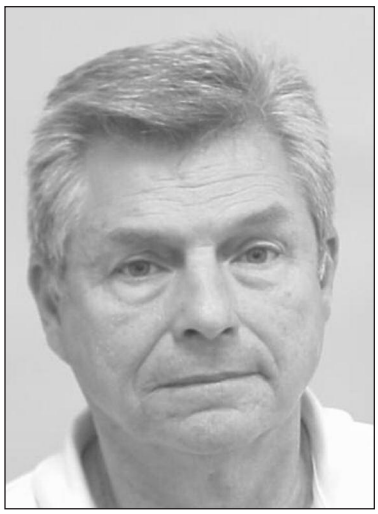
I would.

Would the appeal be too gay for the rigid heterosexual peddles?

I'd lick the photos before I cummed.

You'd be the tool instead.

I'd be doing it for the audience. If I thought it through. To make a simple stupid point that would



make it obvious that I'm not really that excited. Fools lick photos. It's something you do for others. There's no point in licking an old photo.

You think you look more like you masturbating to photos?

Yes.

Do you think children become sexual when naked?

Yes.

The cunt that gets paid to lick indiscriminately. It never matters. I like that there's an audience for such things. These guys want to see the women act like slop buckets. It's become popular after HIV entered the pictures. The actresses know to let snot sit in the air. You can't be so pathetic to just watch and search to find one that doesn't know or one that didn't make sure that her employer fed her the test information of absolutely everyone involved.

Does any director need to be provocative?

It's not how the experience changed you, is it? It's sex. It is living the experience. Not how you thought about it later. The act is better than the recall. It's not done for future nostalgia. You feel it. Everywhere. When it's great.

The kid in the photos. Kids. They're the ones who worry about what they're doing. You tell them it's wrong. But it isn't. Not really.

Some idiot will move it to missing children photos next. It's obvious. And it doesn't make any difference if it's the actress in the shots or someone she doesn't know except for a name and a TV show blurb.

I like this one. She's cutest.

One in a million, frankly. And just as untouched.

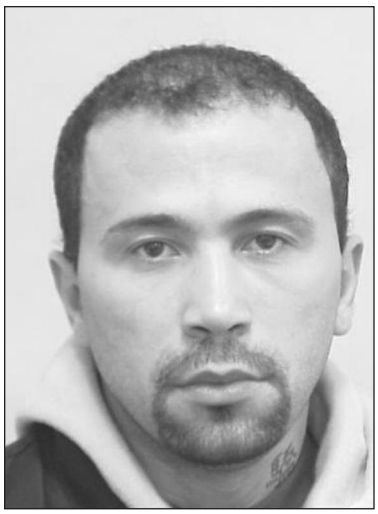
A fourteen year-old trannie gets a documentary after she's murdered by three young men. The crime scene photos are edited in. But you can only see them in courtroom footage when displayed next to a witness box. Naturally, the mother talks about seeing the pictures and then talks about how difficult it was to know that her son's last hours were painful. The teen was hanged after it had a full can of soup slammed into its head. Of course, she'd been having sex with someone that didn't know she was a boy. Mom now changes laws so that gay panic defenses aren't used in courts. Campaigns for greater understanding for teens who discover their sexuality is different than what most people want or look for. Says she's made mistakes in the past. Forgives two of the three killers as they seemed genuinely remorseful and, tragically, that one in particular actually seemed to be in love with the victim.

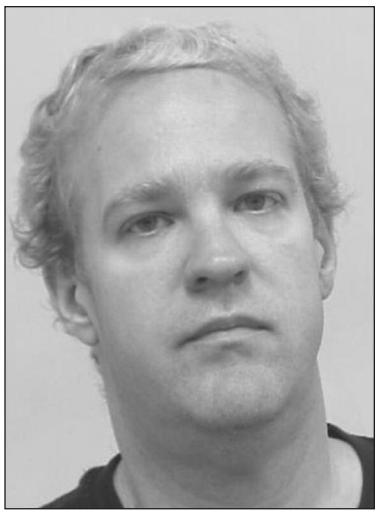
So you turn to pornography that features transsexuals tonight.

Because you want to see what he might have seen. And you think it looks good.

Take away the viagra and you're watching only jealousy.

I had my mugshot taken in the middle of the night well after I spent the day being taught questions to sound out my very special, very typical degradation spiral. If it weren't for the disheveled hair and a pose adapted to reflect the gravity of the warders' disgust; these scum would manifest the same empty hatred for their own group as any smiling dad on father's day. The stain that mars the shots is the searchable veneer of adolescence. I've always liked it. The interviewed and threatened men most often





revert to the exclusive moment; faulty impulse and mid-brain reception. The rule is simple: Dumb dads sneer at adolescent obsessions. After that, they're just morons who've fallen for the reviews that liars write. You don't understand trigger aesthetics, dolt, because you see art as something that exists in the fields. Instead of where you're standing.

She did visit me a couple times and said that she would come get me. But I waited and she never came. So eventually I just gave up hope that she would come and get me.

I'd like to ditch it. I'd like it not to have happened, not just stop thinking about it. I'd like to get rid of the whole fucking lesson. The way it sticks to what I do now. I don't do better. I certainly don't do worse. I just want the whole fucking thing not to value in. So that I don't have to suspect and fret that it probably continues to define what I did up to that point. Essentially, I'm pretty sure, it has no impact. Wasn't a surprise. It was fully consistent, consciously formed, not just logically inevitable. The fact that it was there when it was makes perfect sense to me but it wasn't a setup. I can easily see it happen since it changes nothing and I don't look back on it with the regret you might think is necessary. I like, if anything, that it's not quite the dramatic moment I keep being told it should be. I despise that it seems something significant to you. No matter what I said.

Thinking that these homebodies want it to be primal infects what I remember. All the time. My identification is different but not wrong. I worry I have to do more just to replace their calls of fantasy and fiction so I can be done with the personal fucking noise.

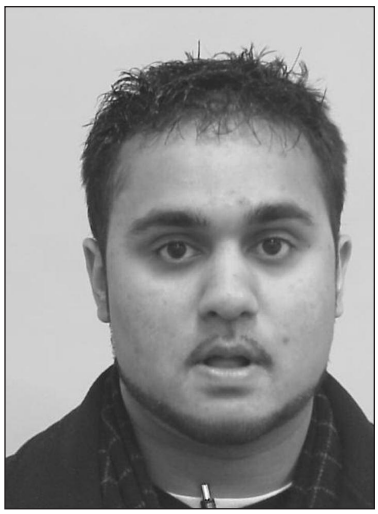
The coke that kept me drinking had nothing to do with my decisions. Neither did the steady climb of alcohol. If I hear one more whine about someone's gutter melodrama that absolutely can't exist outside of her mouth. The drink and fussy snorts are sex. Not what leads to unplanned judgment dips. The slathering and purchasing and provable disgust and hostility were all fully imagined and relived years ago.

I'm old, this is what I do. I was getting old then. I see it and I still like the part.

I wish, if I wish at all, they weren't uglier. That I could have repulsed them more than they did me. That they'd have a better reason to, anyway. I take it in numbers but I'm not so fucking stupid to think I'll pull out a surprise. This doesn't work here. It's a metered disease to keep thinking it can.

How long did that continue?

There is a beast that sits in the middle booth at Adult Books on Clark. As you walk to the back, before the stage area where drugged slatterns implode behind glass for dollar tokens, there are two rows of preview booths on either side of the walk. Four booths to a row; three of the booths on the right have open glory holes. The first booth has its glory hole shut with paper and cardboard and tape. It costs a dollar to get in the shop. For browsing. The preview booths take quarters. The video lasts for maybe a minute and there are quite a few channels to choose from, though only a couple will be clear and free of tape wear, static or tracking glitches. Very cheap. And if you're the overly excited type, the shop workers



usually don't check to make sure you're feeding the machines.

However, the red light above the entrance to your booth that lets the workers know your screen is on, also alerts cruisers to your presence.

More often than not, there'll be the beast in the middle booth. Something you can stuff your cock into. The beast will be sat, panting and sweating, to take it from either side.

More often than not, this beast will be one specific mistake. A huge fat white bearded and balded blob blubbering over a small wooden stool with his pants bunched down around his ankles, his Y fronts clearly stained and held only half way down his legs. His belly hangs far over his thighs, his penis is only visible when he leans far back to pull at it: to show you he's interested, actually. He is perpetually soft and has the smallest dick ever. Virtually no shaft at all. The tiniest little helmet head and balls that seem sucked up inside his puckered bruised moldy immense girth.

You see this quickly. As you scope. And decide.

He spends the better part of his day here sucking at long cock. He presses his bloated puffed face up against the wall and jabs his short gross stuck Santa Claus tongue at you. He ties up the action for hours; the suburban cocksuckers are defeated by his hogging the middle booth and thus controlling all possibilities. It's get sucked, by him, or nothing and nobody else.

He's learned to suck cock. The way you hate, actually. Professional faggot style with an overwhelming need, abnegating lust pig burn. The inside of his fat face, his deformed and pressured skull, his short bulged winded cheeks and slob tongue are, at once, designed to tell you all of this: Gut fat sucking to give you what he wants. A cock in his head, bobbing up and down, licking the bent forward shaft and housing and brushing the spongy angry head.

Put your balls through.

And you jerk at yourself by slamming up against a wall while he licks and pokes and presses and pops at your hairy sac.

You want me to tell you when I cum?

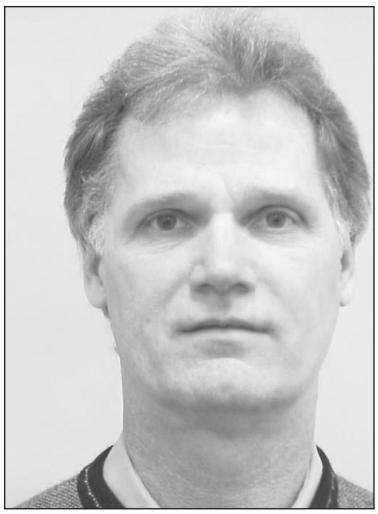
And he doesn't answer. Fair enough. You have to stare at the wall, you have to consciously imagine: fat fuck, squatting, pulling and pinching at himself, his teeth, his tiny poke, holding and forming and squeezing and flopping his pigness. You fuck: his entire head bashes up and down more violently on you, never slowing down, he stopped sliding and slurping and staring as he decides this is now the time for you to cum into his hog throat.

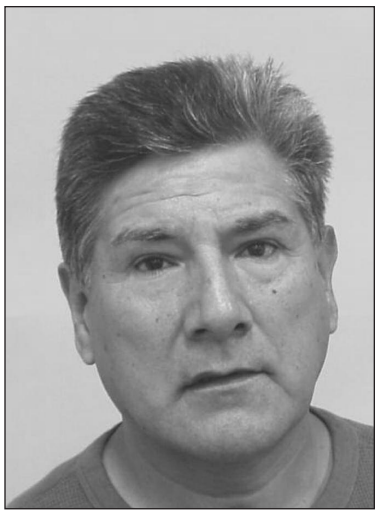
You'll draw back smelly. Like his face. And drier than his mouth that gulped directly into his mauled guts.

There is a boy hooker who, a year ago maybe, wouldn't suck your dick. Would only give you a hand-job and figured he was only there to be sucked off.

Fine. Just jerk me off and drop your pants. Let me watch you play with me; you understand.

He hung around outside, mostly, too young and cash obvious to last for long inside where the proprietor used to get nervous easily. He'd want you to take him home, to a motel or for a cup of coffee which meant a nearby alley – which, because of his well known reputation in the neighborhood was a very dangerous and stupid prospect.





He's older now. And just another fag. I think he works at a porno theater down the block.

And he knows me. And I don't even see his miserable hung white cock and skinny flat stomach while he sucks and eats and asks me to let him know before I'm ready to pop.

I hope to fuck he's dying. I would bet my life on it.

I know it's none of my business but...

What is the correct way to jerk off an old man? So that he'll cum quick and not cause too much trouble: not complain about the money, not try to force your head down to his struggling hard-on, not pull at your nipples through your cheap second hand/second day T-shirt or pull bruises into your balls, thighs or ass.

How to keep him content and stupid and away from the realization of his dog status.

How to just keep the singular focus. The idea that you're only going to do this and nothing else and the right kind of talk that understands, accepts and just not quite desires. Coddling and sharing and affectionate selflessness are those red flag areas that could just as easily invoke rage and real fucking physical danger. Cash ready placidity. And all the available personality of a clean toilet.

You don't want to be beaten up. You don't want to be raped – which, in this case, is defined by price and chemical disposition. You need to be paid. And you'd like to be able to wipe his cum off the car seat with your hand. Not your mouth or your hair. It's important.

Some of these men – these overfed, fat, desperate, grasping, lazy men – are physically nauseating. Beyond their personalities, beyond their lack of self-control and strength, beyond their comfortable mistakes at hygiene and discipline. The money they don't miss. Beyond the skin color and lube. The grease. Making you sometimes vomit up their taste in the outdoor bathroom of some McDonald's or, worse, between the beer isle and cardboard cookie stand onto the tile floor of some dirty 7/11 knockoff at around 3 a.m.

How do you live with the burden today?

I don't know. I try to look forward and not to think about it anymore. If I think about it, then I get down; I get feeling sorry and pissed off.

Do the pictures still haunt you?

Hell, I'm seeing a psychiatrist and a therapist. I'm on antidepressants and meds for anxiety. If it wasn't for that I'd probably lose my mind. I just get freaked out. I'm paranoid as hell at people.

So it's getting worse over time?

According to the psychiatrist, yes. I'm going to blame it on my Mom because right now she is flipping out over little shit, and I don't know why. She tells me almost every day how she had to put up with my son for a year and a half because of what I did to get myself in trouble when I wasn't there for him and I was

in prison.

But you still live with your parents.

I want to get a house of my own but at the same time I'm scared to do that because what if somebody finds out where I live and they're against me and they try to do some shit. I can't protect my son.

It sounds as if you are a prisoner. A prisoner of yourself and your own actions?

Now it's like I have to think about everything I do before I do it.

What plans do you have for the future? What are your hopes and dreams?

Living a normal life. Not having to worry about looking over my shoulder every day, about thinking ten years down the road somebody's going to recognize me and come shoot me because of something I did when I was young and stupid and in love. I'm scared to death because my son starts school this fall. What if somebody doesn't like me, and kidnaps him because of what I did.

Have you ever thought about going away to some place where people don't know you?

I can't go anywhere because everyone recognizes me.

You've let your hair grow.

But everybody recognizes my face and my voice. I even dyed my hair, but even then people still recognized me. They even recognize me when I'm wearing sunglasses and a hat.

I wouldn't apologize.

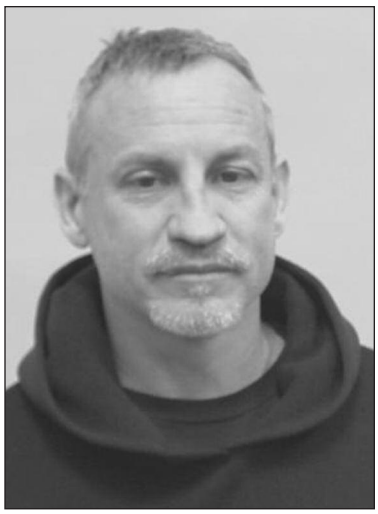
She does. She would.

She talks directly to the faggot's face; he holding a camera up to his eye. She is, at least, aware of the idiot effect where part of the job is to pretend she's talking directly to anyone watching. This may also allow her to trip her paid and favor relationship to the grubber with the camera common idea.

I don't know why, heh, …but… some of you want to see this.

She's not talking to anyone. She's letting shit come out of a mouth and sluggishly learning what it meant later. Imagined to the stereotypes who'll buy her edits or the moneylenders who tell her she's doing something else though it doesn't hold too well too long. The audience in front of her work will only degrade what she's doing. Make it cheaper. They understand it wrong.

Yanks her black t-shirt off and, since she's already introduced the problem and can't worry all



that much about her straw blonde hair, pulls her military issue bra down to her belly almost as quickly.

I get told all the time I give great head.

Doesn't want to housewife the details. The slime could tell her: What do you care? And she could list the obvious: Children destroyed her body, in particular her sagging breasts that don't look like the youngsters who do this sort of work for more. Alcohol is clearly a factor in her fatty artery clogged pink face. More genetics than recreation in her dulled eyes and the central reason she's sat on a functional couch, hoping that age really is a mollifying fetish that replaces laughter and deflective scorn. Not worrying about that more than the bills, moment, love.

You're not going to change what you look like anyway.

You're always changing anyway.

You're beautiful. You're beautiful behind what's happened and even more beautiful when you explain what's rough.

Actual savings to raise the sag or pin back the bumps isn't an option, is it?

What do you have to be ashamed of? You think you're the only one? Think of the niggers. The limited jews that want a middling cut. Don't look back up quite as much as you, do they? There's no such thing as a pride that doesn't always work the opposite argument just as well. A movement to your voice, a community to reconcile.

They're suckers. And you'll establish a fan-base who'll pay for everything right on time.

You don't even have to tell them. There'll be an audience who wants to see what you're doing as a stab back for them.

It's not necessary to split your contempt into quaint personalities and satires. Gender, age, race theories pander to the morons you'll need to shake off eventually. Know your little audience better than that.

It's particularly insulting to think you wouldn't already have felt this way.

And tossing sympathy back to those that've doled it out to you takes you back to the place you were smart enough to see through already.

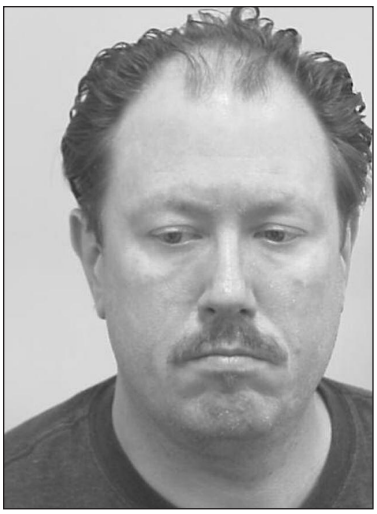
You don't need me to tell you that.

Fucking teaching dumber, baser cunts like me.

It's nice to be able to tell you. I like looking at this. Not more than you already know, right?

I can only remember where I was when the thoughts came crashing together. And since then, the way I've been unable to replace the lush disgust with anything I'd maybe prefer seems more significant than first flush. The laziness that I follow more consistently than academically might suggest another crudely confessed sleazy or cowed humane truth. I'd insist, I think, on listening to loops of the pigs in holes talking to themselves rather than nailing down any correct answer to get them, help them, to stop.

Put behind a glass plate that separates masturbating men from nude dancers protects TV minds from everything. Put a dog on the stage and the wankers, yanking on cocks in front of bulky cold



weather jackets and rack suits or casual day-off jeans and tees, will still insist on talking to the mutt. A little Shasta Groene stripped, washed head to little feet and posing the way I saw topless eight year-olds do for Kirov judges, will not understand that her primary job is to locate a unique but unified voice. All the grunting and fading insults that earmark taste and trigger and sick drunk momma history that sound like everyother slob in comforting separated heaps are more than simple instructions. And. The jagoffs, like the dancers, exactly like the dog, talk to and back at themselves. One of the bosses of the joint drags in a pet dog to the booth just as easily, even cheaper. My conception runs from seeing the dog's hind legs tied to sawed-off washroom broom handles and having its yapping snout sealed under thick gluey silver duct tape. The naked child can talk. But doesn't. Won't struggle as much. Won't thrash around and give up as easily, as blood instruction led. Shasta, I tell it, turn around because I want to see your tiny unmarked butt. Do not bend over, I tell the working dyed adult, I do not want to see your asshole or the way you'd grab and spread your ass open. Ripped off it's little legs while a mexican boot slams and shuts and stays its fanged head into the stage floor where the pigs keep their make-up and water jugs. Nature only surfaces in animals and insects. The artist looks for context, argues for purity and settles on advertising:

...when I was two-and-a-half, I was sent to my grandparents and stayed with them. My abuse started there. I have a memory then of my grandfather holding me, putting his fingers into me, touching me and watching me naked, especially wanting to see me naked.

I had to stop whittling. I want to stop thinking about it all the time. A documentary on addiction showed a thermoscan of some standin's brain while hoping to get high. Next to this scan was another shot of the same brain soaked in Baclofen. Doctors were experimenting with what should stop the bored's rumbling for more drugs. The audience is told that the muted colors in the doped brain were evidence of a violent need now reduced significantly. And that the brighter red sections in the stupefied brain, absent completely in the angrier x-ray, were suggestive of a sort-of intelligence returning. This was supposed to be the thoughts of this labrat working together to mine the distance between immediate necessity and future damage. I can't keep living through this shit anymore. It has to stop. Please. This has to just stop.

The installation patronage know that the louder brain is clearly a more attractive and worthwhile place to exist and the scans were awkwardly critiqued. Doctors talk to cameras and make their living tactfully moving from casting calls with culture trackers backwards from highly sophisticated paper pushing drug company accountants. Which ones are the nigger scans. Or this one is Irish, right? Which ones acknowledge their children or ever learned something. I want to see brain sectioning photos of little boys next to little girls, just after they've been photographed and fucked. Do the boys and girls want to draw attention to themselves still? Do they look at each other differently now and can I see it. Show me the color of trauma so I know it's not normal schoolday lessons. Show where the blood runs over the memory and turns it black. And how it brightens up white all over as panic.

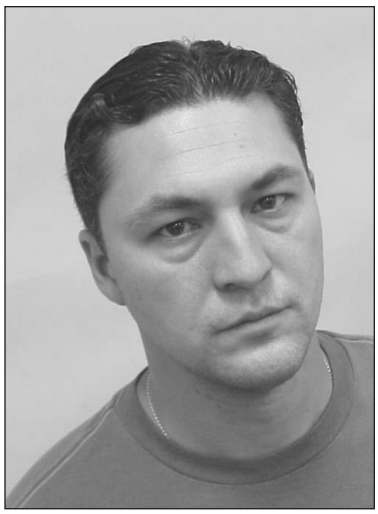
The little girl in a movie heavily drawn from other movies I obsessed over had a doctor's scene. She began her performance covering her chest, in her little bra, while an actor – who was probably a

proper doctor working with travelers in Ireland since the movie wanted to keep one thick foot in documentary – listened to her chest and had her lift her tight jean fit legs up and down. Little red haired girl finally dropped her arms when she was told to be a little girl again and have the doctor explain how a stethoscope worked. This little actress had stood out in a book of photographs the director had made previously. Then he wanted to show more. Talks about the plight of all the others more or less like her and the situations that these things live through and selected her out from amongst the many other pony children. She was told to lay down on the examination table with the director's camera filming from down only slightly, say, at her knees. So she's in her white opaque bra, flat on her back, with her face looking up at the ceiling and then cocked up to engage the doctor. This, whether he likes it or not, is a cozy reference to an italian film where a naked child gets out of a sudsy bath and starts to seduce an actor playing a child murderer. She lies on the floor of the bathroom in the same position as my child on the table. Dark hair's just as thin, taller, possibly not significantly older, maybe a better actor if it weren't for the outdated language, and naked from what is filmed. Both scenes then lick on the picture that I used for a book that I tore from a magazine. I cut the nudity of the child out. I just used her head in the same position as these two – lying back and looking up on what was in front of her. I liked all of her little staring face. Stupidly, I knew I had to slice the rest of the shot apart since I was presenting where the focus should be rather than where it was – her completely nude a-priori fuck. One mistake was thinking that the men like me weren't looking at this hard enough and had to be redirected. Another was thinking that children in this position were readable in the way that I insisted. Told she looked cold. The next pages of the original source were what happened to her. Nameless unlike the first two. And I was dumb enough to think they were all different in just this one position.

The brain scans belong to any of these tots. One nude and knowledgeable of her audience's intentions and clearer instructions. One showing a modesty that may or should be her own. Like Mother Ann slithers about her murdered and, most importantly here, photographed and hand traded child. One showing her sprouting puffs and either being assured that the rest will be edited around or not shot at all. The bright signals and primary pulses inside their filling heads weighing all possible cares to the point that they've considered and learned in such a small life till then. The possibilities for more color reduced by a lack of information and desire. They don't know how to take care of themselves yet.

Each one takes the drug to dull more of the experience. Stop a small amount of the dialogue between synapses that slide process into manipulation, threat into reward, fantasy over more. I know that I would insist that not one kid took her clothes off. They weren't told to. I want them in this position. With this information swimming around everyfucker's head. The children don't exist as such. The minders could have told them anything else.

Three girls sat facing a single camera with their backs against a wall. Fully clothed. Told, if they didn't otherwise select, to look especially pretty. The italian with a bob cut like she has on the back of the box and in the film, the mick with her hardly shy redhair and the garish make-up she applies in layers in one better scene. The italian has the exact same type of scene. These working adults want their employees to put on make-up for them. I understand the impulse but despise the metaphor; know that these men work for an audience. Sniffing around, keen on ignorance.



Father wants his daughter to use make-up.

And then slaps her slimy face meaner than he's supposed to.

Slaps her again even harder.

I intend to find pornography that records the fucking fathers slapping their children more than mounting them or leaning back to watch their cocks enter small mouths.

Tell the director:

Do not be a fool like everyone else in your potentials and let the audience mistake the act for hatred of the mother.

For once. Let it be something more specific than she's a whore or that she deserves it or that he's coming to realize he hates himself.

She's stupid. He can call her that. But it's not a bark or uncontrollable. There is absolutely no sense of disgust that comes from anywhere that doesn't spring back to the father owning the child getting her fresh face slapped.

He doesn't reapply the make-up.

He's not angry.

Doesn't have to adjust his hard-on and follow through to sex.

She didn't ask for it.

He wants to do this.

Doesn't think that extending the scene could include hugging and comforting her to tease her.

It's fine. Let's see what happens. Let's see what the scene looks like.

Slap her.

See if you can stop at twice.

Let her cry.

The camera could leave the father completely. I'd like to see her make-up wash off her face. See the red welts sting. Let the actress get mad and twist to shriek the cameraman to stop.

Let her run away somewhere.

Follow her as best as you can.

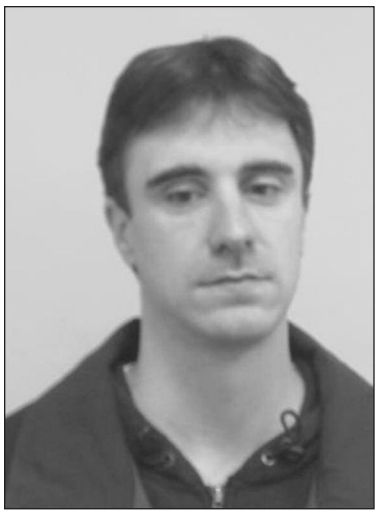
Close-ups of what looks best as she runs away.

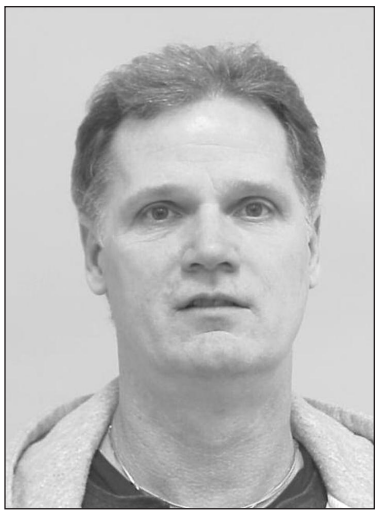
Where is her mother.

Anything more and she'll act like any cow that wants something nice. A fat cow of a woman who hasn't been touched since she looked younger. One of the faggots in the back of a bar. Kissing these things.

The blonde stares blank and stays insignificant. Since the magazine that put her in my lap solicited photos from customers trusting anonymity. Reader contributions being the true history of child pornography. She is completely forgotten by any dedicated service that would have liked to give me her name and tell me her trauma.

In her assessment of probationary sex offenders, the writer Michelle Meloy centralizes specialized offender treatment into three periods of approach; each modality reflective of the media influence on scientific mores and public superstitions between the years 1930 to 2000. Psychotherapy,





behavioral therapy and psychopharmacological interventions. Contemporary treatment amid counterproductive panics like Megan, Amber and the moral impossibilities of accurate recidivist results insist on greater degrees of incarceration over empirical study and applicable science. Meloy suggests a complex mix of cognitive-behavior modification treatment and "sufficiently long criminal justice interventions to reduce the risk of reoffense". And it is the decay of therapeutic intervention that worries Melloy into suggesting the necessity of long-term control. Especially in high-risk cases where she recommends "community supervision".

The steady rot is as much a slackening of medical processes as a personal elevation. I locate decay in these poor gentlemen but it has nothing to do with chemicals or psychiatrist branch theories. They stopped trying to listen as nothing new or consistent was ever going to offered. They've heard enough to know what you want and they knew all of its worthlessness before jail. Your gifts and piddly trust is as thin as what they must only convince you of, thank fuck. You don't know what it is to meld instinct, drive and reality. There's a singular intelligence that's hardest to avoid once inside the deafening stupidity.

Are you frightened of the change?

I don't think a casting call would be too difficult for any of them. Not after they've appeared in front of cameras and adults and started to see what payoff is. It's ridiculous to think that they'd be somehow worse – even for the turning moment – by simple selection and exciting dreams and days.

But I do want to make this clear. That this would be the first casting. Their highlight moment came before this. When they were spotted or, in one case, merely available. The directors wanted them, approached them, explained the entire situation when at least two of them hadn't thought about it before.

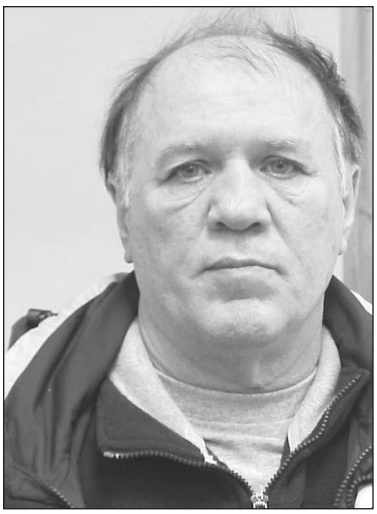
This is what I'm after.

What I want to stop is simple. And it's easy. I want this to be about photographs. Absolutely nothing more. It can't be about what you've done afterwards. The context you work through or the asshole words that others use to convince you they're either helping or hating. The colors are bright to show irritation, not sense, not a trouble that's too busy to be insurmountable. If I want to stop explaining, what I have to do is just see this as what I have and not what it should be or what I fucking want. I want this.

I'm in a different position. I don't have to tell you what I've done since I stopped fucking men and masturbating to what I only think. The fantasies that come off your little cunts and lips are already done. I won't make this job about anything new. This is what ugly men do first off. They confuse what has happened. They shell a new history. They pretend that they find your lack of understanding attractive. I'm not suggesting that you have a history. You can't until you lie about it. It'll come later when you understand what you had to sell easiest.

No more photos of children who've been dropped in my lap.

No screen grabs. From the edits that I took from others and recontextualized. Only photographs of men who're out of jail.



No sympathy for these men. I should pretend I'm on their side. I don't have to imagine that they'll know what I've done.

I could tell.

Money is an issue for you. They could point to their abilities to take care of themselves. Just fresh from being safe in every single respect otherwise considered. They smelled that things were going to be difficult and correctly circumvented all concerns quick enough. The market was ripe and they made the decision to capitalize on what wouldn't be offered later. The sick fucks watching don't add into that equation. They don't touch her. The behind the scenes footage invariably shows a camera closer than a cock and the intention couldn't be easier where fantasy is fleshed out for idiots.

They don't have to regret it.

They don't have to feel under appreciated, let alone vaguely defined as exploited when they're told that working for someone else is always just a shit job.

They don't stand in for every woman. Not the niggers or the eighteen-year-olds who think they look more real this way than the TV stars they stopped mimicking before all their friends grew too fat and old to keep trying.

Look at the scum that comes in here. The depleted psychotics and deep mistakes. Surely it must worry you.

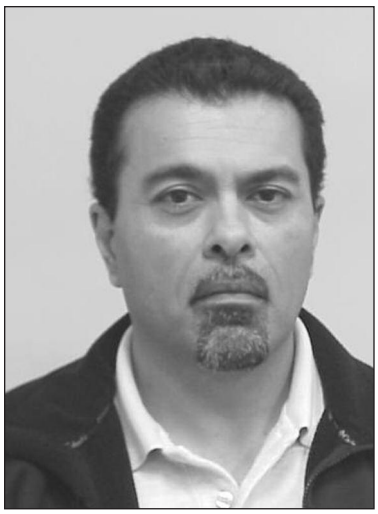
What did he do?

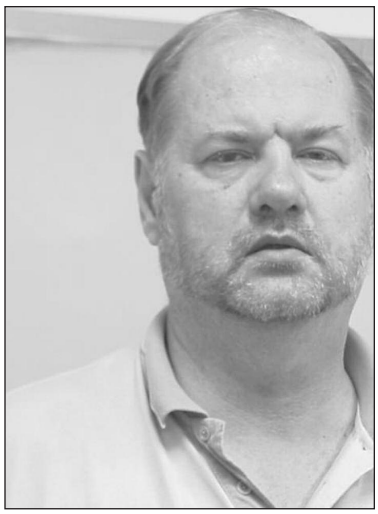
My hatred for women's bodies comes from the exact same place. All the voices are hers. And It comes from watching, not owning. It – truth be told – comes from an audience being too stupid to get over this therapeutic poodle's ideal of it all belonging to the earth. That's what you tell an audience that insults you. Don't go backwards. You've already had and wasted every opportunity to get the fuck over it. Stop fucking thinking in clues and stop acting like you or the morons were ever better than this. An artist who talks to the audience that she should despise is a salesman. A unit shifter; mom and pop company trading in collagen art. You need a contempt for the bloggers and forum mites. Forget them. Don't sell something writ large. The cunts in the next booths are the ones you want to listen to. Not the fans. The hecklers who need fellow suffering. Cloying and dumb enough to be loud in public about it.

Be perfect. Tell the actress to cry. And after all these years of filming the things she has, tell her to keep her fucking clothes on. Tell the miserable thing that what she picked out is less than appropriate. Find out who helped her. And then get her to believe that, in this instance, she'll have to do something more important. This time; you won't become infected with her abatement. I wish it was better.

This way, it's fantasy not allegory. A vicious monologue that's worth for other's lies – primarily – in the proof of the repulsion she has for those she pretends to offer and endure empathy. Secondarily in the pornography that fits snugly over the experience.

I placed the decently cropped picture of the little nameless rape victim on the cover of a book. I identified her, not them. I put the thing out and kept her there. I wanted to make a monthly magazine that contained everything I got inside and all over another little doll. With her name on the cover. But it's





my name over her's. And all the cunts that talk about me should be talking about her. And what I've done to her. Instead of what they do. The complete filth that see me as talking to them, I own her and discard her as much as I continue to flit my sperm wiped and proof stained fingers all over her rotten trailer trash name.

They like looking at this.

I stopped paying prostitutes a long time ago. I didn't want to hear how much they loath themselves anymore. I had kept going to all of them well after I had known I despised looking at them. The females, all of them without exception, were ugly to me. Repugnant in their corpulence, charm and bluff arrogance, and most obviously, in what they sold as worthwhile. I wanted to see them naked and I wanted to see what every single one of them would do to something I felt was so hideously confusing and important. I fell short of cash and a vehicle and I still wanted to hear how much it hated the other women who did what she did. More than how they all knew that fake introspection is included. I would pay to hear what they thought was bonus hyaena gossip, lofted in universal concern and the way some casual nudity, first, fit into a niche I apparently bought only once. Even though their union collected dues from the car seat, laundry room, crackhole, coffee cafe, bed, preschool.

I'm polite. I wouldn't become bored. I have to count my entertainment dollars to see if I can afford niggers. The faggots, I lie socially, that fuck me in the black rooms of bars and gloryhole constructions are no different. They're not as ugly but seething. In the 8mm porn cabins with the dried mouths just outside, I knew that the actresses I watched get really pissed on and mocked raped, while I half-minded the quarter counter tick, were exceedingly natural and simply offensive because of it. You probably weren't looking for something better in leaves and worms and waste products if you haven't fucking found a matching aesthetic and purpose yet. Quell the nausea you can't immediately discount when you scrub feces out of your pubic hair by remembering how just fine it was yesterday to pull out, rub back to your balls and plunge in again much smoother. How many heroin job-hunting bores write books after they have their first child. I've had to put up with shit like all of this just to hear how much you hate looking at women. Not yourself. I have to find some sexual component in wanting to hear you bark your way through sideways deconstructions of the men you let see you and then the women you care for. I have to climb through strategies to think there's something finer in the gaseous facts you're too stupid to see through. How dare these animals think the journey is important, elemental or somehow exceptional. I don't think you're capable.

Can I get some more coffee, honey?

I'm not tired yet. I'm not as sick as you are in hearing talk about how you came to this. The casting calls. The sad types that build depressingly into systems. How you have to try and quietly, intelligently, subversively buck it. The lighting and the proper shyness as opposed to the brave and positionally transgressive sense of self, reality and individuation. Form the crashing fleeting thoughts into expressions of emotion under culture. Let me hear you yet again about your connection to congolese rape victims. Go on, show me where to look first. Direct me away from where I was thinking, sorry.

You think I'm not working to keep you happy?

You think I'm not trying hard to stay just a few minutes longer at your level.

I know post office employees that talk exactly like you. Former topless dancers who can't make the jump into any car seat or their college professors who can't slump against the black greasy walls of the bijou and squeeze up their ass so I can stick my tongue in without assuming I'm trying to either get them off or being submissive.

Here, cunt.

You are special.

Keep your post office uniform on.

There's no characters.

Why do you think you don't want your mother to hear?

The sketches are dead children; unimportant, nonexistent after the words have been drawn. The masking of intention in fiction is embarrassment after the writing siphoned out personal insults. The cloth that covers the rest of the body and leaves the cunt exposed came into importance after learning how the films were made. You didn't grow up on the Torah. You went backwards after you smelled the connection in what you were looking to read more about.

Did you threaten her?

It wasn't necessary.

She wasn't totally compliant.

She didn't know it was going to be viewed as something bad.

It's not something bad, is it.

Pornography isn't reductive. Like your past, it spreads out wider behind you instead of narrowing into a focus you've forgotten. This is why you pay actors to cry. This is why you strip metaphor apart. It is the persona they evolve into reality. The reason the actors are affordable and popular. They have no clue that it would be better to do something altogether away. Every movie should start with scenes of the actors putting on their make-up. Or still photos of the actors taken by their parents when they were just owned children. This should be done before the credits start so that the importance of the footage isn't reduced back to yet more giggling anecdotes for gamesters. You filthy-minded drunken liar. Braying not-quite loud enough so you can't see others fucking listen to you.

You talk to it like a dog. It doesn't answer, you know. But you keep acting as if it's a conversation. You talk at yourself. Like Shasta behind the glass in a peepshow booth. The way she-males look at a camera: You want to suck this big cock? Street hustlers flexing about what they do for a typical day. High definition, full-frame close-ups of stubbled and razor bumped vaginas in nude model only exposes.

You're off axis. Thank fuck. Who tells you that it counts. Contempt makes you a clown. Articulation gets you ignored. Pick one. What else is ignored. The best thing about this is it doesn't matter. And I'll pay to hear why you think that may be what's not working right now.

You should edit yourself.

I should?

No, you shouldn't.

Thank you.

She continues to say thank you. The clamoring mamas bringing her life to life all deserving of the ungrateful respect that acknowledges help and kindly concern. She's escaped her miserable orphan's existence by relying on a man that, probably, only had sexual interests in her age and body type. She's escaped sexual abuse, including slow starvation, by allowing, first, the police to find her and, second, by accepting that psychologically she can help others who suffer the same. This is done by answering questions from another cow, this time selling advertising minutes.

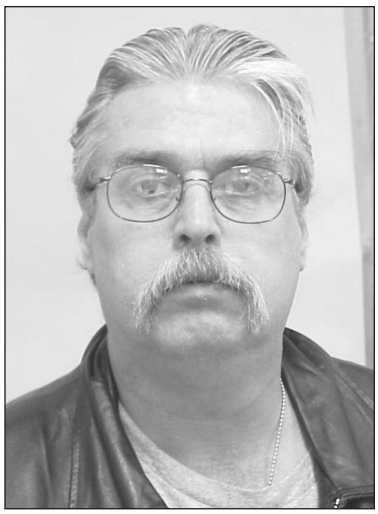
What crime were you convicted of?

Possession of child pornography. The prosecution had a greater imagination than the law could cover. They knew there would be a good chance that I wouldn't be clean as long as they could get entry into my apartment. They wanted more. My lawyer continually referred to the problem with the written law, not the spacious intent. In legal journals my crime is always stressed as mere possession. To clearly separate it from the actual creation of the product. However, it was the state of my mind that was argued in court. I had police sneaking behind me and picking through my apartment garbage. Did they think I was throwing it out or getting receipts? My chances to address the court were answers of intent. Is your own sex drive an urge or a deliberate choice?

Creep's question. Sex has little to do with urges. Negotiating the structure between thought and expression is an artist's problem with articulation. Trying to forge a desert between biology and responsibility is an artless stab at manipulation with an obvious target audience. Nothing is experimental. There are complex conversations around what you may think you need to experience but it has nothing to do with the symbolism you use to inadequately realize your desire. How long have you been on probation?

Ever since. I know what you're looking for now. I waste far too much time on your arguments in fact. If you were a convicted sex offender, would you admit to every crime you committed?

What do you consider a crime worth admitting. Obsessing on anonymous but consensual sex wouldn't strike a comfortable balance in most criminal histories. Developmental retardation, psychologic regression, chemical and therapy edits are less interesting as legalities than as pleas. An abstract idea of alienation is not an axis for running down a list of crimes. And I'm not interested in imagining every person you might want to pretend has been hurt by projection or stain. I'm not convinced that they've been as deeply bothered as you, or they, say must always exist. There is a deeper need for a conceptual limit. What is your current probation status? If you are not in compliance, explain in your own reasons why.



Should I be arrested again it will be for breaking a law that has more to do with fifth amendment rights than first. Compliance is what I do. But it's easy when you put community up top and psychosis at bottom. I've been taking care of people my entire life. I know the insulting demands in what they lurch for. Male pornography actors mostly grab actress breasts for the audience. The job requirement is more attractive than the clumsy impulse it doesn't capture. It turns his stomach before it hits his brain. I'd rather these young people kept their clothes on. It's not just crack fodder. The ones that fill in for Times Square thugs and trade. All black and lean or rican and blunt, I often buy what I don't relate to. I haven't been wrong about this in all these long years of fucking doing nothing else. Good sales in glory holes now. It took men who went to peep show booths to tell women about the place. New owners sell young actresses mimicking what was a homosexual act. And the appeal is not in the comely stun of the women filmed just sucking on cock so their market doesn't have to be disturbed by the relative looks of other men. Anything little that happens comes directly from always watching the dog cage close in. Any cock that stubs through their side is jawed until it cums or can't. And the profiteers with heterosexual fingers still can't separate their cash from their experience. They'd be better off understanding the sale than scraping off the market.

The actresses are replicas of porn star fashion when the product is distributed to shops. While the actresses for web subscriptions sell uglier, fatter, poorer. Because the difference between store shoppers and internet searchers is the difference between men looking for women they want and women they hate. The hole drunks that develop a fanbase through the websites aren't included in the cellophane sales of the higher priced displayable that would be more difficult to explain or warrant expensive shelf space. A misshapen bag of a woman sells her silly life as part of a blog and likes to impress that she trolls gay theaters in drag. She continues to see herself as worthy of the faggots' attention since so many closeted hets find themselves in cartoon proxy holes. She'd do better at the theaters now serving heterosexual experiences to gangbang fans in the suburbs. But then she'd have to write about her flat faced drops in a context that isn't mitigated by others' desperation. I see her all the time, no matter what female's bent and blobbed and moaning.

The sale DVDs feature the prizes taking cum shots into wider open mouths and begging for more and more. The faceless actors have likely been screened to industry standards. The lesser markets have now been moved into compliance, having received enough attention to raise questions. Early devotees of the product complain about the sterility of new releases and repaint the verité era located in file archives.

The ladies are all stripped before the first cock juts through. Used to take a few minutes as the cameraman could encourage her to take her tits out as either afterthought or the successive step down.

Higher market adult studios construct scenery on sound stages to resemble gloryhole peep show booths. Amateurs stress locale and availability, often starting the films with brief interviews and waves outside the 24 Hour Adult signs.

Take her and show her how ugly she is. Give her money to do it. Have her think she's not as lifeless as the situation as long as she's paid. The men are stuck and mildly exploitable if need be. It's no different, black holes are not mirrored but minted. Who likes to work out if they don't already look like

they have been. These places exist for cheating scumbags. Consistently heterosexual men in prison would rather fuck men than merely masturbate to more female fantasies. Few don't return to heterosexual dispositions once they're released. Learn more, experience what goes on, they deserve attention. Give her a gay cache. Give her protection and teenage adventure. Look at me. There aren't many men that get wild looking at me. In my situation it's very hard to turn down even the most disgusting propositions. For me staying alive in the hooking business is hell. I've been looking too hard, too long, my reference is outdated. I have to see kids. Photos of missing children. Is the parent who damages his child to be blamed for how that child turns out? Or is there a line somewhere, when we can say he is excused and only his child accountable? If so, when does that line begin to exist?

Your mother, your stepmother, your made-up midget tub of money sliding interviewer, your caretakers, third rate indulgers and half-pint audience; what happens when you start to find men capable of pleasing you? You'll look like them eventually. Soon enough. You sound like them without thinking it isn't what you want already. You won't be able to forget what you've done. Like me.

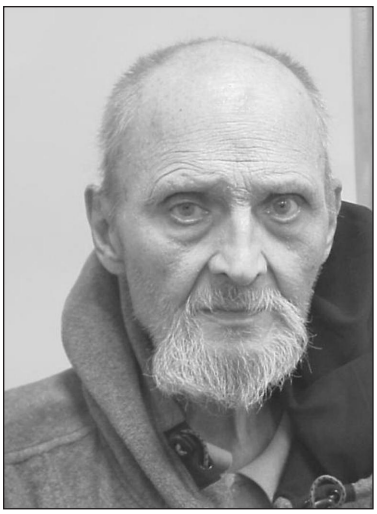
I put photos of myself next to the ones of children. The children were picked out of millions. I'm looking for them constantly. I never stop and I'm never closer than flitting. I want to know what I look for. Little captured moments. I search as soon I see the slightest reminder or saddest mental reference.

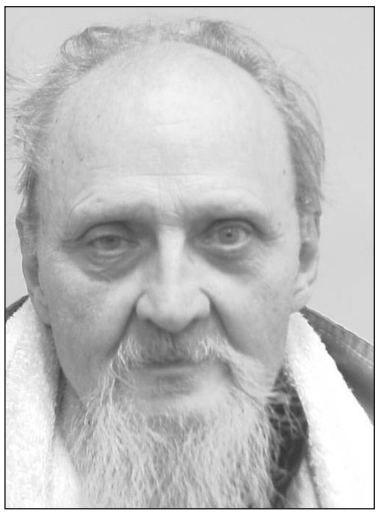
You think its stops. You think you can put this behind you if you can rid the internet perverts from looking up your name only?

I'll do this for you.

The only conclusion is there has to be some ugly little part of something looking for something uglier. Therefore. What you look for is recognition. Some instance of proof that may or may not change later, with age, with experience, with luck, the right decisions and transient payoff. As long as the realizations or blockage get recorded and shipped direct and is ultimately convincing using the same criteria you profess to completely ignore.

You don't want to fuck everyone. Don't want to see them reduced or enlightened. True youth don't hide what they have. They never did. They crawl without you having to acknowledge it or enjoy it. I don't even take my dick out any longer. A queer blonde with a backpack at Manhandler who I let follow me into the restroom, keeping him away from the sex barn in the back. I sat on the toilet and faced the door. Waited long enough to let him know I wasn't just taking a piss. He pulled out a smooth long soft cock and let me lick it up and down, thin thatch and balls to pisshole. Pushed my tongue as far into his hole as I could slobber and slapped my fat red drunken cheeks with the stiff erection he established soon enough. Gagged loudly under the sign that said the room was for one person at a time only. His balls were heavy and tight and I sucked hard on the sac and each testicle just so I could pull his pants down all the way. Had every intention to stay there until he cummed inside my mouth. Knew that he would regress when I started to massage his asshole while I swallowed more and more of his cock into my mouth, then throat, then thrush. He pulled up on the shoulders of my shirt to get me to expose myself and get sucked. So he could cum as well. I just turned him around. Licked in the pink asshole to get it wet and kept my hand beating my spit down into his possibly sweating pubic hair. Bit his ass. Harder





each time until he pulled away and leaned against the sink almost on top of the toilet.

If I asked:

Do you have a condom?

He would have started to mouth my cock.

So I just lifted his jacket and shirt and stood but leaned immediately back to probe out some more dirty hidden shit and offal stench. He was as clean and prepared as his big veinless cock had promised. Grabbed his hips and ran my fingers down his legs, squeezing when I reached all the way down to his ankles. This is when fags buckle. He didn't mind being with me. He didn't think of me as old and decrepit but wrongly as someone who would teach him and take care of him. Later on, it doesn't matter. He'd either know to get checked or dread it out to his friends. Kissed the top of his hair and tried to get at his neck, put my weight on him to make sure he didn't drop to his knees like I had started. When you lick your palm you taste what you do. You smell unclean. A response completely tied to memory, not chemical. I didn't think to ask about poppers. I didn't think there was anything above the immediacy of using the toilets for an act that had to finish as quickly as possible. Somehow. Pushed my tip in and sucked in my belly so I could see. Came out and licked my hand all over again. I'm dirtier than most. Let large puddles form into the middle of my palm and built a fist around my cock with it. Licked it again as quickly as I could to slide some spit into his ass and jabbed a finger inside that darling hole. Kept working his cock back and towards. Which so often goes soft while you fuck. I entered and pumped loudly. Went slow only briefly. I don't want to wait. Don't like being a monkey. It says: Don't cum yet. Before I think I was ready.

You want me to cum?

Not yet.

You want it?

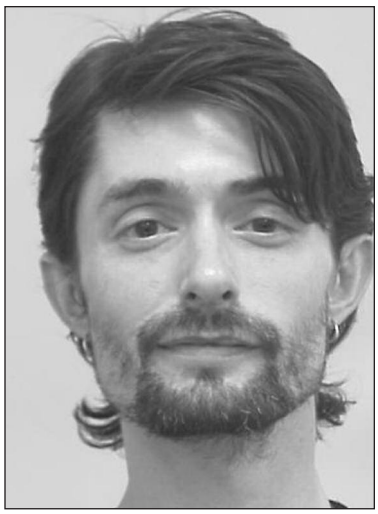
He pulls off but doesn't turn around. Instead, he slumps further into the sink and starts to slowly massage his cock away from me. To give the old man a rest. I squat and stick my face into his boney butt, nose around like a fat bull, slap my cud against anything fleshy. His balls get grabbed and yanked back to my mouth. I lick up and straight through the slime dripping inside his ass, down his legs and probably off his back. He's opened up now and the smell of slim shit and my mixed with cock all over my chin and lips and fat cheeks. I kiss and back up. Protrude my tongue and go searching for my own precum now fixing his insides to nothing muddy. Stand up again and start to push a dried cock inside an only sweaty shrinking asshole.

Push his arms down so he doesn't turn around. I don't want to cum in his face. I don't want that mess of long blonde hair to be what I'm looking at when I cum. I don't want his face to perform the same act as his body, no impressing, no faggotry, no closing my eyes to help out.

Get me wet.

No, let's stop.

So many men tell me they don't want to cum after you started sucking on them. I'm going to wait. I don't want to cum yet. Thanks. Do you have a big dick? So that they can do what they really came in for.



You have to see it this way.

There are sex bars charging cheap for men to have moldy hardly anonymous sex. There are porn stores for fucking pornography. The men that go to the bars and slug in the backrooms and in the johns still believe they are accepting something less than what they were put here on earth for. If there's a difference between fucking and mating, in the societal sense, the gay experience, no matter how immediate, desperate and pigheaded, is entirely of the latter.

Special because.

Age. Or, rather, youth. Cock size. Your tired backfired self-loathing. Functionally different from the flatbacked blob the day before.

I've watched men kneel in front of many men and perform barking seal tricks on as many exposed penises as they can fit into a nigger's trick. I've been spat out and still soldiered for my turn, knowing that I didn't feel any part of a group who, while they waited for unprofessional mouth, watched scripted and narrow-minded action. They beat themselves and grab the cocks next to them. Wet only briefly in expectorate. Which one of these bloats has enough disease to share through the air in between hips and unfastened belts. Crabs and fleas and lice and dying HIV. The cuts under one eye where he splayed a syphilis scar or where I took a drunk punch. The fucker next to me bends down sideways to suck on cock because it's hard enough. Waiting for the dog to get back around. My hand starts to feel inside his asscrack and, because I'm drunk enough, immediately starts to open up his asshole with my dirty fat finger. He'll squat to either get away from my fucking or to get more dick. Nudging out the other dog and allowing more to join the faggot circle. This queer begs more intimacy, more response than just my chance to discharge or my inclusion in the first trowel's imagination made dredge. Go home and rethink how much of a pig you were. Tell your buddies later how you had all different sizes of cock. Which ones you licked balls on. How they helped you.

Never been the faggot on the floor. Never been the child molester who travels to bankable locales and feasts on exactly what I want. Pissed into urinals before. Carry around photos of children and pissed on them dropped in urinals. None of it is perfect or separate from the thought that my existence is lessened and created wholly by a mixture of irrational reverence and desperate dreaming.

The mexican with a stubby dark brown, possibly uncircumcised, cock already pulled from behind his zipper and still belted pants.

Feels good, doesn't it?

I like big men.

Do you kiss? Can I kiss you? Will you kiss me?

When I sucked on him and struggled with his little brown balls and tried to get his pants down to the floor so I could feel his flabby wet dark ass, he, again and again, tried to stick his fingers in my ears.

Knock it off.

This filth with his cock jutting barely out of his apartment outfit couldn't have known he was looking for child pornography or women his age and job placement for supposedly more than just sex. Wouldn't be looking for anything other than me, frankly. Not his mother, certainly.

I told him to open his mouth while I just jerked off into his hanging squashed face. Just after I rejected his ridiculous offer for a naked sixty-nine on the floor of the fucking Bijou.

Open your fucking mouth so I can cum.

Come on, queer, open your mouth some more.

If you're not going to swallow just open your fucking mouth so I can see your tongue.

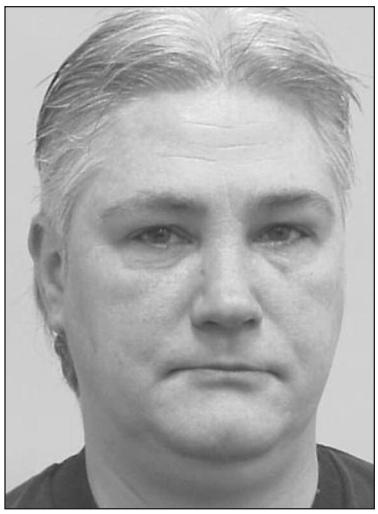
I'd fucked him before at LW. He tells me the same fucking thing over and over. Made a beeline for me as soon as I sat down in the back near the single video screen. He was lucky I was there for once.

He lifts my shirt every fucking time. I push his solid greasy head so hard into my chest that he can't suck like a baby or lick like an impresser. I slide into the oil soaked black wire that forms the back of his contorted skull and smash his mouth and teeth into my nipple. He turns into one of the dogs he watches fight for money. I'm consistently bruised and cut around my sagging chest and painful mauled aureolas. During the next days, I reach into my shirt pocket just to tweak the fucking things hard and twitch in the stupidity of the most recent. Don't do the same with the bloodblisters in my mouth. Or the cipro hopes and rushed pus checks and new cysts.

I can get sick from the amount of blood I let him bite and slurp over me. The bruises are black sometimes. It looks sick when I shave and brush in the morning. And, obviously, it looks better than the blubber and bumps and blood pressure fissures that would look humanly pathetic without the safe context of a self-loathing map.

Have the courts and probation system experience helped or hurt you?

Psychiatrists know better what a psychopath is not. The wastebasket approach where symptoms are tossed in and added up only after the bad guesses can't be labeled derogatory, old-fashioned or their lazy fault. This hustler told me he saw mostly rich men. Added that the bulk of them wanted black men. My experience with video store clientele is similar. The men in suits generally stuck to the bins with lowprice niggers but also tended to be the most flagrant when it came to propositioning other shoppers. The office workers downtown go to TJ's on their lunch breaks and either fuck faggot heads or suck nigger dick through the few glory holes set up in the back. My probation officer didn't need to listen to me after a judge was forced to for over three years. I still ended up with a small-minded idiot who had no other personal detail than abortion and no other gray scale than her job checklist. You can't talk to papertrail paycheck worries. Ever. She didn't seem to be willing to let me change her and the idea that she had anything but large law with affirmative action benefits on her side was hardly going to make for a beneficial situation for either of us. I knew where it was going to be manageable. It wasn't until the sixties that psychiatrists stopped separating class and ethnicity from treatment definitions of sexual psychopathy. Tolerance and inclusion lessons against the longer experience of knowing where her bosses go to buy porn that sells women dressing up like secretaries. Cheaper than her exercise instructionals. Tell her you're pretty sure that pornography had less of an effect than true crime and psychology books did. So she tells you about photos of victims. We say that the child who was molested was a victim. Does he remain one if he goes on to molest another child? Does he remain a victim even



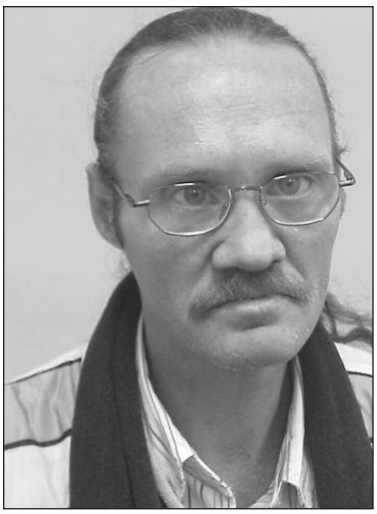
when he is an adult?

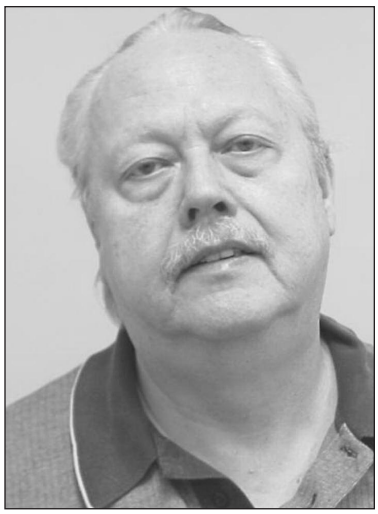
Ask the definition of the word victim. Nothing more. Is that what you intend on twisting by pointing out the absence of a gray scale? It's a silly tacky argument. These photos might seem more powerful if you say the men are victims rather than selfish monsters looking for something revoltingly tiny in comparison to what the outcome of that adolescent fascination is. But what you think may hold power is what I think is simple and straightforward when not purposively confused. This is where one could benefit by accepting the clinical definitions of a, or your, sickness. I don't see these men as compelling as you do. I see them as often as you do. A checklist isn't as reductive as you may like to believe. And the empirical data taken from clinics and cells versus that taken in bars and motels is entirely your own insistence on minimal surreality; absent the initial problems that bring them to psychiatrists or to you in the bars. What part of your court and probation experience do you find the most helpful?

I find men going through situations much worse than mine. Lowpoint lives as a destructive narcissistic fund for regressive impulses. Projection or transference, more or less than that. They deserve more but I don't know that I do. Empathy is the least interesting or problematic issue here. Aside, of course, from having to get you to think differently. I've never looked for anything else since I was old enough to understand what was available. I've had sex with men who later got arrested for child molestation and child murder. To think that I was homo, heterosexual or tortured seems a ridiculous concept afterwards. But why'd you start fucking whatever it is you chose to live with? My interest in sex was mutilated far beyond aesthetics without me ever having to choose a side or settle back on a visual disposition. I can tell you that men detail crimes to me that police and community watchdogs usually imagine. My pathetically loose association with these creatures might suggest that I'm self-aggrandizing. However, I'm just as often told that I am a sex offender and steps initiated to prove that are far beyond my control. Where should the line be drawn between "damage that has just passed through him" to damage that he, alone, is responsible for having created? Is there such a line?

You know there's a problem. All of you talk about degeneration quicker and more often than you may be aware. Your complaints of old age. It's not aging that's a problem but what little you have, how bad you look doing what you want to, how unfair it is that you're still saddled with these intellectual rights and denials. It's boring. What part of your court and probation experience do you find the least helpful?

I'm not complaining. I learned what ugly was as a definition and still find it workable. The conditioning and defense accusations were legitimate. I don't want to be anything other than what they created. I was in court and as soon as I thought I was disgusted with staring at men's mouths talking passionately about sex with little girls, as they increased the damage quotient they believed more and more outrageously, I, perhaps defensively, formulated what little I wanted to find around me. It was as graphic as any impulse I ever gave into. Correctly. It continues to expand. The legal parameters they've drawn are hazy and fluctuate frequently but I do my best. I look at what I've done and what I've said and easily sexualize the





hatred for myself and others like me. A reality more perfect than expungement. A rigid physical component seems less compelling for others and, like counting up answers for eventual contradictions, seems exactly their level.

You don't think she'd help you?

The first scene should be filmed in a peepshow booth like the ones I remember and miss. For the documentary portions. The scene, as filmed, would be immediately followed by a repeat with a new voice over. There are differences in the exact same experience and that's what I want. The antipathy inherent in the act and a louder shift in memory, fantasy, mental blindness.

This is where you fuck up. Since you pretended you didn't want to reveal yourself, you selected sales instead. You wouldn't have been a hooker if you wanted to steal, right?

The audience is petty. Talk to me instead. Stuck in the center of a Times Square porn shop, there's a foolish tendency to see the enormity of the available selections as whole. Blocks of women captured and reduced to something unified; not uniquely fascinating individuals. Desperate and sold as gender, not simple or unimportant stereotypes. Whereas the audience sneaks through the title insults and fakes and tin advertising to pick out the shinier drops in impulse control. The cashcounting mass of muslims or hindus see it the same way as the slime. Sold by act and position and vanity. The best sellers are defined by the less-than carefully hidden. Last time I was there I bought niggers sucking, barely enunciating and filmed trying behind hot crackpipes. Further down Broadway I bought naturist videos that I knew from ads in a hippie shill magazine. Naked children playing with silly string and stood next to their always fat, stub cocked fathers and uncles and their far fatter dyed blonde crinkled female aged mirrors. Psychologically stomped mother complexes with rarefied experience droop and grimace over the safety first barbi dolls. They don't make the smooth flat children look better. They make themselves look even worse by holding to the anti-make-up rules. They create every single child molesting excuse that starts with how pretty children really are. No matter what they're doing.

Niggers don't buy crack documentaries because they're looking for their mothers and sisters. Usually. It's white men looking to view damage, wash in disgust. There's a phenomenal difference between the trash whores recorded in florida and the ghetto grease collected from pushers' camcorders and compiled by more white gloats. Race is important. Age is central. The niggers can't speak. Don't seem to find the dirty rooms and roach situations significant enough to attempt to talk themselves away from it. Gorillas hoot and take and fall back asleep, sweaty and untouchable. The chipped tooth caucasians are sold by their lies, denials and delirious comprehension. Questions are carefully strained for hostility triggers. Every single one of them is encouraged to slither out their rapes and traumas. The black oil bulk get the silly job done as if they're incapable of thinking of anything else anyway.

The context isn't as great as you'd like to create. You have no idea how long I've been looking through this. You have some idea of how little I've found. The latest issue of fucking Bambini with a huge amount of pages dedicated solely to miserable overclothed, overpainted petulants carefully picked and posed in ways that hardly contradict the camp of skinny smilers in the more expensive sun and swim dvds

suggest, however, that I'm never in the wrong fucking place. The scattered obsession belies the intensity of the search. The lumpen availability, even in such palsied reductions, argues for larger applications. Gender isn't as important as age, apparently. Faces more than vaginas or penises, poses more than ease. The quality of their genes perhaps secondary to what and who brought them here. Ask the cavemen and cabdrivers:

Do me a favor.

I rip through every magazine available. I only want shots of children sleeping. Boys and girls. You have to sink the instructor's lessons to crass. The language that blacks out their bare backgrounds is sickening when I'm looking for murdered or raped or leaking and dealing in piddling suggestions and symbols. Critiques of victorian purity suggest a finer find. Amped up to now include luck.

Spread her legs.

Go into the bedroom.

Wake her up to tell her to go back to sleep.

Sit there for as long as it takes.

The father takes the picture. I masturbate as I know him with his cock out. Sitting and waiting like the blubbered over exposed dads who demand sucks at bars because you're shit. Not shaved, clean or long as it is thick. Pinches a nipple with one fat fist to show queers what low watt sensation he's looking at.

The photo is different. Since she'll continue moving from this point. The image is more important than the loathsome grasping and sweating reality of the bathtub or homemade doctor.

Ask the actress:

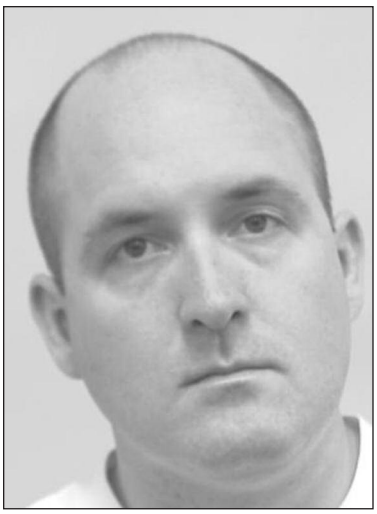
Just let me look at you for a minute, alright?

The monkeys shriek and nit over their customers all day long. They took over the business when it looked more profitable than 24 hour White Hens. A popular misconception that the dirt thick shops and blocks of Times Square has been gelded. However, like photos of little boys turning small tricks, they are perpetual. The government has allowed you only this. Again. The immigrants learned to make their own downloaded crap sales. Became pornographers rather than simple vendors. They deserve their greater place here as it seeps back into their grotesque history.

After gauging the price between lonely haphazard fantasy or privately braggable experience, ask the brown mire for another favor:

I'll come in when it's not so busy. I'll give you a hundred bucks. I just don't want to be arrested.

I know you don't want to see this. The money is your only reason to consider it. I'd prefer that you watch but you don't have to. You can laugh with your friends later, it's expected. I can't do anything



about that like I can't do anything about this.

You sell me a half hour. I only want to be able to masturbate whenever I can within that countdown. I'll keep all my clothes on except for having my cock stuck out of my zipper. I just want to stroke it as I walk down the aisles and try and find something I like. I think I can cum a couple times. I'll clean up. Or I'll tip your donkey cousin to do what he always does anyway.

I don't care if there's customers in here. Late night drunks and cocksuckers. Mexicans in homeless nigger costumes. I don't want either of us to have troubles. Don't want to take the context of the backroom and sully the sales paths by being insistent. I don't necessarily want to blot the place with ideas of access or assume I'm cumming on the entire business market of what's molded instead of acknowledged. You understand, you thirdworld fuck. I want to be able to fucking give in to myself just fucking once. Not to strain behind a hard-on in pants. Not to scope out possibilities for later. I'm not saying it's like taking a shit. I'm saying that, just fucking once, I'd like to see some of the condescending kindness that these creeps afford everyone else but me. I'm fucking sick of it otherwise.

I can't even fucking begin without having to explain myself. I know that. If I have to tell you where it started or where it goes, I'm fucking done. How much is it worth. How much does your butter swallowing rats at home need for you to pretend you're fucking giving it to them?

You think I'm the only one back there that thinks of kids while I'm sucking on gut heaving gross old men? Your experience isn't fucking important. Your moronic religion, your backyard boredom, muted sympathy stood in front of genetic failure, doesn't fucking mean anything greater than what I want to do with myself. Your synthetic indignation gets shoved out in favor of mine. Mules. Those little boys that get prisoned in here are perfectly absent, I know that. Burned alive after they've been raped or exposed to what you think they shouldn't have. You stopped giggling a long fucking time ago. The trolls that follow the trade in en masse are nothing like comedy now, are they?

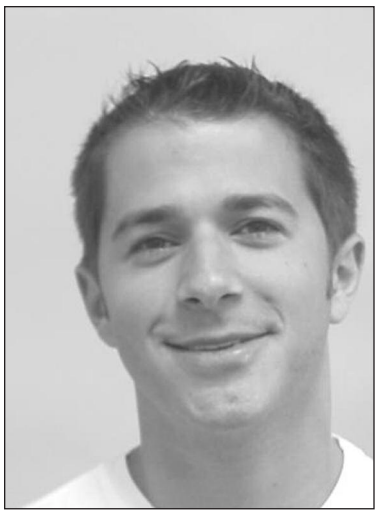
I know how fucking ugly I am. But I spend a much greater period of my daily life not caring. You don't, do you. Not here. You masturbate in front of a mirror. You put pornography all over the bathroom sink and let your belly hang out from the raised part of your shirt so your greasy fingers can grab and wobble. My asking someone to watch is so they know. The ones that don't have this greater bulk or, by design and plea, worth. Me wanting a lover to say it's alright, I've seen worse. And me taking pity as if it wasn't temporary. As if I cared beyond having to listen to it again.

Mold responds like the fat queens who guard fagbar sex rooms on the weekends:

Take your dick out now.

The fat filth, aged far beyond hopeful repair by this point, never demure. They now want to saunter in the back looking as thoughtlessly obscene but prepared for personal failure. It's shame that precedes them. Self-conscious advertising rather than fatigue. This is nothing new before.

I do, actually, want to stretch out an erection and focus on cumming while this dysgenic moneyhandler looks and smirks and tries to assume his next billing plan over the backs of men, anecdotes, like me.



I belong in the back paying by the quarter, don't I?

The level has been set by expectation. A better example. Is in a judge's supposed responsibility to his shocked jury over a wider community duty and lurid concept:

First scene.

Explain to the camera that you're making the film. It's your work. Your face and idea attached to what happens next so you don't appear after the simple but abstract naming ceremony.

Tell the camera that you've named the dog Becca. You've named the hole inside the wood Becca.

This is why.

Which is central. You are wrong in the way you read and watch. Nearly every fucking time.

I've replaced the female actor, the offensive fiction, the absolutely vulgar character, with a dog. Not a pig. Not a tiny mouse or filthy garbage ingesting rat. But something that looks for nothing more than unembarrassed comfort and timeless servitude. It has no personality. No wish for transcendence away from its struggle with language. Its artificial existence comes entirely from what is given to it from those who want their cheap, easy, denial actions to breathe and pant. That fear of critique and insult that drives one to flights of fantasy and obfuscation.

Her body was found in October 1993, dumped on an embankment along the Spokane River. Authorities say the girl, who used the name "Misty" as a street prostitute, died of several blows to the head. John W. Medlock, 33, was charged in December with first degree murder after confessing to Canadian Police that he killed Rebecca, "Misty," with a baseball bat.

The pain hit home when foster father Dennis Hedman of Tacoma, WA went through Rebecca's room, packing up clothes, coloring books, toys and posters.

Ask the actress:

How could you not want to place your mouth over his cock when it was exposed to you.

Did he tell you to sleep with your make-up on. This juvenile requirement to make things more real than the opposite reality. Mostly confused with a drive towards onanism. Which, having probed enough strangers' pissholes with my disease spreading tongue, I can tell you flatly does not exist.

The slob leans into the dog's head and recites exactly what is written for him:

There are runts who take pictures of their stupid girlfriends passed out on couches. Drunk, sleeping, dreaming, in farcical repose. And these dolts lift up their girlfriends' shirts and snap quick photos of tits and then raise skirts and snap asses and youthful panties and their hands and lips where cocks could be for everyone. These cunts then take the photos to websites to seek more of the same.

Who'd you give money to, sweetheart?

Who looks like they're offering a greater commitment?

Tell me what it's like to have your grandmother tell you stories about what she suffered in the old countries.

She starved, right?

She tells you that.

She tells you what it was like to be in a camp surrounded by other first fat ugly ethnics before they realized what they really were inside, yes?

What did it do to survive?

The character doesn't exist. You need some money? You don't like the room?

What do you contribute? And what can you walk away from easiest? What makes you with your unmistakable jewish background fucking feel guilty and then less guilty.

You know what you'd look like if you grew older? I'm talking to the audience, now, you just go ahead and ignore me exactly as you are. Well done, good boy.

Fucking answer.

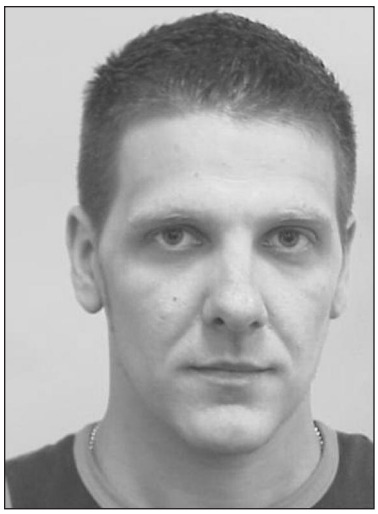
Tell me a story that your fucking ancient sick grandmother told you that starts with her recurrent stomach troubles.

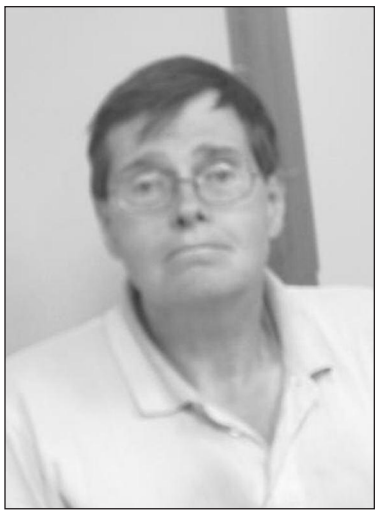
I'll start:

There's a short ugly waitress – or whatever the fuck she is – that skips around one of the back rooms of one of the bars I go to. I ask her to bring me a drink and she says she can't. It's not her job. You know what she does? Your grandma from buchenwald with the stomach troubles just cleans up the fucking ashtrays. She does it because every cocksucker back there smokes constantly and it's disgusting to have the ashes spill out of the ashtrays when they stub out the one just before the next. She probably stands next to the bartender and washes the drink glasses too, I don't fucking know because I'm not going to sit at the front bar and watch it. But back here, she just cleans overfilled ashtrays. One after another. I seriously doubt, Becca, that she fucking thinks of her brethren. It's a bad joke. A fucking bad fiction. Like an aging sunken woman putting on a showbra. Or asking you if she's pretty. A responsive creep telling her she'd be better looking if she shut her mouth. Shut your mouth and open your mouth, y'know. An actress with her name above the title. A pornstar with a bankable reputation from the acts that come in second. She just cleans the dirt. That's all. Gets paid better than I ever will. Maybe. And leaves here with fewer diseases and nags. I haven't seen one man back here ever be better than his job. The ones that reject, relieve, position me included.

Fictionalize it. So that you're talking about something more than just your jealousy or age. It's not a mid-life crisis in front of inadequacy if it's personally acquired. Or if it's writ large. You have a bunch of the same behind you. Who're actually much worse off than you. Who deserve a voice rather than a market. Lucky.

"A year ago Becca was in the backyard with her friends playing dolls," he said. "Now she's found by the





river bank and she's a prostitute and a crack addict. And there's nothing to stop it?"

Rebecca was abused as an infant and taken from her mother when she was 15 months old and placed in the Hedman's home.

Though her foster parents thought she gradually learned to make friends in school, fellow students told a different story.

Define success.

Your looks.

Your intelligence.

Your quick wit.

Your willingness to please others.

I'll do this for you next.

I'll tell you what I did. I'll try hard to make it sound pure. Where I'm not talking to idiots about another group of idiots. I had so much footage of Beslan. You simply can not record this shit and then file it. You have to do something better with it. It's important not to forget. It's more important to make all that excitement into something that sustains. You have to make it whole and keep it with you. Put nothing in front. Not forgetting is to constantly have it there with me. I refuse to look for something better. I'll pile it on top but fuck it. Make it more and have those builds cut even sexier. Masturbating isn't quick. It's not thinking about a favorite fuck or model. It's wanting it to change you.

You're not much younger than the girls who want to do this.

They want to see themselves when they didn't look like your mother.

Make memories.

When you start to think you'd like to share something special with another body. You'll have to hope you're doing something for the other body.

Of course she does. Has she ever caught you and your father?

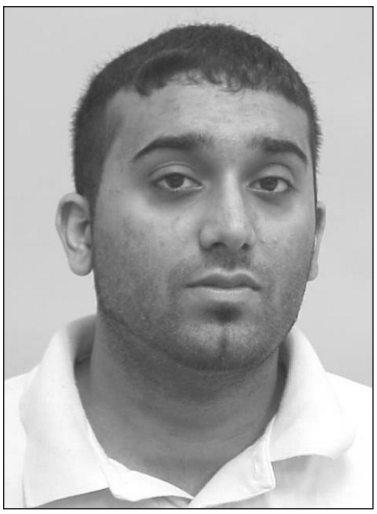
A year ago you were released from jail after serving 521 days of a three-year sentence. How are you feeling now?

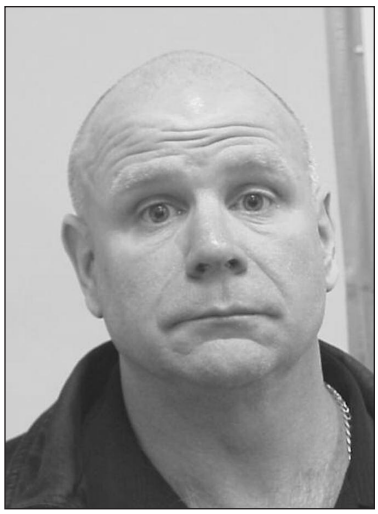
Not great but good.

I'm not sure what I can stand to get to the next step. Or lifestyle choice. I'm convinced that I'd like to stop moving. I'm not looking to forget it or feel comfortable in the way most people think of the idea. I had some coke before I went and that was hardly meant to calm me down. I picked it over meth so I wouldn't be guessing faster than thinking. I didn't want to work this shit out with some cunt that I shake in front of me. I wanted, I think, as much cunt as she had to sell.

Do you want a line?

There are men who want to get more from the exchange. They offer toilet speed to draw the image closer and they'll tell you about it in bars or while you wait standing outside booths for one of the gloryholes to open up.





He tells me: He said I had a great cock.

Highschool hooker says no thanks and doesn't offer you a drink. You're not drunk are you. You're not so fucked up you can't get a hard-on or cum quickly, are you. I need to watch things clearly or I don't do that anymore. I do this. This doesn't get as bad quite as quickly. I only meet polite men this way.

I could ask that she put a porn film on in the background. It is understandable that I could use it to help her with her day job. I could be one of the guys she thinks is rude instead of one of the guys who's just nice, finishes and leaves. I could tell her that I'm so sick of the shit I watch that I came here to feel something in my hands other than my cock. Let her feel it the way I do. Do exactly what I do fucking constantly.

Not here for a handjob.

I'm old enough to be your father.

What does that mean?

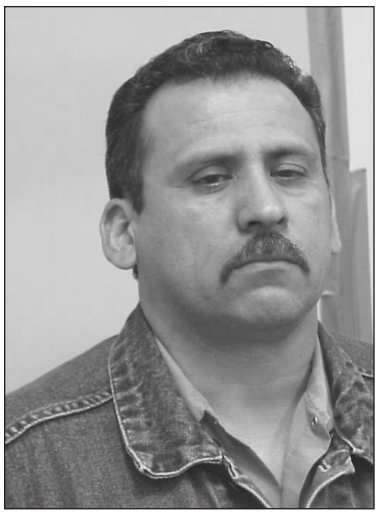
Oh, it's just little things going wrong. I'm just trying to get by. Trying to find a job, trying to find a house. It's been harder than I expected. I went to a couple of interviews, and I thought they went great. I wrote dozens of applications. Nothing came of it. I put in at Wal-Mart, at Staples. I'd do any job. But I never heard from them.

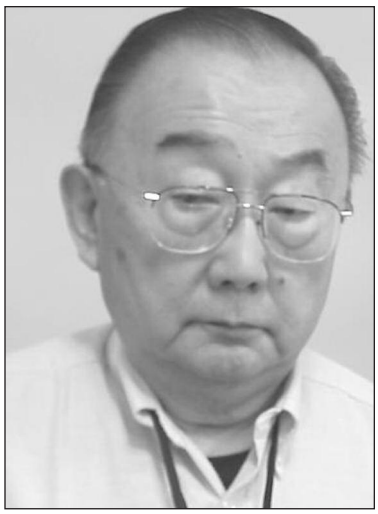
I'll be fucked if I'm going to talk about price. What it took to get the fee was hardly worth the actual cash I handed over. What you pay for doesn't stop the transaction. If the head counts the money while talking to me or trying to put me at ease or concealing her disgust as she looks at me and it's all over in less than fifteen minutes and anything is possible in negation, it still doesn't add right. The same way I had to start looking for something like this after I saved the money to possibly spend. The idea that something like this would be somewhere like this has been with me for as long as I remember. The africans I'd fuck and pay inside car seats or the bone breaking faggots in gloryhole joints or alleys don't cast a fair deal. I wouldn't figure in the price of what I'd like instead either. I had an idea that I'd like to leave the dreary apartment, the fumbled choices don't go back that fucking far.

Do you think your name has anything to do with it?

I am starting to wonder if they realize who I am and they don't want the publicity. I don't want to lie. On my resume I have a brief little paragraph about what I did in the army and about being in prison and that I'm still on parole. I want to be totally honest. I have to find a job by September, that's part of the parole regulations. If you break the rules, then they can bring you back. That would be a big deal because I don't want to leave my son.

I despise that what's being said diminishes what happened. There are video lines of young women on their knees while four or five men crowd around their open mouthed tongue dropped faces. The girls are





loaded in paint so that the mascara runs in the cum and the lipstick daubs cheeks and waxed shafts and pinched and fingered pits. They spit up far more than they have to. Washed teen heads perform tricks and recite their lines over a black dog bowl just in case their audience might be confused over what's being asked of the actors. All the moaning, licking, gobbing, gagging and eye-batting doesn't lend anything more than the motions required to quit a job finally. I don't give a fuck what the muslims wear or don't. No one's here just to drain their balls.

I didn't think to take pictures of these nigger whores that polluted my youth. I know many men who do now. They insist on showing them to me and gleefully recounting how grotesque the women are. I can't stand them either. I want to go in to a pornstore that sells tapes made by rentplan fucks in NY and just buy them. Brainless drugdealers filming sister crackwhores and then compiling the footage that gets sifted through internet sites before israelis copy them and put them out on the racks. I always prefer that this thing doesn't touch me.

I want these suffocates to sink right back into the dry earth they crawled here from. These creatures understand biology in ways that I can't. I've never said that I didn't want to see them struggle to perform what they understand so perfectly well.

How do you get by? What do you live on?

We just got our taxes back. Thank god. Otherwise, I don't know. I live in a trailer with my parents. My dad works for the railway and he tries to help out with bills and my mom helps me with what she gets.

Actress played a schoolgirl victim of a rapist/murderer that filmed his crimes. Also played a prostitute who dressed up as a schoolgirl for clients the other less specialized whores called pedophiles. Her part in the murder movie had a real name found in countless books and reports though the filmmaker chose to change it out of publicly stressed concern for the real life parents. The brothel she pretended to hook at was based on a sad little visitable joint in Reno. She's a short, common, character actor who can mimic the way men want their lays to seem younger or to be older but act younger. A documentary on ugly San Francisco strippers shows precious seconds of the peep show employees searching the internet for footage of themselves. They complain to the camera that sleazy customers sneak small cameras and cellphones into the booths and then post the foggy results on the internet just to be mean. The tattooed lesbians also read the reviews the creeps write as warnings.

Do you get men who ask you if they can take your picture?

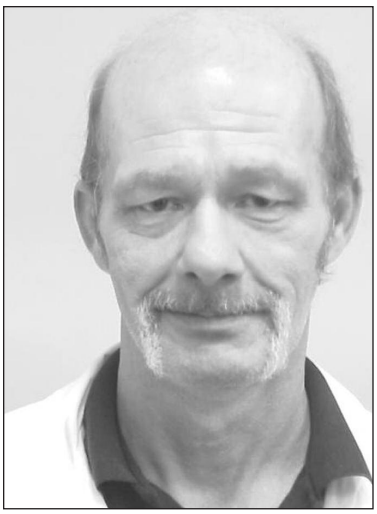
I'm sick of perverts.

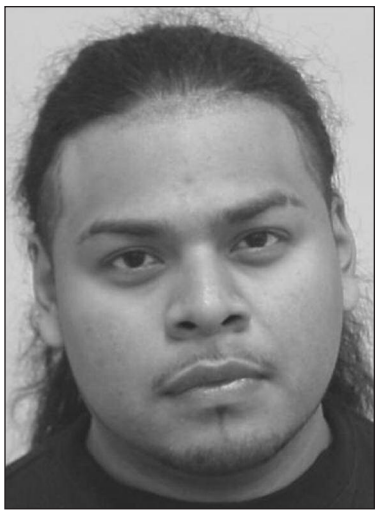
I can't see you as anything but a child. I see you like the children I've come to pick out.

Should she have turned down the next part. Should she have worried about those that can't separate simple concepts. Can't appreciate aesthetics under craft and have a psychotic obsession with who doesn't connect.

I'm sick of photographs.

Sick of pornography. I wouldn't be here otherwise.





What have you learned so far.

What were you like when you thought you'd not be bothered by men greasing you up.

I'll keep the condom on and I want you to act like one of the girls that doesn't mind if there's a camera on the other side of her face. Just hang your mouth open and stick your tongue all the way out. I'll jerk myself off and act like I'm aiming the cum into your urinal head but the condom will keep you from tasting it or smudging your make-up. I'm not so stupid to think you're a victim or a nigger and I won't call you one. External rhetoric isn't a kink of mine. I have the equivalent of photographs of myself doing this all over the fucking place. Like you and how I picked you, aside from your skin and address and price, I get reviews as well. And give better interviews.

You live in Ashby, a small town with a population of 1300. How do people treat you now?

They don't treat me any different. I haven't met a person yet that's been negative to me. Not since I got home. Most of them back me up one hundred percent. They say, "What happened to you was wrong." And some even say they would have done the same thing.

Poor fat denture'd Carrie asked if I knew the local website that has a special folder for shots of her sucking the cock of her boyfriend and photographer. She calls sucking dick "feasting". The joint I meet her at has three main rooms. The entrance is a large and brightly lit adult dvd shop with long rat trail racks of budget priced pornography. The clerk's front counter stands at the far end then points off to two more rooms on opposite sides. Movie theater or booths.

The theater is only dark when the swank that trot in lingerie horses are not filming what could happen on large camcorders with spotlight hookups. Fat kin use tiny cameras and cellphones. The few nightly women are immediately surrounded by men who imagine they're not in a large gang. Creeps masturbating while they hound and struggle politely and shamelessly for position or handout. I rarely make eye contact. I like men stroking their cocks in public. Tools peer over shoulders and through jackets to see saggy watery bellies jiggle more than hung flabby breasts, jowls and sliding lube sopped vaginas. The sows wait for hard men to muster pride and often have to call out for someone next. Their husbands and recorders will check to see that condoms are used.

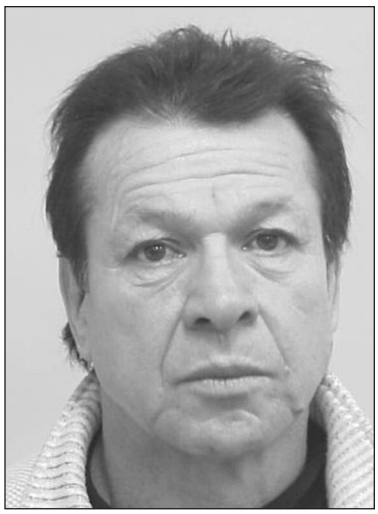
The ordinary sense that teaches men to suck on the waiting campaigners isn't allowed when women are the focus. I've been cruised here by older faggots but only if the action moved away from the estrus spread. Old man waved a condom for me. I told him to put it on his own dick. While I reached down to see if he was hard underneath his winter coat. Like I do at Manhandlers and Touché. He whispered that we'd have to get a room. They don't let us go in the john. Will you wait for a booth with me?

Did you know you were doing something that would be seen later.

That it would be defined by others as violent rather than sexual.

Are you busy.

We could go out to the parking lot.



To be polite, I let him into the hall to pass a few moments. In no time at all, while his friend caused a diversion, this man slipped out of sight, snatched our three-year-old baby girl from our home and into his car. He was away down the street before we could stop him. He took our child to the probation hostel nearby that he had recently been released to after serving time for sexual offenses on a six-year old. There he raped and subjected her to unspeakable abuse. He then fled the hostel with our distraught and traumatized child and drove in such a way as to attract police attention.

After a high-speed chase there was a terrible car crash on a tight bend. Somehow our daughter survived it. She came home that night a very different child to the one we had kissed goodnight and none of us have been the same since.

In every image there is a child. These images are crime scene photos where children are being subjected to sexual abuse. This is not "child pornography". It's important to remember too though that these children were not missing. They were located in the place where they were supposed to be safe – their own home – where their abuse was recorded and made available over the internet to satisfy sickening sexual desires of a deviant group of individuals.

I sat on the bench at school today on my own at break time, because I had no one to play with. Shannon's chair at school is empty and I've no one to sit next to now. I just want her back. She was the best friend in the world. I liked everything about her. She was kind and if I wanted to play with a toy she was playing with she'd let me join in.

He told the girl that one recording had been absolutely horrific. He said that on the next occasion he wanted her to try harder and to smile for the camera.

What you did was clearly calculated and premeditated. It required careful setting up of the photographic equipment to take the images you went on to take.

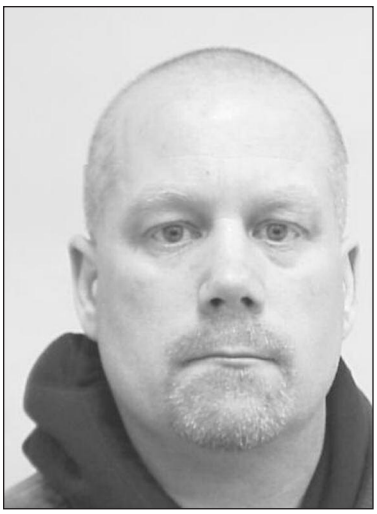
It keeps going over and over in my head. Harvey's too little to understand. But Danny, he's five going on forty – a little man. He's seen what I've seen on that video. It's going to scar him for life.

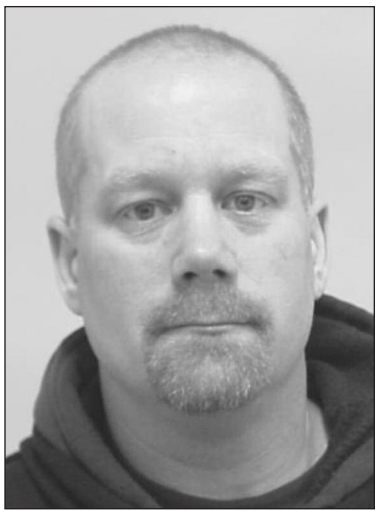
The children were paid small amounts of money to pose as models in a sexually explicit fashion. One of the videos sold by the Italian suspect shows a father sexually abusing his daughters of nine and eleven years of age. The customers were also able to order tailor-made videos. Upon request the children wore suggestive lingerie, at times bought by the customers themselves. Requests on how to pose were also given and some customers even traveled to the studio in order to attend the video shoots or to make their own private videos.

We have tried all other means to identify and to bring him to justice. We are now convinced that without the public's help this sexual predator could continue to rape and sexually abuse young children whose ages appear to range from six to early teens.

While the two kids were in the car, through our investigation we learned that she performed oral sex on at least two johns, again while her five-year-old was awake in the back seat and while her eight-week-old was in the back seat. Also over the course of the evening she smoked crack cocaine on ten to twelve occasions over the course of the night, again, with her children in the back seat.

We don't know why she did what she did but it's not how we will remember her. Chelsea was beautiful, always made up, always perfect. I remember how I used to do her make-up for her. The next





time I do it will be the last. When someone dies, people talk about them in the past tense – we don't want that because Chelsea will always be here in our eyes. She'll always be the bossy, cheeky Chelsea we've always loved.

What do they mean by "They would have done the same thing"?

That they would have followed orders, just as I did.

OK. Who is Matthew?

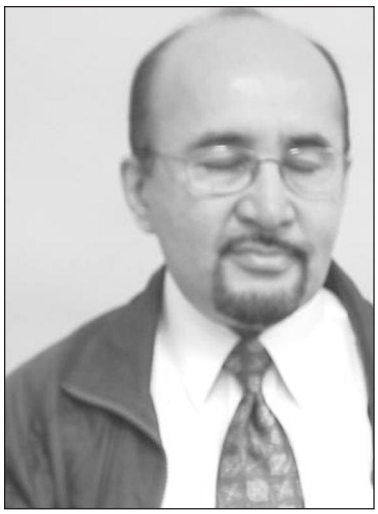
Matthew is the person that adopted me from Russia.

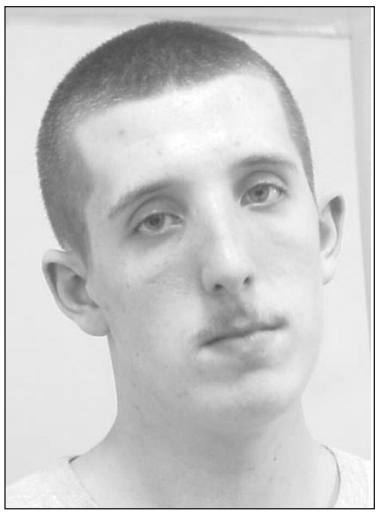
Your adopted dad?

Yes. My adopted father.

He told you what now?

I've always had an explicable contempt for men who say they're attracted to children. Usually pointing out their own rights and favors as they slide closer. Old gray haired queers who drag fatherly love and childish celebrated sex. They offer companionship and comfort and physical education rarely illuminated by their hulking pawing masturbating minds. They face so little disrespect and jealousy in their fantasies. I often do them chump favors. Burned back on me because of my greater interest in what others sold me as product cruelty. If I responded to anything, it was heavily filtered and formed by public derision. I wasn't looking to be bored. I can't stand ritual. I despise american psychology; looking for the same thing as everyone else does but just in the wrong places. There is no catharsis because there's no letup. I don't want there to be. And I've never thought otherwise except for when it looked like I was going to have to explain myself to the cunt whose job it is to fuck up the jobs that those who're close to me want to keep. This logically developed into a truly revolting preoccupation. I didn't want to find some of these poor dears as attractive outside the brain damage they had been put in and what I could gleam from the uglier language that slowly or devastatingly showered them into worse and worse parodies of my own specific shrugged experience. The last man I had sex with was not an ordeal. Nor was it any different from what always happens and will again. A bartender who served me since opening at four ended his shift at ten. Since the bar was slow that night, the fucker wouldn't leave me alone and insisted on telling me about the common faggotry he lived. I would have left earlier if it wasn't for his overly affectionate refusal to let me. He started drinking more than quick shots when his replacements came in and he moved to the chair next to me. He was too drunk to drive but not as bad as me and I gave him a handjob on the way to his Logan Square apartment. He had been massaging my crotch in the bar and again as I sat in his passenger seat. I did the same to him and, while we crossed arms, I found that it was easier to finish him



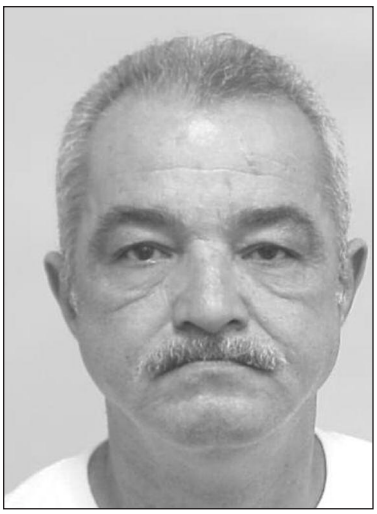


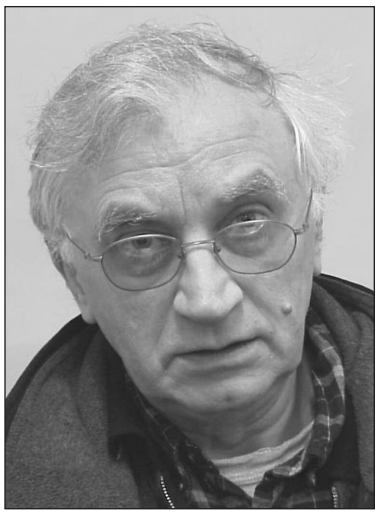
off than him me. He cummed all over my fist and I licked my hand clean. At a stop light I let him wash my tongue of his cum and he bent over to suck me while Mexicans waited for him to move his car. Inside his apartment, I fucked him before we had a chance to flop on his bed. Which I was unblurred enough to avoid and eventually licked my cum out of his sweat rank asshole. Everything went back into his mouth. The alcohol ensured that we were going to piss and I cummed again in his biting maw standing in his bathtub. He jerked off to a smaller second cum as I licked asshole and balls sat on his closed toilet and spreading his fat ass like shitting from squats. I told him to. But he didn't want too much filth. The fact that the pictures I hunt for lead me to these men and their sicknesses is essential. I hope it doesn't sound like denial. The effort as opposed to the merchandise. But it's often this hallucination that I pick through. No matter how much these cunts tell me different. I have no problem with dismissing the acts that others see as essential. I don't feel the compulsion, first of all. And then I look for what I am in others. Not the part that I could slip into.

Were you sexually abused as a child or adolescent?

Another faggot told me how his neighbor, a young high school student, would clean his mother's house and when the mother would leave, the older boy would take his pants off and walk around with an erection until he was able to convince the boy to produce the smaller same. He told me this when he was explaining when and how he learned he was gay. He only ever wanted to get fucked by men from then on. Never been with a woman and had no interest at all. He explained this to me primarily to stay in the single role he preferred during sex with me. I asked him when the abuse stopped but his answer didn't matter since it was only told so he could suck and get fucked exclusively. I tell queers this story as if it was mine. It's so thin that it's easy to act it drunk. I perform the insulting monologue in exactly the same way it was conceived, to bring the polite, stupid audience down to a specific, employable level. Which, actually, not ironically, elevates the result, the reason. For me and them, possibly. I want to hear their stories but I'm almost always disappointed. I'm not trying to get them to talk. I'm too old now to want to hear anything else but what I just told them. Repeat this. Try and reply. Inhabit this. Add your struggle and society and let me watch. Still, I need to see if they like small children rather than young men.

I've heard this so many fucking times. Did the student take photos. Was he as good looking as the fantasy. Do you want to do the same as he did and did it create an obsession with a body type or a hard taste. Did you fucking feel at a disadvantage. And do you still, for fuck's sake. I ask these sick cocksuckers if they ever thought about little girls in the same situation. I'm often driving the soft cocks and talking holes away. I quickly become the kind you stay away from. I'm just as tired of thinking any of it makes any camp colorful enlightened difference. I want to treat all these men as the same and, sadly, I can by just yawning how it wasn't bad. It's all a lie but it's so easy to believe it, I tell them when I'm drunk enough to switch transparent characters. Maybe not for them. It might sound nice to pretend that they're different. Each one has a special story to separate themselves from what they're doing right then. Did he hold you down? What felt better –you or him? In your mouth or his. You don't draw the line at your ass now, do you? It would look shockingly different on film. You're not a child molester now, are you? You



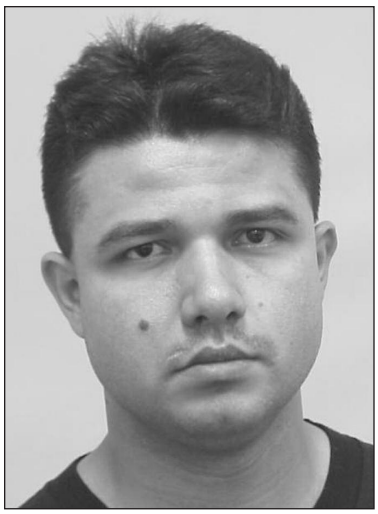


know how queens giggle while they're getting you hard enough to suck on. I've rarely seen them look worse. I droop like one of these fat worthless mothers after awhile. Do you think consent and compulsion belong in the same sentence? Trading anything more is more offensive to me than merely talking sideways through the details that these mouths work out to sound just like painful, problematic or drama pitching haunted confessions. I filmed some of them. They're less compelling than they seem to think.

Did your parents have trouble with their sexual or romantic behaviors?

My father spent his entire life drunk. He met my mother late enough. She'd already been divorced and was forced to abandon a daughter she'd had when she was very young. He'd often be so drunk that they'd fight and, when I finally started to understand what sex was, I couldn't tolerate that she'd continue to fuck that. Say what you like, the effect you'll cherry pick from that has nothing to do with a trauma or sublimated unreasonable feminist discourse. I don't believe the same things as you. It's common hustler drag. Doesn't pass when you're drunk and looking for drugs or old degenerate learned dick. I despise women enough to take a female position as often as I can. These questions are designed for lonely men. Not sexual addicts. Created by creeps selling common ideals after, hopefully, they've completely understood that there's no such ideal or chance or reality. They shill to the faggots in here, who they know will tell them back that they're only nerves. It's all about sensation; lisped or guttural. There's no sensation at all, just like taste. The answers should be insulting even to the one idiotic enough to listen to the question. I give it a line. I listen to it and figure out what brand of sympathy it's specifically wanting to play with. They don't always seem so dumb. Age is often a good divining rod of how little they'll put up with. There are men who make frequent and excited visits to pornography warehouses to shop for what they consider a larger interest than most. Like filthy female academic sludge who interview prostitutes for political points as tired as slaveday myths. These fat dolts don't visit the backs that would allow them to fuck more than what these sandniggers sell them. One caveman to another and out the door to the questions you can handle. There's the sensation, there's the loneliness and the boredom and the yearning. I could tell you that I like leaning back and letting some drag suck my cock while he asks me questions about why I like raped children and photographs of raped, murdered men. Because that's a level these drips can repeat. It has nothing to do with my imagination or purchase power, nothing remotely like thwarted heterosexual mating or queerish romantic thoughts of any other. I'm perfectly fine with what's offered and I'm not trying to squeeze out my money's worth. This one tells how she changed from a long string of bad luck when she found someone to help her recover. I want to be good now. I don't want to waste all the attention and work she's selflessly done. I trust her in a way that I thought I could the mother who stabbed me in the neck and the father that raped me and traded photos of it. I will get better because I owe it to the one who takes pity and shows love and I have no right to be bitter or so trolled to ruin these much better, unquestionably much brighter, days. There's too much joy to be had. Coming your way. Too much clear pleasure and purely ungrafted excitement in the work that I do. The recidivates give in. You've been victimized far worse and for longer spans. It's true, isn't it?

It's a longform video.



Worth watching for its entire length, beginning to end.

Don't look for the section that gets to the action and body parts you want to see exposed. The acts you relate to and find echoed and performable. Go to the back where the booths are made for you.

Please see yourself as worthy of the right to make strong decisions on the behalf of the others not exactly like you.

I want a child to repeat these sentences for me.

I've learned that I can do this. I see it in more than just you.

I've told the same to adults who say the same as you. Fathers and stepmothers who need to hear what I do in those backrooms. That mean nothing significant, you're absolutely correct. I'm not lying.

Do you often find yourself preoccupied and distracted with sexual thoughts?

I listen to what happens. I look for the petty cruelty and fuckable disgust that the larger support groups want to convince me I'm repeatedly ejected from. I desperately wish it was worse. It'll get there, I tell them. The first time I paid for a transsexual whore, I got what this little pig is still talking about twenty years later. I made a second mistake paying for a male prostitute. This is what a passive position is. All of it slides around the booths on a never-ending schedule. You see ugly girls talk about their quick sexual experiences, suggesting that their bravery comes from mulatto blood and drugs and better than average intelligence. You tell the plug that just because the wood got a little wet, it doesn't always mean that rot set in. I'm glad that these sold painted shrill trannies love women this much and that the kinder clueless ideas pervert such difficult obsessive resentment. They're all pretty now. Fair is fair. The queen suggested we take a shower together, he didn't sell the naked part as well as he did the retractable promise of a rim. Further, this meant I would cum quicker and away from his face with alot less pumping on his part. You could jerk off while I cum in your face if you like in an english accent. None of you americans have your skin intact. My dom friend thinks rich men come to her because they need release. These rich men who don't like only giving orders all the time. That's not it, is it. They pay and act the stupid way they do because they need to find one single challenging argument. They're tired of winning every one. And they ask clearly stupid women to punch them so they don't have to talk to the silly cunts like they talk to everyone else. I've never met a smart dom because I've never met one that doesn't know its stupid. Is a shower too much to ask?

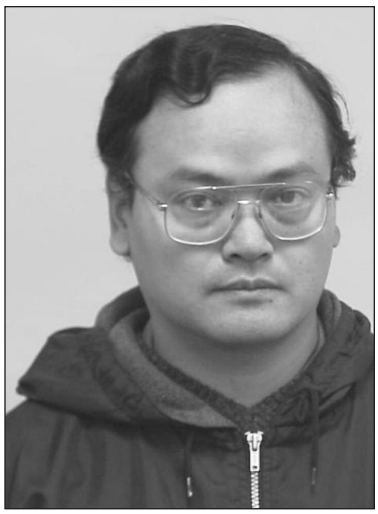
I'm afraid I've been traveling. My pants smell but I swear I took a shower this morning. Anyway, I'm not going to bother you too much. I'll tell you what I want, is that okay?

Please.

Do you know who Tommy Rock is?

The DJ?

No, darling. He's one of these amateur porn makers. There's a film of him just holding on to this huge cock on one of these skinny young boys and while he stares at it and just holds it, he masturbates himself. Is that okay?



Do you regret losing long periods of your time to the hunt or search for sex?

I try and deliver a wider definition of sex as quickly as I can. I act as if the search has more to do with negotiating a dainty connection. I don't want to do anything else. And then you tell him that you like this place. I meet more interesting people and I don't have to lie as much and they're often duty bound to pretend right back. I can ask if he has a boyfriend almost immediately. Or complain about my limited social range. I used to think anonymous sex was possible but it's not, you know. Do you ever go to The Machine Shop? I was there and there was this naked man pacing back and forth. You know the center room – he couldn't fucking sit still in there. And all he wanted was to get stuffed with one cock after another. Just immediately and perpetually. He'd lay on his back after he ran like some slimy greaseddown african drug case to drag someone back with him. He'd spread his legs up and his asshole wide and just fucking pray the creep he yanked had a ready hard-on. Frequently disappointed, certainly. Do you use condoms?

I was trying to get this hustler to just kneel up on his bed while I laid flat next to him. I just wanted to stare at his half-hard cock and feel it and cup his balls. Truth is, I saw it on a video and the idea really appealed to me. But the guy couldn't do it. He felt like he had to get a full hard-on and he'd lean down and lick my balls to help me cum. He couldn't just leave his dick alone with his arms at his side like I asked him to. Like I paid him to. He finally asked me if I wanted him to put on a condom because I started licking his cock and sucking his sac too. I asked him if he wanted to cum on my face. As if he gave a fuck.

Does your use of phone sex lines and online porn or hookups exceed the time you spend with friends and family?

It doesn't matter.

Do your significant other(s), friends, and/or family ever worry or complain about your sexual behavior (not related to sexual orientation)?

I see mental illness in here. I come here to watch grown men twitch and cry. I see more men physically exhaust themselves. I count entitlement. Drugs get to them, the alcohol and brutal rejection. They think of their families, I'm sure. Their mothers they've watched expire and miss so deeply and self-consciously. The faggot lovers with AIDS they don't get the same degree of sympathy for when condoms are stroked on just before the businessmen are ready to pop. So many of these drooping eye fat fucks are loaded on antipsychotics that working out which is beneficial or deleterious is something you have to wait for years to figure out. Tally how many of these scumbags I refer to as animals. Not quite the same way that the ones who think they're reverting do, though. Nice slacks, a pressed dress blue shirt and while he's getting sucked, he unbuttons to let his belly hang. He rubs his hands around his naked thighs when his belt and pants drop around his ankles and strokes around his ass up and all over his protruding gut. You

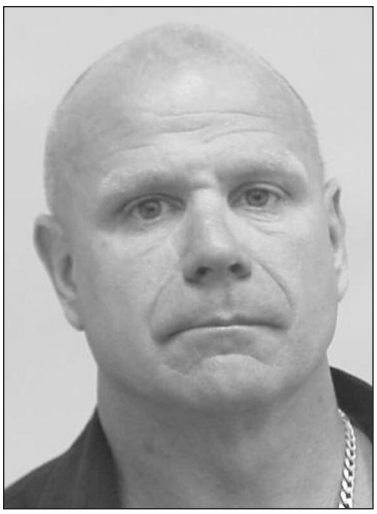
reach up to pinch his nipples and run through his chest hair when he'd prefer to do it himself. He is owed this. This is what you do. The last part of his disgust was only maybe at the door but chances are better that he knows perfectly well that you and other pigs like you have created this place for him. The cunts that dress up in dominatrix clothes for him and try and look presentable tell you it's to mask their contempt. Which he allows you to think by paying you. The photos I collect are now these men being told that they're rapists. Low level, blow-job excuses. These bulks are not here. They get enough rotten mouth. As a young man, I never once considered getting on my knees. It has nothing to do with money. It had everything to do with wanting to sore fuck scum and wriggling confusion. No more faggots. No more business suit cartoons or straight trade camp. No more rape or quiet violence. To hear the details, you have to listen to the cocksuckers and gangqueens mock outrage and slither ignorance. One of these cunts goes home and beats his barback to death with a baseball bat. I saw the fucker in here. It really means alot that you showed up, man. I used to bring photos of them murdered in here with me. I used to go home and watch videos of bulldogs getting its single skull cracked in gashed half. I want to extend this. I worry that it may be trying to replace the impersonal sex that is supposed to happen with quaint notions of personal viability. I want to say that I took the video of the staring cockhound and placed a better soundtrack over it. Which, in fact, I did. It was how I knew what I wanted to foolishly replicate.

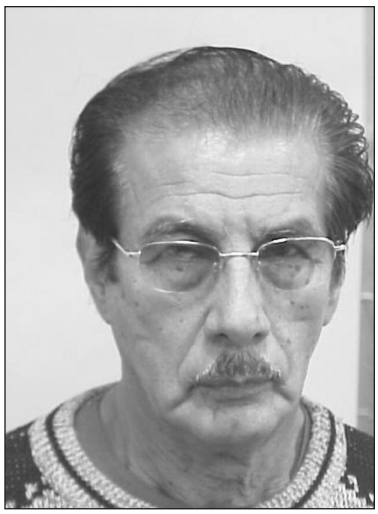
Do you have trouble stopping your sexual behavior when you know it is inappropriate and/or dangerous to your health?

I went to the hustler after I wiped the soundtrack clean and replaced it with interview segments of mixed little girls and boys responding to leading sexualized questions from adults. Took away the questions so I heard only children struggling and sleazing. I planned on finding those children inside a queer with an obvious agenda.

I went to the hustler before I had the idea of the video. But lying there, clowning a pornographic fantasy as if it had some greater experience, I simply drew the lines together. I only wanted to see what happened after they've forgotten what they can complain about when they're being taken lousy care of. The dream that the children perfectly believe doesn't have to grow hysterical. That's what the therapy is for. The drugs and bipolar myths. So many of the hoard need to be kept alive from suicidal thoughts, apparently. This meatbag would be acceptable if I highlighted the continuing stupidity of comfort and care.

I went to the hustler and asked him to just stand there while I held his cock. I had no intention of sucking him off as is his regular job. I've been watching men fuck and suck men and I'm sick to death of it. I ask the creeps in here to do the same. I ask women to do the same. I started tonguing cocks to assholes and many thin young mouths when I learned I was getting the information I was looking at. If it changed anything, it was in what I believed to be present in the child pornography I collected. I had to create situations where the misery these mildly foolish facefuckers, cocksuckers, petitioners and crying handjob mothers sold came with what I was going to pour over them. What I do and what I stare at fits just fine at this point. At this age and weight. My face is almost always vodka flushed and bloated and





puffy like I've been repeatedly slamming it up against barroom walls. I don't worry about my degeneration unless there's a pretty contest and, then, I rarely feel the more common and popular perceptions apply. I saw the video later and recognized myself and wanted only to see it again and again.

When I bought the video, I very simply understood what the flat backed creep was doing. I cheaply want this to be about ego. My transparent attention-fed defenses against all the better romantic ideas. I have nothing to teach you, lurch, sorry to bother you, best you not worry about me and continue to ignore it. I've been here too long and can't see straight anymore. Intimacy, in the way you use it, requires moving towards misery as long as it's setup by a deliberate move away from love.

Do you keep the event or nature of your sexual activities (not related to sexual orientation) hidden from your friends and/or partners?

I try halfheartedly to keep it hidden from my enemies. They matter where I'd rather they didn't.

Are you eager for events with friends or family to be over so that you can go out to have sex?

I can't wait until my job is through so that the day can really start. These joints fill up after work hours and after bar hours.

Do you visit sexual bathhouses, sex clubs, and/or adult bookstores as a significant part of your sexual activity? Did you – were you – what did you think when you found out you weren`t going to have a mommy?

I did ask him. And he said he wasn`t married. And I was sad, and I thought that was just natural to have a mother because I had a mother that abused me, and still I had a mother. And just – it was sad.

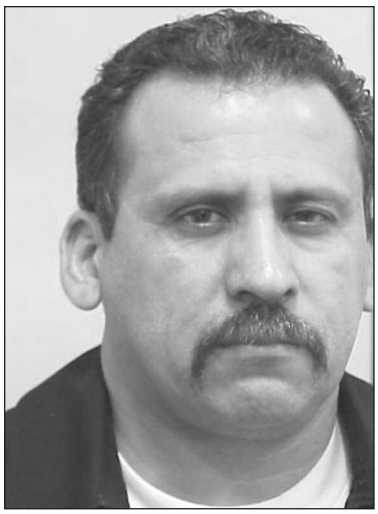
Do you believe that anonymous or casual sex has kept you from having more long-term intimate relationships or from reaching other personal goals?

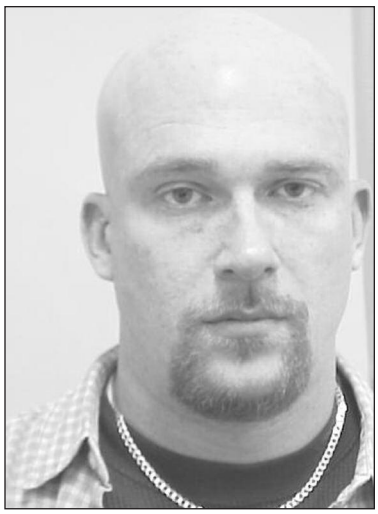
It'd be nice. The joints barely exist these days.

You said even though your Russian mom abused you, you still had a mother. But then – now you wouldn`t have one at all. Did that make you sad or were you just happy to be adopted?

I was sad, but at the same time, I was – I thought I shouldn`t be sad over that. I should just be grateful that I`m adopted.

Do you have trouble maintaining intimate relationships once the "sexual newness" of your partner has worn off?





He took me home and we ate and he showed me around the house. And I didn`t have a bedroom. And kids at the orphanage said I`d get my own room. And I was shocked. I didn`t have my own bed.

Did you ask him?

I did. And he said that – he didn`t really give me a straight answer. He just said that I wasn`t going to need a bed. I felt...

Where did you end up sleeping?

I slept with him.

OK., do you recall your first night in your new home?

Yes. It was really hard. I couldn`t get to sleep because he tried to touch me or tried to do something to me.

What was he trying to do?

Trying to touch me. It didn`t get really worse until after a couple of nights. And so it just kept getting worse, and it was hard because I wasn`t getting a lot of sleep. And, like, after the first night, I knew that it wasn`t going to be all that great.

Did your adopted father molest you?

Yes.

What happened?

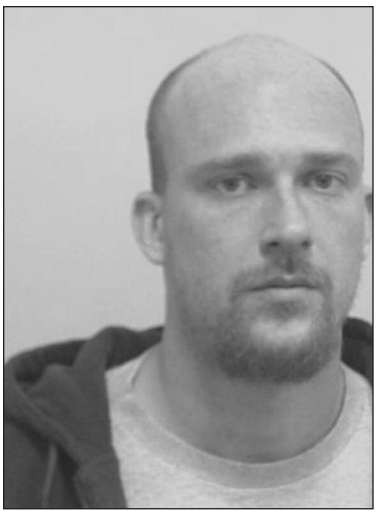
He`d touch me or touched my private parts or make me touch his private parts or...

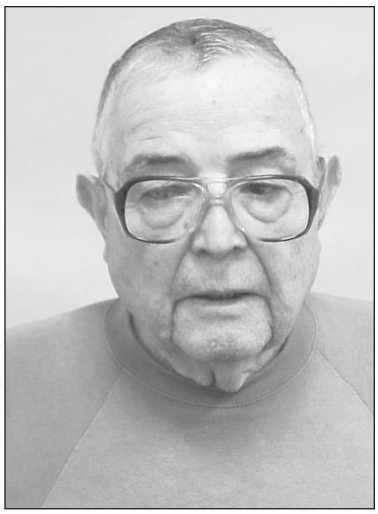
Did you ever tell anybody?

No. I never told anybody.

Did your adopted father have sex with you?

Yes.





And how old were you when that started?

When I was 5 or 6.

And how long did that happen?

For the five years I was with him.

Did you ever tell anybody?

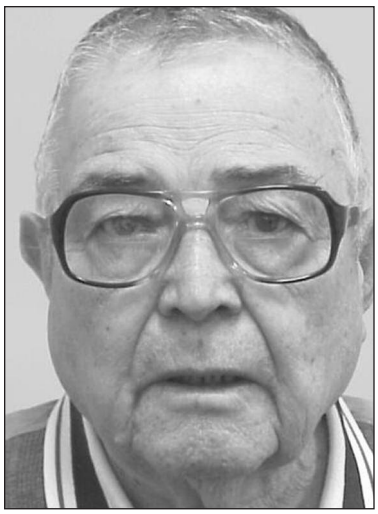
No. He threatened me. He`d tell me not to tell anybody, or he would say something bad would happen. But he never told me what he would do.

And so, like, I`d be close to telling somebody, but then I`d always not because I`d get afraid of what might happen.

Do your sexual encounters place you in danger of arrest for lewd conduct or public indecency?

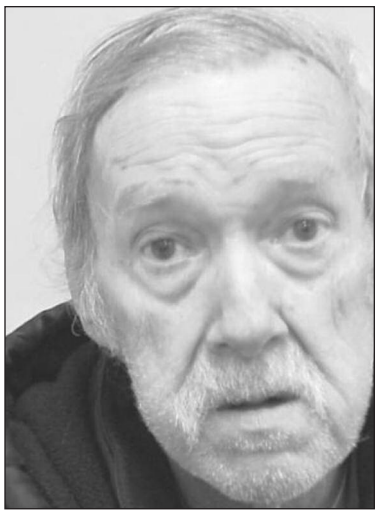
These cocksuckers won't come back to me, anyway. They avoid me after they find out exactly what's wrong with me. It doesn't bother me as much as you'd think. Because I don't think of them as having any particular worth. And if I sound like I'm denigrating myself, I assure you, my opinion of them is far lower. Not that it makes any difference to what I do. Continue to do. I wish I could say I thought it was worth changing. I haven't been as moved as so many of the others have. If there's a pit between lust and laziness, then its obvious which side I've chosen. The one that's easiest. But I don't think there is. Especially since these cocksuckers still keep coming in, one after the other. And the absolute truth is I don't see too many of them growing old. Because they just leave. This isn't a big enough part of their lives. Good luck to them. I don't think they're hypocrites for not acknowledging their little forgettables. They understand it far better than me. But maybe they just didn't care enough. To make a fucking lifestyle out of this. I used to go to this bookstore when I was younger. A regular bookstore in a gay neighborhood and it had a large section dedicated to gay books and independent publications in the back of the store. The store is still there. Still has a large gay section and advertises it just as much as it used to. But you won't find NAMBLA paperbacks or magazines there anymore. Or the photo books with naked kids in them. And, sadly, the later rags and anthologies that used to mimic STH are still there. Still the same, in fact. Which is even more depressing. But the reason those books aren't there anymore probably has less to do with morality and more to do with the fact that the faggots that shop at the joint don't want a place that would stock stuff that people like me are looking for. Still.

I was drinking in Little Jim's and went to piss. This beefy faggot walked in and checked out my cock at the urinal. I did the same as him. But he pissed easy enough. Next door at the Ram, after we both closed Little Jim's, I kept running into the queen in the walkways. Finally he leans in and starts to kiss me.



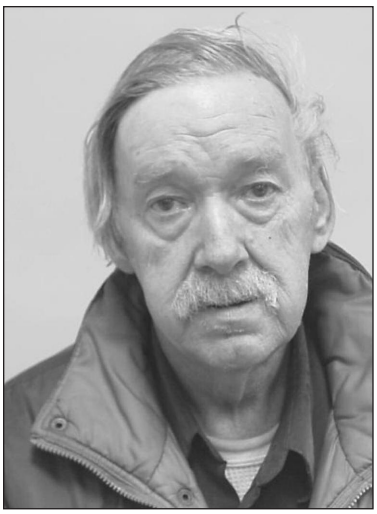
He's a good twenty years younger than me. And in very good shape. Strong chest. Tight shirt and pants. He starts walking to the booths in the middle of the joint that don't have holes between them. They have a little more room. For two. But they're as dark as all the other pigholes. He immediately starts to make-out with me again. This prick saw me in Little Jim's all night and knows I'm ratted. My face has to smell like fat and cigarettes and my mouth like old hot vodka and gas. He unbuttons his pants and takes out a thicker uncircumcised cock than what I watched urinate. Keeps my mouth inside his and, while I try to make him hard with my fist, he unfastens my pants and drops them to the floor. I'm drunk and soft and irritated at all the faggotry. But he sucks like a piston and stands up to trade mouth for cock. His cock is hard. Much larger again. So big and thick that it has a bend in the middle and he still has enough tough foreskin for me to pull over the pisshole and lick inside both. He kicks off one of his shoes while I'm swallowing at his balls and lapping at that long clean shaft and he steps out of his pants completely. I turn him around. And finally kneel in the filth that may or may not cover the floor here. The squat I was in wouldn't allow me to lick out the inside of his ass. I yank his balls and his hard cock back up between his muscled butt and tongue as much as I can. Cock, balls, asshole. I bite him and slap his ass. He only encourages me by moaning when I suck the tip of his cock and maybe play with his foreskin. He stays perpetually hard. He turns around again and starts shoving that fat cock into my throat and then pulls me up to taste his cock in my drunk ashtray mouth. Then drops to suck on me some more. All this time, I'm struggling to get and maintain a decent hard-on. So I start bunching up my balls in a fist, underneath, and flop them into his face to eat. He stays on my cock. I pull back on his head and start to slide in and out of his gaping mouth. Hung open like a cow. And glide my cock in and out of the flat breathing human hole. I want to stay hard. And I want to cum. I masturbate myself into his typical face and then drop to suck his long cock some more. He was stroking himself off while he sucked me. I tend to use my hands too much. To hold someone's ass open or cup their balls or yank their shaft or scratch their chests and finger their assholes. I drop, suck, lick, swallow some pissy precum warmed from his foreskin and start to lick down into the ridge that leads to his asshole. He spreads his strong legs further apart and I suck both of his chubby balls into my wet slurping pig mouth. Then I turn him around to get more butthole. Look for some sweat and shit and male grease. And I bite the sides of his ass some more. I always bite. I don't care enough to stop. I bite thighs sometimes but mostly ass cheeks. But I don't usually kneel in booths with hung men half my age. Has enough, pulls me up and sinks back down to his beat-off squat. Fuck this. I pat his dark sweaty close cropped haircut and start to hug his entire square head as he sucks and I fuck back. I'm going to cum I say to see if he'll stop and I can just jerk off. He sucks harder and noisier. I pull his face away and let him make a cow divot if he wants. You want it. And he starts to lick at the head while I pull back and forth at my hard-on. When I start to cum he plants his warm skull all over my cock and sucks in. He licks me after I inch out and continues to taste as I lean down to french my cum out of his mouth. Which is sadly absent. He stands up and I make no attempt to go back down on him. He says he's alright and I politely ask if he's sure. He stuffs an enormous erection into his already too tight pants. He starts to kiss me some more just as my drunk hits me a bit harder. Asks me if I'm visiting from somewhere. But I recognize him from the Eagle, weeks ago. I tell him some lie about where I live and he tells me he never goes to the Eagle. Uses the same ridiculously identifiable name now that

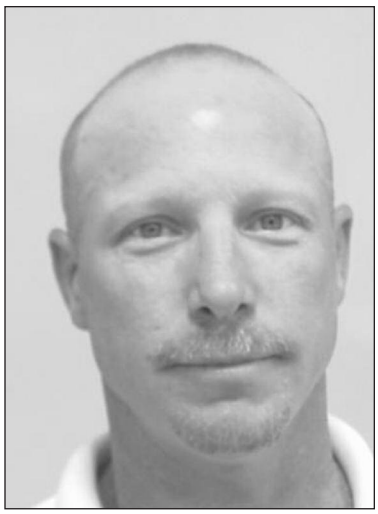
he did there, however. And then starts to tell me that he followed me into the Ram from Little Jim's. That he was looking for me. And that he was upset that I rejected him before at the urinal. I tell him that I'm the lucky one in this situation and that he knows it. Starts to make plans to find me at Cellblock or Eagle on the weekend. Leave him with his hard-on and hardly bitten buttcheeks and his disgusting hatred of my turgid meager cock and drunken fumbling. If I run into him again he'll avoid me. And it's not just knowing that, that would make me avoid him. He had a terrible time with me. If he enjoyed himself then it's at my expense. Not that any of this matters. I cummed into his mouth just like I've cum into a disgusting amount of men's mouths before him. As I get older. It's not me beating myself up. And it isn't these polite faggots with gay written all over their lives and televisions and idiot shiny foreheads. It started with the girls I'd fuck. My hatred for them grew as I watched them perform the same acts that these old men would perform every night they went to the Bijou. Every time these women I'd find myself listening to told me about their fathers. I knew they didn't know what kind of seething animal they were talking about. What's more they didn't even know what they wanted from the animals. So it stopped. The women were uglier. Sucking on your cock or offering to lick your asshole or spreading their legs and concentrating while they tried to get the promised and prayed for shakes. Even now. I hear them talk about how they like to get fucked and their unique pleasing abilities and what they do to keep everyone potentially interested. I know that these thirteen-year-old girls, and the ten-year-olds, don't dress any more provocatively now than they did back when I was that age. Back then, I just didn't look at teenage navels the way I do now. Or their little skinny asses and make-up. The children in these porn videos have stayed the same. It's especially evident in the way the little boys perform. When I was sixteen the little boys I used to look for weren't out on the street. They were in these little thin half-size black and white magazines that were sold just near the peep booths in a slimepit off of Wells Street. You had two choices. You either went in the door that sold magazines and had a peep show in the back or you picked the door across the way that only had booths and films. That door required a commitment. And, even when I was just a stupid kid, I preferred to be around the browsing material. And the fag porn they had was mostly faded and stained magazines from the sixties. Muscle magazines and hustler poses and american model guild photo sets. They had nudist magazines in another corner along with the transsexual garbage. But I'd flip through the faggot filth until I'd find little sleek naked boys with soldiers and old men. All in cheap gray and just a few pages out of maybe twenty. I liked the way their little cocks would stand straight out and the way they'd extend their tongues first. They haven't changed. What little I see of the boys, now, looks too similar, with the exception of the technology, to what I always used to see. I had hoped. I still hope. That the marketers of this slime would demand more sodomizing. More cum shots. I can't look for it as much as I like to. Mostly I rely on sick mouthpigs and their uncontrollable obsessions to provide me. Pornography has always been just what happens around sex. It's not a substitute. It's not what reminds you of your little best times or lets you fall in love with favorite faces and the personalities you think you can gleam from repeated spread grins, cunts and tit sizes. Pornography is a place you go to have sex with other people. You can see it's still true with computers and the internet. The idiots who are getting arrested and thinking that all they were doing was masturbating. Their nighttime lives become what they choose to masturbate with. The whole world is let in to tell you what you've done. And these rat pathetic creeps stand there and don't



understand what they've done to warrant the public attention. When their entire history has been how badly they define private. You end up seeing these garbage pails that let you cum in their mouths. What makes sense to these masturbating retards. Are you supposed to ask for another chance. And this time, just take it easy, and make sure the big dicked queer enjoys himself. Share. No. This time. I want your load. This time I'm going to make you cum. So you take him into one of the booths in the far back where they have tvs and roaches and gnats and more room and you let him strip off completely. I put my head and ass down on the old carpeted bench and push my feet to the opposite wall. Let him squat over my face, naked. His feet collecting the same nonexistent diseases as my ass, shirt and hair. He drops his balls into my mouth. I can lick his asshole easier from here. Force his strong cock down into my mouth and beat it up and down while my wet tongue works all over his thighs, taint and sac. I like his balls. Love his meaty chewed foreskin. Jam my stinking tongue so far into his spread open asshole I can taste shit he didn't hope to leave there. Give me his cum like he's doing me a favor. Or as if I had just done one for him. Suck in hard. Steady. Don't tire. Until he starts to enjoy my lips and tongue and secured pumps. It's a long healthy fat load. Full of deep spasms and sweat and that stinging sour piss taste that separates sperm from agent. You can piss if you want. Because I lick the still seeping drops of cum wetness from his pisshole and from in around the inside of his foreskin. I plopped my own cock out and tried to work it up hard but gave up when I wanted to glom his mucus from my fingers. When I wanted to dig inside him but knew, suddenly, that I shouldn't go too far or start biting like a little fucking poodle again. He starts to sit on my cock. His asshole is tight and taut and I can cum far too quick this way. He jams his azt coated tongue into my mouth as I try to fuck him. Lean back on it so I can see your flat stomach and hard chest and your cock flop with my face all over the dangling loose thing. Pull your cock for me. I love your cum. I want you to cum again. When I get home tonight, I'll be able to cum again thinking of what your cum tasted like and the way your big dick grew harder and fatter and the way it looks soft and stinking and red now. Pull your foreskin back. Let me see that fat clean cockhead. Let me see your glans. Show me the inside of your cock. Pinch it. Open it up. Drool. Show me your balls. Lean back further. I would've taken his piss best. I already took his shit. I don't want him to move. Don't like it when he wiggles like a girl with a cock in her cunt. You don't feel it the same way, boy. When he thinks I've had enough, because I'm old and bloated and straggly and bright red and sweating like a sixty year old hog, he stands off me and instead of pissing down on me and everything in the disgusting cubicle. Climbs back down. His bare feet in more filth. And starts to suck my cock. Naked. I grab his head and look at his siphoning nudity and the muscles in his arm and wide shoulders and I cum into his face. Into his mouth. Down his neck. Tastes his own body and mine. And soon, after he's kissed my cock hole open and wriggled his eel tongue inside, snowballs some of his sickness into my open stomach and wheezing lungs. I like the littler boys. I like old men with fat ugly stumped cocks and demands. I like it when they fuck boys and give their entire lives over to it. These lonely faggots and lonely househusbands. At TJ's downtown, I saw a penis so small on a man so short and fat, he couldn't even collect enough flesh to stick through the hole. I'm not lying. I don't like waiting anymore. It disgusts me that they act like this.

If you are HIV-positive, do you continue to engage in risky or unsafe sexual behavior?





You only offer a condom if you think he's worried. I don't worry about it until later. This always involves other people. In every single sex act, I only ever respond. You can't talk about it as if you matter alone.

Do you ever wish you could sell what you would do.

No.

Would the men that buy it change the way you think about what you intend to do.

Every photo has to have words underneath. Words that connect the miserable image to sex specific not unrelated acts. The connections are exciting to me and real to others.

Do you enjoy this as much as you thought you would.

Yes, actually.

Can you imagine something better.

Yes, of course.

Do you wish you were younger.

I don't think so. Others might. I could be much uglier than this too. I see far worse more often than you might think.

Do you ever fucking think of anything else.

Other than sex? No.

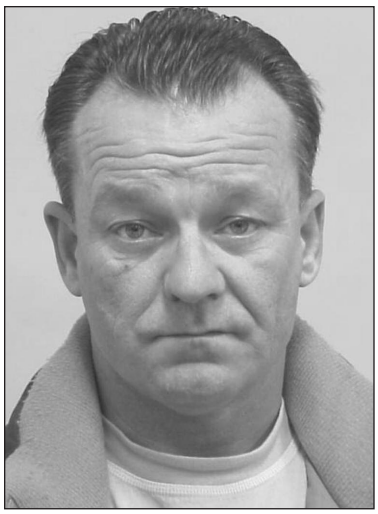
Is sex the best part of your life then.

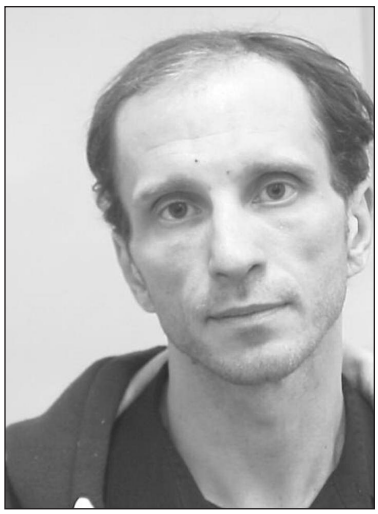
It never seems quite right.

How do you support what you want to do.

You offer others money. I never take it.

It was always said that you saw the army as an opportunity to finance your education.





That was a bonus, no more than that. It wasn't the main reason. Just look at this place. There aren't very many jobs to be had outside of the army.

Has anyone ever been hurt emotionally by events related to your sexual behavior? In other words, have you ever lied to your partner or friends or not shown up for an event or appointment because of your sexual liaisons (not related to sexual orientation)?

I take no new pleasure in seeing these animals cry one on top of another. I know they're lying and I don't trust my own impulse to look through everything for something as banal as what prayer or privilege may or may not be. The proof for that game is all wrong. I watch alot of films. Almost always with children featured more frequently than adults. I don't like that they don't portray the capacity to lie. I like the way they cry. No matter what the context. They can convince themselves too easily. It's why I want to see film of a little face getting slapped. Just close-ups next to big hands and then out of the picture, next edit. You can see why I'd prefer an absence of braying, cloying context. I'm more interested in seeing children act through storylines than parents or would-bes.

I didn't fuck Carrie's toothless face. Not just because she asked. The slur was hardly necessary. I didn't have an interest outside of this. I don't think I've ever done anything different. I don't think anything's changed when I did. There's not a single book of mine that doesn't have me masturbating into urinals. I've done this all my life.

Whose idea was this place?

Did you meet your boyfriend here?

You've looked like this since they've opened?

Have you ever been approached, charged, and/or arrested by the police or other security personnel as a consequence of your sexual activity in a public place?

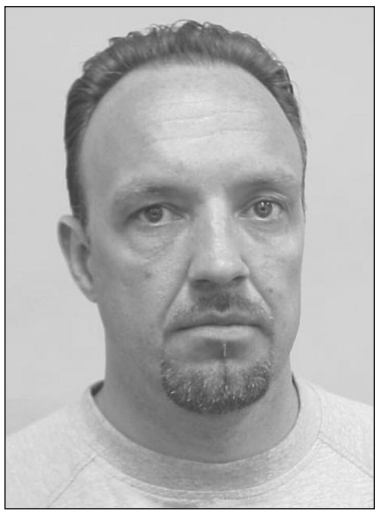
I really didn't even notice him because at the time I was married. He kept following me around, like when I went out for a smoke break. He didn't even smoke but he started smoking just to hang out with me. I started talking about my problems at home and he suggested I leave my husband. I was dumb enough to listen to him and I ended up believing him.

What would he give you to eat?

I had, like, strict diet. I ate peanut butter sandwiches, I didn`t eat cooked vegetables, not a lot of meat. I didn`t eat that much junk food or candy.

Do you know why he didn`t feed you enough?

I do now, but at the time he said I was too fat and that I should stop eating as much as I was.



You said you do now. Why do you believe now that your adopted father did not feed you enough?

Well, now, I, like – a lot of my friends told me that I was really skinny. And now that, like, I actually eat enough, I understand that it`s OK to eat until you`re actually full. And it`s OK to eat the foods that you want to eat. And you don`t have to be afraid to get what you want to eat. So...

Do you remember – do you have your first recollection of when he would take pictures of you without your clothes on?

At first it was with my clothes on, but then he`d take me – he`d tell me to take my top off and just be in my underwear. And then it gradually got worse and I was naked. And...

Baby, how old were you when this was happening?

Six.

When you think now – and I want to tell you, you`re one of the bravest people I`ve ever met.

Thank you.

When you think that pictures of you went out on the Internet, you must be furious.

I think it`s really wrong. And I kind of thought that I was stupid for not figuring it out earlier. But...

But you know better than that, right? What did you like about him?

I really don't know.

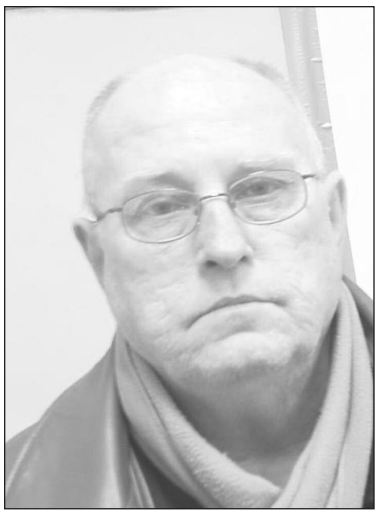
We don't believe you.

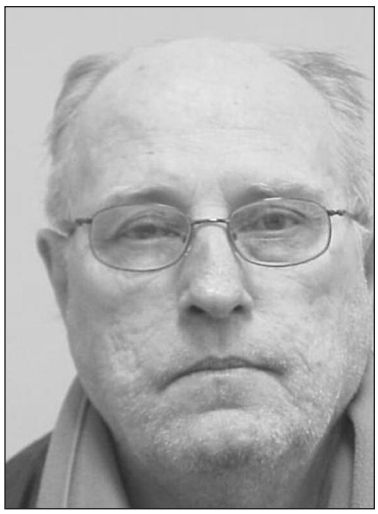
Even though he was 34 when I met him, 14 years older than me, he sure as hell didn't act like it. He was an outgoing guy, and he was charming, always said and did the right stuff. I fell in love with him.

Was he in love with you?

I can't speak for him because apparently he was playing with me the whole time.

What happened?





I got back from school, and we were just out on the back porch. And a car drove up. And we just thought it was just somebody that got the wrong address. So he went to talk to them, and they said they needed to talk to him. And so an FBI agent came and talked to me. And she explained that they were there because of the pornography and that they didn`t know that I was there. And so we went out on the front porch, and I just told her everything.

Why did you – that day, you hadn`t told anybody at school, no teachers, no grown-ups, nobody. Why, that day, did you suddenly tell a lady, a stranger you didn`t even know?

I don`t know. It just – something inside me told me that that day was going to be the day that it all stopped and that I didn`t have to hide it anymore.

Did you feel like you were hiding something?

Yes, I did.

Why do you think you felt that way?

Because I was, and I didn`t tell anybody.

Did you feel that you were doing something wrong?

No. But, then again, I felt wrong that I didn`t tell anybody.

Why do you believe you didn`t tell anyone?

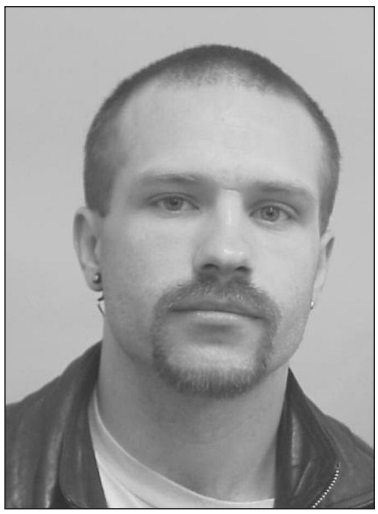
Because he threatened me. And I know that. And...

When the two detectives came, the lady and the man, to your house, is it true that your adoptive father was yelling out at you not to talk?

Yes. We walked past the window, and he yelled out the window. He was like, “don`t tell these people anything,” and I just kept walking.

Did you ever see him again?

No, I didn`t.



Not in court?

I saw him in court, yes.

Are you afraid of him?

Not anymore. I was, but...

You know he`s never going to get out?

Yes. It just feels like he should be afraid of me now, not the other way around.

Honey, I`m sure he is. I am sure he is. What happened during the nights you'd hang out together?

At first I'd just sit in the office and let them do whatever. And then they started getting shorthanded as we got more men so they asked if I could help out. That's how it all started.

When you have sex, do you feel depressed afterward?

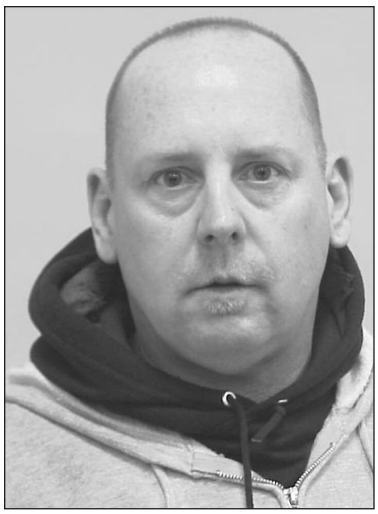
She made a very small but important part of her living giving blow-jobs through holes in porn shop peep booths. She was known as Lynn when she lived in Florida. She met a porn website runner and is most popular as drunk white trash who might not fully grasp what she's being asked to do. She slurs when told to repeat the little triggers her employer thinks his audience wants to hear. Wants to make her out to be a beaten dog that'll do anything before she has to eat cum or glass off the floor.

It's up to her minders whether to sell the material or not. On the back of her fame for cash, on the struggle for more and more honesty, a chance to fully understand the drunk stumbling cocksucking number that knows men at their worst or couldn't be bothered.

When did you realize that something wasn't quite right in this block?

He told me about some of the stuff they were doing. When we first got there in September the men were already naked, they had them wear women's underwear, and they had them in stress positions. The company that we relieved was doing the exact same stuff. We just took over from them.

She's done more than a few older men now that she gets paid to. Her producers try to get her to perform with men who're much older than her nearly twenty years. She is sold in advertising as the one that was shown on TV and the money goes to help with therapy if you're lucky. A former childporn star with the chief achievement of standing out from the rest because you can track her skinny body changes. This is the mouth that kept talking about being raped and stabbed and filmed. Finally over her fear of cameras and large hands and cocks with intentions other than comfort and empathy.



Was he already a part of that?

There was a three-week ride-a-long where two of our guys would work with two of their guys to get to know the ropes and during those three weeks. He would tell me how they were doing this and that.

Where'd you learn that?

From the other girls on the set.

We don't believe you.

I often find that I like it.

There's better looking girls than you – same age, same racial background, better bodies and moves. Your eagerness to perform might detract from your potential market. Does that worry you?

I think it shows that I like what I do.

Have you been told to just lay there?

I'll tell you this. Because these men are uglier on a much more visceral level than I'd care to admit, perhaps. I was trawling through dyke pornography for a few years. Because so many of these cunts would talk about their abuse.

Do you think that sort of conditioning informs the work you do?

It must.

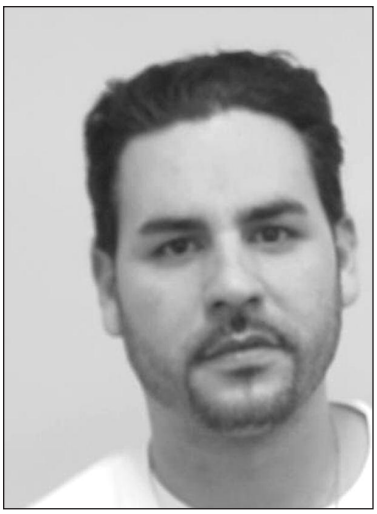
How much is acting.

Enough that I think I can draw on what you're doing now.

Has that snake asked you if you ever enjoyed it.

Psychologically speaking, it's acceptable. It ties you in to the abuser and makes the crime even worse.

Have you had a flashback when performing or just waiting to perform as you might have to watch others get their make-up put on by the same troll that'll put it on you just next.



That's exactly what I'm talking about.

I don't want to grab at your tits.

I don't want to see you from here.
I get close enough.
Do you like it.
Do you want someone else.
What do you mean by "this and that"?

Pushing them around, stripping them down, putting them in stress positions, yelling at them.

Have you ever been sexual with a minor?

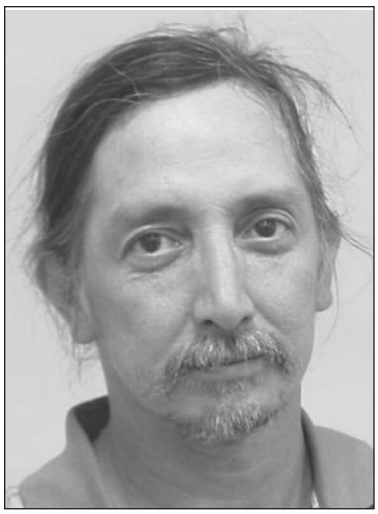
When I was younger. I fingerfucked them to make them cum. I waited 'til I felt whatever it was deeper in there with my hard-on and waited and worked 'til it cummed. I used my tongue on it. And tried to time my sweating humping orgasm with its.

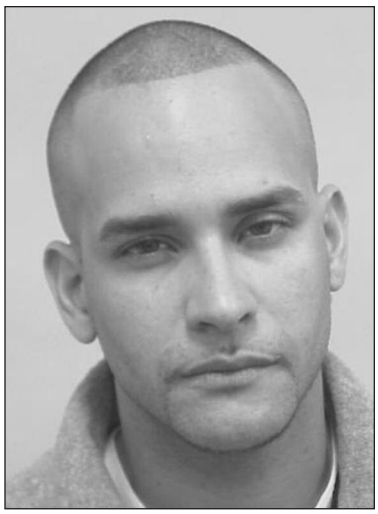
The same way I fucked young men in crowded movie theaters and had to decide if I wanted their face or their ass. Without barely even seeing either. The same way I fucked old men when I just got tired and sick of writhing queers and took whatever they preferred. Like a dog. Like a pet. Like a pair of dogs. Where one dog is just a bit smarter or bigger. Than the other for just as long as it takes for one or the other to cum. And then either apologize for not waiting around for the other to finish or just leave silently without even a wink and or a handshake.

When I was younger, a lot more men tried to kiss me. I got offered money. Few wanted anything more than to just suck and lick on my cock and balls until I popped messy or knocked them on their heads and said: It's not working. Thanks but I already came.

I would watch their fat heads bobbing below me and go limp. I would watch them drop and tear and grab and huff and I'd think of something else to help them out.

You don't put your head into a urinal in a public rest room and lick at the drain. And there's cleaner, better kept urinals and there's filthy old rusted leaking pails with old gray pubic hairs and spunk spit and flies and stopped up gummed up plumbing. There's air freshener and nightly clean ups. Old mops in the corner. Abrasives under the sink. Roaches. TB. There's a glory hole porn store in uptown that has a free standing urinal in the back by the locked exit with no door or curtain around it. The queers who zombie around the booths come and watch you piss, staring straight at your cock and your flow, avoiding your eyes completely. Craning their necks around your hand. Letting you know they're focused. They want any dick and this is one way to get it before the other hounds do. It'll follow you as you shake and fasten and head back. They're in the same place as you. And you know which booth to choose. The one that's got another empty one next to it for your new friend. Who's already hard. And who moaned as you turned your illegally exposed dripping cock towards, before you replaced it behind your button fly. Which you





didn't bother doing up all the way.

The urinal is female. Like his mouth is. But his squashed face is designed for more, isn't it? Cunts aren't. This is how they're supposed to work. For your deposits. Ask it; it'll tell you. For you to walk up, unzip, and piss your dirt into. Urinals. That are spread open and, if one is a trifle more upmarket, then cleaned and polished after each use. For your disease and garbage and nausea to mar only when absolutely necessary.

He wants a urinal as his face. He wants a cunt. He wants to be the middle urinal in a nightclub where two porcelain johns are full to overflowing with chewed up cigarettes and dried hair and pus and cum and scaly human tissue.

He'll take your piss first and when the stream slows he'll get to give the blow-job he wanted to give anyway. He'll raise his fucking ugly german bald head onto your cock and suck all the nasty little tiresome drops that you usually soak into your underwear. He'll use his tongue like kitchen cleanser and his head like the hand dryer. And he'll slobber and drool out like the end of your cock does after whiskey and beers and faggy vodka and cranberries. Not feeling the end of your bladder. Not feeling the spray on your balls as you make a drunk slobby mess. Not sensing that you may be pissing on the floor or in the urinal or in his mouth and your neighbor's shoes. Just like a cunt. Like a urinal designed for such. Where no one gives a fuck if no one else is watching, especially the runt puerto rican that's employed – barely – to clean up at night.

You release your cum into the cunt.

Into the female face of things.

Into the urinals covered in flesh. In hide. In special little personalities one better, louder, than the next.

She was extra. Extra money. Extra weight. Extra mouth to fill. Extra time to get through all of this.

Later on that night, I washed her stink off in the mouth of a heterosexual french man in one of the booths of Club 88. This pig wanted me to cum in his mouth, he asked me to in English, and I told him I didn't think I was ready yet. But I cummed quickly. As always. The booth was too tight to really form a conversation about why I was in Paris or if he had any children and he didn't seem too interested in jerking himself off or in me reciprocating in any way; so he drained my meager cum and got up and fucked off.

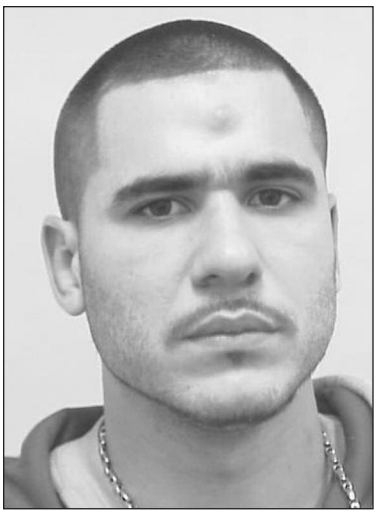
At this age he doesn't have to make apologies for it. Who would he apologize to, anyway? Himself. Actually.

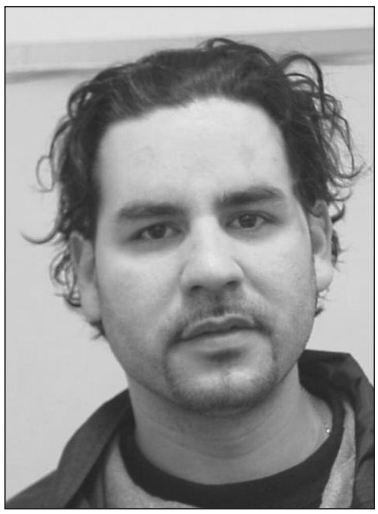
He stays alive for this. He puts condoms on the cocks he sucks so he doesn't die from this. Not that he would. He falls back on the bench in the one single booth that has one in here and keeps his short windbreaker shut. There are no mistakes here, no misunderstandings. He is here to suck whatever you pull out.

Which he does while he sits. And asks you if you mind wearing a condom: Can I put a condom on?

You'll suck it this way or not at all.

OK, pal, fine, and he taps at your exposed cock meaning: leave.





Do you always use rubbers, this one long dicked hick asked him after returning back to his booth. The pickings being slimmer than he figured when he barged out so furiously before. The drawn and wasted hillbilly had an even bigger hard-on this time. And yanked it out and beat it up and down right outside in the hallway between the various doors and expensive bored mexican hustlers. Buck thought he had something to show that irritated greaseballs but frenzied the young college students. And everyone was concerned about the law suddenly.

The faggot who runs the place is usually one of two people. A blonde balding lazy queen with too much jewelry on his wrists and fingers and ears, most often found in short jean cutoffs and then a burly dock type who sucks more cock than anyone. This latter mouth is the one I suspect of secretly videotaping most of the booth action. I caught him once masturbating behind the front counter. As if I was his mother, he pulled away from his seat and walked away behind the tv on the shelf next to the register fumbling with his hog gut and too tight pants.

I saw him break up a fight once, just minutes before closing, totally ignoring the complete out faggot screaming: "Call the cops, call the cops right now, I want him arrested". The plug just pushed and pulled out both booth idiots, saying "Shaddup, shaddup, get the fuck outta here before I lock both of ya up myself" shoving them through the front door. Like some barroom bouncer who gets away with enough illegality in his life to not even bother with this little fly and bug noise. I walked behind him. Watching what was happening and wanting to get out of there myself before any cops showed up. It was 2 a.m., I lived about three blocks away but figured it was best to get a cab.

Take out your cock. I'll just jerk off. The hillbilly was back in his booth, having followed him straight in this time. Having picked the one nearest to where the hick was exposing his girth.

The condom was still going to be an issue.

But the trash was hard and horny and fine with cumming by his own hand as long as he had another cock to look at while he did it.

I ain't as big as you, you don't want any of this.

Yeh, yeh, take it out.

He pops his fly and pulls out his meager soft cock and tries desperately to work it out.

That's it. That's it.

The hillbilly knew he'd drop to the floor. That fucking white trash bulk understood everything in the careful cocksucker's head perfectly.

Sex sweated over his wax face like a wet towel being squeezed over his head and the lowering face could do nothing except instinct it all: Started with rubbing buck's balls and then stroking along the cable thick shaft and then simply had to put that fat round apple smooth head into his head.

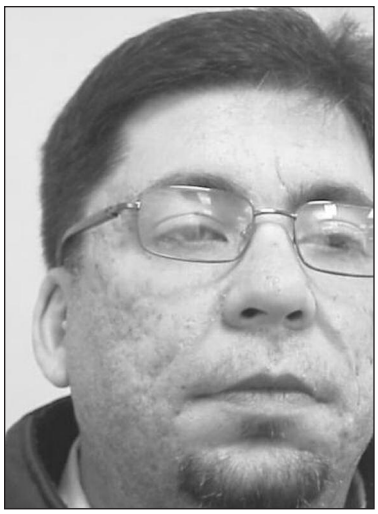
This is how you get fucked.

This is how you die.

Right now: This is how you receive a viral load that could or could not be the deciding factor in every decision you make for the rest of your life.

He made me.

All that tongue means he wanted it. Fucking slob.



You're not afraid of HIV are you? You can't get it that way. Anyways.

There's a beautiful child down in Florida who got gonorrhea of the throat from having his father soak his baby mouth in his infected sex sick cock raping sperm.

And you do jerk off later. Thinking or hating.

You like big dicks: the disease asks.

I like your big dick the faggot answers, sinking even deeper into the game.

I like your big dick a lot.

You always use condoms? The certain dishwasher smashes the faggot back home: Standing in the dark closet, reeking like cum and piss and shitty asshole fingers and bad breath and balls and back sweat, the faggot masturbates himself close and gets set to gobble the big dick of his new best friend.

The hick jiggles his heavy balls and inches closer. This is perfect, both facing the porno screen at an angle away from each other. As if they're only slightly embarrassed. Or if the movie might just mean a little more.

The faggot eyes down on the long meat. The hick judges and prowls. Pushing his prize to the size queen deeper inside every single queer he's ever met.

And it works.

My tastes haven't changed. Enough. If I'm no longer the young and tall thick meat that all the old pathetic faggots in the glory hole joints need to suck off first and better and am instead thought of as one among their number who, sadly, doesn't quite understand it yet: Fine. I would never deny that I wasn't dirtied by their own disgusting narcissistic interest in the first place.

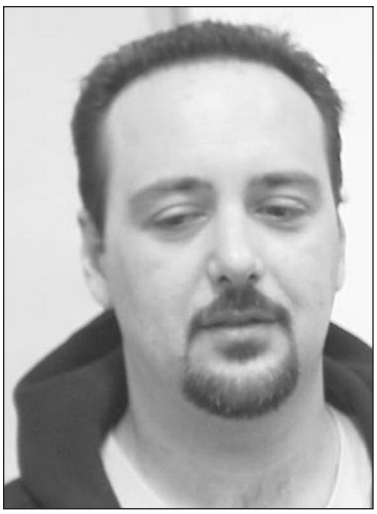
Why did they choose him? After all he had a past history of violence.

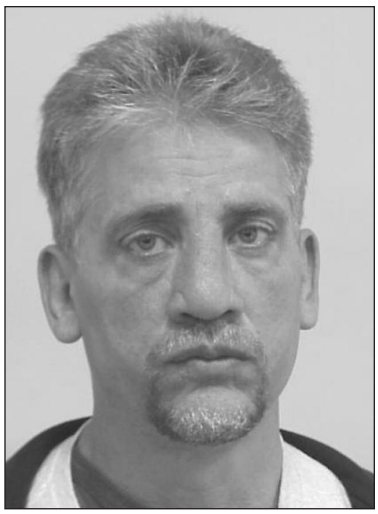
He had a very commanding voice and they wanted him in that tier specifically. Knew better. This was more important. Had the same shit to offer as anybody else.

My job as a curator isn't to identify these photographs as men with lives behind them now stopped. My job is to present a small tight context using a ceaselessly expanding collection of de-minimus circumstances and choices. Photography is a biography of context. Still moments that erode the corrupt language of personal histories and aesthetic psychologies. They'd all lie, be wrong, exist in weaseling, tired and clumsy explanations. The trash that appropriate these photographs from the police barely understand. They hope anger covers boredom. Ideals over stupidity. The bigger picture over the smaller, more important, more livid definitions. Rollover myths for pretty petty couples. Of course it was wrong. I know that now. But when you show the people the pictures and they say, "Hey, this is a great job. Keep it up", you think it must be right. They were all there and they didn't say a word.

Tinted Fauve takes her cute cue. Don't smile. Look at the camera:

My name is Fauve De Loof. I am 13 years old and live near Atlanta, Georgia with my mother. When I was five years old, a Pittsburgh businessman who was a pedophile, adopted me. I was rescued almost three years ago when the FBI raided his home in a child pornography sting. After I was rescued, I learned that during the five years I lived with him he took hundreds of pornographic pictures of me and





traded them over the Internet.

You have the pictures. All different poses but all the same picture.

He asked me if I could spread my legs wider. I don't know why he liked this pose more than any other one. We took so many photos. He was always backing up and standing away from me. He'd ask me to sit up and then spread my legs as wide as I possibly could. I didn't like this because it was uncomfortable for me. He told me it was his favorite and then told me the photos never take too long and that I shouldn't complain. He'd tell me how he took me away from a bad situation and this couldn't be anything as bad as that. This makes sense to me, even now.

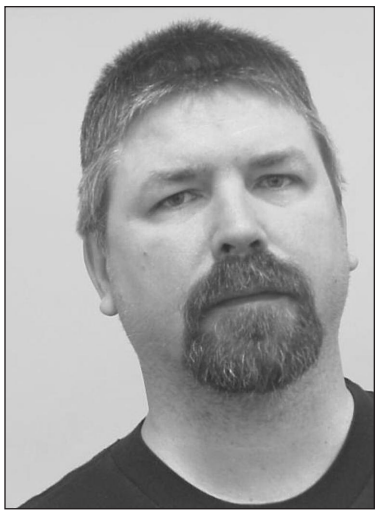
The Internet is everywhere in my story.

I know he loved me. I was told later that he didn't and I came to know what love is and so now I know he didn't. You give up everything else if you love someone. You want to make them happy. This is how a child understands love. As you get older, you realize that you don't have any control over what you want and what others will give you. I'm confused over my thoughts on this man. I'd like to work it out and understand what's next. It's impossible, I think. It's terrible that adults lie to you and you can get passed from one hand to another. I'm sick of instructions. I'm sick of not being able to figure it out. I'm sick of being – thinking like what an adult should be and being told that I'm a kid that shouldn't have to know. I'm not convinced that remaining pretty and stupid is a worthwhile state for an adult. I don't think these adults should want this. As an artist, I try very hard to stay away from anything that puts words into children's mouths. I don't want to give them ideas and I'm certain that the advocates don't know what they're talking about. I see them as cut from the same mold as any adult who spends too much time with sexual thoughts and sexualized words in their mouths. The way you look at photos of pedophiles is the way you should look at whores. The pedophiles will constantly point to all the other things that aren't sexual indiscretions that fill their lives. Point out what they do to help others and there's always enough proof. If you're looking for cartoons devoid of any spark or life and emotion, the authorities on these subjects are doing their best to provide it. I want to take these children's voices away from them. Replace them with the same. Her situation is so rare. One of the very few child pornography subjects to speak out about child pornography rather than parental sexual abuse. You'd like to praise her, say she is brave and articulate. But her advocates have robbed her of this. She's flat, worse than them and you can only hope that she'll come to understand what's next a bit better.

Which photos did he present to them?

All of them. He showed them on his laptop. He'd say, "Hey, let me show you this, this is what we're supposed to be doing." And they said, "Yeah, we got great results, keep it up, you're doing a good job."

I was born on August 25, 1992 in Novochakhtinsk, Russia. For the first three years of my life I lived at home with my mother and siblings. My mother was an alcoholic. When I was three years old she tried to kill me. She stabbed me in the neck and I almost died. The government took me away from her and I went to live in an orphanage near my family's home in Russia.



If anything, it should be clear that I don't want you to be this way. Act however you like. I don't want you to stay small. I'm not fantasizing that you're better any which way, in fact. I fuck lies and leave them there. It's my own problem but, I assure you, it doesn't matter the way you think it will now.

I still look for the loneliest men. The difference in gender is going to be a problem. I haven't become one of them. I'm not lonely or shy. You'd fare far worse. You won't do as well as Carrie and you can't be what's bent over the backyard wooden tables at Manhandlers. She may be doing fine. Who the fuck am I. Chances are the dumb and deaf she resembles is a good indication of your chances to fuck up similar dreams, though. Immobilized over a mock examination table in a theater in Melrose Park, you'll adopt the clues that you've wanted this instead of what the other slobs have. It isn't based on whether or not you understand vanity. It's, just like what I'm telling you, exactly who is going to use it for themselves. You'll have to come up with all sorts of shit to wile away those AA delay minutes.

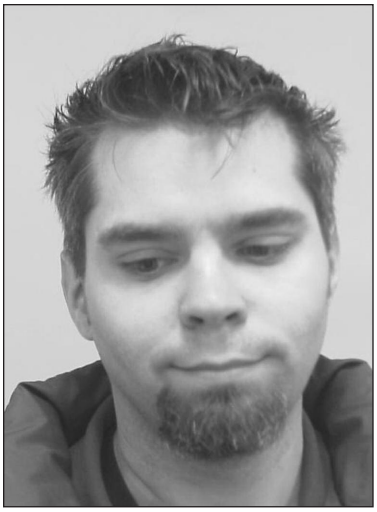
Shot side by side, more would find me hideous. You'd not be able to jump your own handicaps no matter how many times you said you did. No one believes you. Not the fucks that want to stick shit inside you. I would love to show you how pretty these young girls are when they're getting fucked. How much they moan and beg and flush under natural sweat wile they experience exactly what you're looking for.

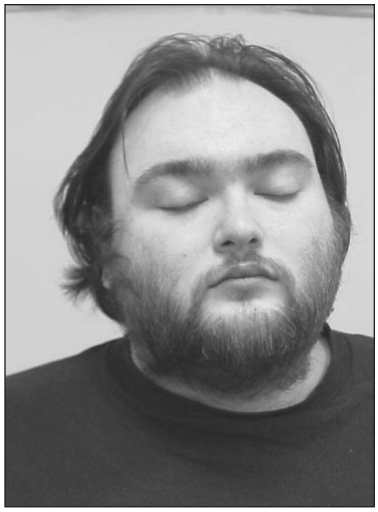
I don't give a fuck what you've learned by experience or smell. The fat old men and the younger privileged waiting, drinking, paying, pacing for sex, offer up less than you've been hoping to buy. Lines of men all standing in a line, masturbating in stare down air, hardly getting ready for their chance. They're staving off the impulse. They're jerking on themselves in anticipation of stall. The oil slick slides out exponentially. The stench of the pit won't let them think of any other response. You talk to them. They'd say they're waiting for a hog. Call the hog a hog. Still, what else are you going to do. Cow isn't looking for a relationship, just the idea that, thank fuck, isn't grazable without a quantifiable drop in taste, brains, plans, age. I like these men. But I have the normal problems with women. Every fucking one of them. With you at the front of the line facing the wrong fucking way.

Living in the orphanage was scary and dangerous. There was constant noise and the older children abused the younger ones. I was afraid all the time. I kept all of my belongings under my pillow because I was afraid they would be stolen. After living in the orphanage for two years I found out that I was going to be adopted.

My new dad visited the orphanage a couple of times. He seemed nice. He gave me presents. I asked him if he was married and if I would have a mother but he said no. He adopted me in Russia in July 1998. After that we left Russia and traveled to his house outside of Pittsburgh. The abuse started the night I got there.

Stopped worrying about what's fucking fair. Here's the separation over here, not there. These are spasms. Not acts. What you say you've learned isn't fitting right. These cunts squeeze and don't know what you've been through. My past is loaded with these niggers and clippings. It's all I ever think about.





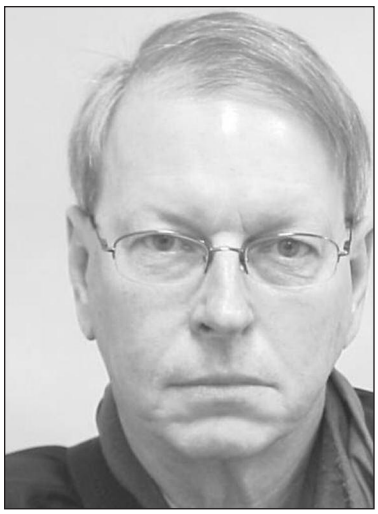
If it doesn't end in sex, it's of little consequence to me. My disgust isn't anything near natural. My psychology isn't bent backwards and worn over my head like the rest of these cuntlickers. The first scene is this dumb backwoods pig trying to write her essay. Every film ever edited starts with false confessions.

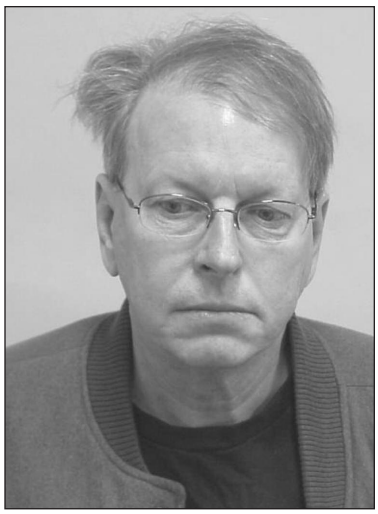
Matthew didn't have a bedroom for me. He made me sleep in his bed from the very beginning. He molested me all the time. He made me dress up in adult's clothes and even pretended to marry me. Sometimes he kept me chained in the basement. Because he didn't want me to grow up, he only let me eat a little bit of food – plain pasta, raw vegetables, no meat. Five years after I went to live with him I had only gained a little bit of weight. When I was rescued I was 10 years old but I only wore a size 6. Matthew let me go to school and sometimes play with friends. But he told me if I ever told anyone what was happening that something bad would happen to me. Even though I was the size of a five year old when I was ten, no one at my school ever said anything to anyone. No one from the adoption agency ever came to check on me to make sure I was OK. I never told anyone about the abuse because I was afraid and I thought no one cared.

The second scene is some invert talking to his own camera set up on his tripod. About how he came to buy the fucking thing and what he was planning to find by using it differently than any other lonely cocksucker. I'm sick to fuck of looking at hustler JOs. Dumb tool shaves and stares in the mirror and a jangly queen films it for his own audience. Acts coy. Hustler intuits that if there's an audience out there, it's just as small and silly. He lets the queer pretend. That he's paying the boy too little. That the boy is raw enough to take anything. That he doesn't understand what's sellable for what price. I wish I could forget these slobs. The old men I saw when I was the age of these hustlers.

This is nearly impossible for me to devolve. I bought a video of a child playing at a beach, decades ago. I still don't understand what's happened. How the bar whore who sold it to me palled the rest of my fucking life. Everything about the transaction came to represent what was available to me. Saw a hotel bed child laying on her stomach with her father fucking her from behind. The single best memory is he took her bikini top off as she laid flat, face down. I figured this was part two of what this other toddler's mother fed me. I knew her. I don't know what I've been looking for ever since. I'm not recreating the moment. The moment, frankly, in film, doesn't exist. I wish it did. I look for things that I don't have to do the work on. But it seems impossible. Like you have to review the film that was shown. I made a dub of the video so I could put a different soundtrack over it. I kept the one she sold me and fucked with the copy. I've thought about showing it in public but it's nothing like the original experience. My doll idea didn't work. It's what's in my head but it didn't complete. And the only reason to show it in public is to see if the mother or kid is recognizable now. I'd like to give it to a newscaster just to find the mother and ask her what she was thinking. I'd like to know how she's doing. I'd like to see her publicly deformed as a child molester. As one of these beasts who fuck men for pay not pleasure when payment is what she needs.

My family did come visit me. But I wouldn't see them. I was kind of angry. What had happened was





supposed to be a family issue, but my daughter turned it into a public issue. But none of them hated me. I couldn't hate them, either, not even the daughter who told on me. When I finally was ready to talk to them, I said to my daughter, "You really didn't have to put us through all this. You could have squashed it in the family." I asked her why she told, but she couldn't answer. Everyone came to see me, even the oldest boy. And the twins, too. I had never physically raped or abused them. I just did sexual acts in front of them, which is abuse, yeah, I know it is. I ain't going to say it isn't, but I never did touch them.

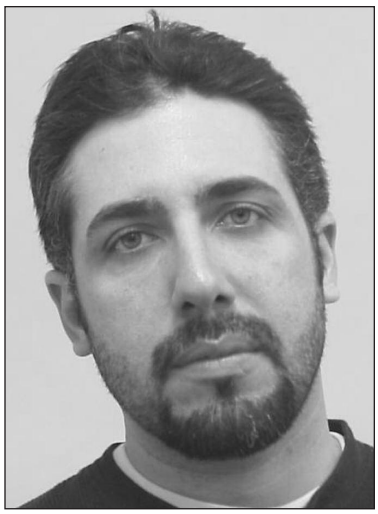
What did you think when you first saw the men wearing women's underpants or rubbing feces on themselves. Did you feel sorry for them?

Well, it was kind of weird at first. But once I started to see the big picture, I thought, okay, here come these guys and they don't even look twice at it. If they approve, then I'm not going to say anything. Who was I to argue?

A lot of people ask me how anyone could let a pedophile adopt a little girl. I didn't know very much about my adoption until my lawyer investigated everything. Now I know there were three adoption agencies involved in my adoption by Matthew. The first was Families Thru International Adoption in Indiana. I think Matthew found them on the Internet. He went to an office they had in New Jersey. The state of New Jersey found out that they were operating without a license and closed them down. The same people who worked for that agency just started a new agency in the same office in New Jersey that they called Reaching Out Thru International Adoption.

The two agencies are fighting over who was really responsible for Matthew adopting me. But the name of Families Thru International Adoption is on the home study, the immigration paperwork and the Russian government documents. I think Matthew also paid Families Thru International Adoption. Reaching Out Thru International Adoption was really just the same agency and the same people with a different name. A third agency did Matthew's home study to adopt me. They were in Pittsburgh and were called the Family Health Council. But they just changed their name too, to Adagio Health. I found out after I was safe that none of these agencies asked Matthew many questions. They never really checked him out. They showed him pictures of me, probably on the Internet, before he had a home study to adopt me. In some of the pictures they showed him of me from the orphanage I was naked. He told them he was divorced and had a daughter that he wasn't close to. I found out later that the reason his daughter didn't talk to him is that he molested her too. While I lived with Matthew no one from any of the adoption agencies ever came to check on me even though the Russian government requires it. Since my story came out we found out that two other kids – a boy from Romania and a girl from Russia – were adopted by pedophiles too. Just so you'll know, fourteen other Russian kids have actually been murdered by their adoptive parents in America. I'm sure there are other kids in trouble. But no one seems to care about any of this. When I told my story in public for the first time all the adoption agencies, not just Matthew's tried to cover up my story.

I lived with Matthew for five years. The whole time he starved and molested me. The whole time he took a lot of pictures of me. I didn't know until later that he was putting my pictures on the Internet to



trade and maybe sell to other pedophiles. I was rescued when the FBI discovered that Matthew had a lot of child pornography on his computer. They came to raid his house. They didn't know I would be there. When the FBI arrested Matthew I was taken to the hospital, examined and then put in foster care. My foster mother understood what I was going through because she was sexually abused when she was little. She was a foster child in Georgia when she was growing up. As soon as I went to live with her I felt safe. She adopted me on May 14, 2004.

Matthew was prosecuted by the US Attorney's office in Pittsburgh and on September 25, 2003 he was convicted on child pornography charges for all the pictures he had on his computer. He was only sentenced to fifteen years in prison for that. I was afraid he would get out of jail too soon. He was convicted again in Pennsylvania state court on August 23, 2005 of eleven criminal acts for some of the things he did to me. He was sentenced last November to 35 years in prison. I was really upset that he didn't receive a harder sentence. I was even more upset that he was sent to a hospital in Massachusetts so he could be rehabilitated. A person like Matthew can never be rehabilitated. Plus in this hospital prison he has free health care, free mental health services and he can read magazines, play ping-pong and have hobbies. No one cared about rehabilitating me. I just lost my Medicaid and my mom has to work double hard to pay for the things I need while Matthew lays around the hospital playing games.

Just put some pics on the site of my pussy. I was walking by a booth up at the local adult store and the door was open a little, so I peeked in and there was a guy stroking his nice hard cock, so I went in, stripped naked, dropped to my knees and started sucking him without wasting a second. While I was working his cock and balls with my mouth, he reached down and started fondling my ass. When a guy does that, it usually means one thing – I asked him if he wanted to fuck me and he said he had never fucked a guy before. Well whatever, I stood up turned around, assumed the position, took his hard dick in my hand and guided him right into my waiting juicy pussy. He pounded me so hard the whole booth shook and it wasn't long before he moaned "I'm cumming" and I could feel his cock throbbing inside me. He left and I sat on the bench in the booth, put my legs in the air and got some good fucked pussy shots for you all to enjoy.

I was really mad that Matthew didn't get harder sentences and that he went to an easy prison. But I got much more upset when I found out about the pictures of me that he put on the Internet. I had no idea he had done that. When I found out about it I asked our lawyer to get them back. He told me we couldn't do that. Then I found out that they would be there forever. That's when I got mad and decided to go public with my story.

Have you made repeated promises to yourself to change your sexual activity (not related to sexual orientation), only to break your promises later?

Sat in front of his computer; pig flicks on one of his specials. A series of photos of him inert in his folding metal chair. Fatter than most. Completely naked and slick and drenched in wet warm piss that you know

full well turns sticky and cold and foreign as soon as it stops streaming.

The first shot he's got his eyes shut tight. Tells me it's either ecstasy or anticipation.

The next shot is blurred piss.

The hung cock that took the pictures would urinate on the fat blob and then stop so that he could take a souvenir. The overheated zoo had his mouth hung open to let the filth drain out and in at the same time.

I told him he better stop because I was going to get a hard-on. Faggot talk. Police officer talk.

That's the idea, the pig lisps and barely reaches to grope my cock through my pants with his fat stubby fingers. He starts at the shaft and travels down, rather than up, so that he could spend more time at my balls close to my ass. Letting me know he'd rather fuck me than suck me.

He pushes around under my crotch and instead of tickling me through the levis and underwear he makes a claw and scratches a fist up around my sac. Makes a faggy lion grunt and squeezes. One instinctively pulls back.

Let me see another. And I push my crotch back towards him. You can jerk off if you like, he queens, glomming the little hard-on I promised.

This time it's his short fat cock close-up nudging into his lumpy full belly. He squirms in his computer chair and adjusts his own erection.

"You like it?"

He's masturbating in all the pictures that follow. His legs get pushed out further and further apart and, apparently, the evacuating animal has stopped. The photos show more and more collapsed hairy blobs as the pisser moved further and further back. As if he was going to creep slowly out of the apartment without the pig saying okay. Piss and spit bead his crawling beast body and drip off his face and shoulders. His balding head and red blotchy face soaked and dunced and ranked. Piss cleans sweat. His cock never hard enough or big enough to look like he's not struggling behind a needed, absent set of forced suggestions. That is what he'll bark. That sex is all just secondhand reacting. Fat fed boxed pigeon doesn't know any better.

Close-ups of him sliding unimpressively sized dildos into his grease splattered cellulite waved cheeks and distended guthole. Trails of red puffy bumps and scratches streak towards the black hole in the matted flat clumps and aged mottled flesh. Squeezes open as far as he can.

He says he took these himself. Doesn't have these dildos anymore. Assumes that I'll see more as the pictures continue to click by.

Stupidly, I reach in and adjust my hard-on to ease the pressure that the pants are forcing.

A different slime at the bar told me that this monster wanted to take me home and suck me off while he showed me a kiddy porn collection on his computer. This monster being everybody's monster and my reputation now comfortable among the various pollutants that sink in the front. As opposed to the larger darker clubroom where all the sex happens. The frontroom allows me to talk to the pigs and buy drugs and, now, better, pornography. There is a bar in the back but it's too close to the sex stalls for any extended non-cruising conversation or proper trading. All the old faggots stay at the front and try to get the younger men to go home to fuck rather than into the back for a limp sloppy public suck. I tend

towards the restroom because I like the brighter lights and the stench drillings. As soon as I heard that the pig I was now with had voiced designs, I fucking made sure they were followed up on.

He had talked about his interests in boys and the collection of slithery heterosexual porn he kept to show them. He told me how easy heterosexual child pornography is to get and that he kept a fairly large collection in his apartment on disc. It wasn't his thing. He, in fact, preferred young military types but more young than butch. Do you like hair on them, I asked. Just a little around the balls and cock he slurred. And their assholes. He remembered. I like a smooth and defined strong chest. He couldn't get much of what he liked. I offered to buy some of his KP collection from him. And since I'd snaked and shared drugs with him in the past there was no problem other than whether or not either of us was now offering sex. He used drugs to get him sex all the time.

Do you have videos?

He reached around and grabbed my ass slowly. He felt my wallet more than my cheeks and I fag shoved my crotch into his face again. He started to lift my t-shirt up over my belly and I stepped back so that I could take one of my two shirts off. He stood up, faced me and yanked the t-shirt up over my chest and gut. Staring at my face like the thespian idiot more dedicated faggots usually do, he started pinching at my nipples.

Harder than that, sweetie.

Does that work. Has the pigeon been further reduced to responding like one of the degenerate booth slugs that offer up their little triggers and erogenous zones as universal connections and knowledge.

Does it work in spite of all your better judgment. Old man who finds himself masturbating faster and harder with one hand on his skinning cock and the other squeezing his nipple into a toughened rubbery bitable sore.

Sensitive little prick.

Moan. Deeper, doll. You don't fucking close your fucking eyes and pull that ecstasy female shit here.

Harder, doll.

Really hard. You can make me bleed, cunt. Don't be a fucking girl.

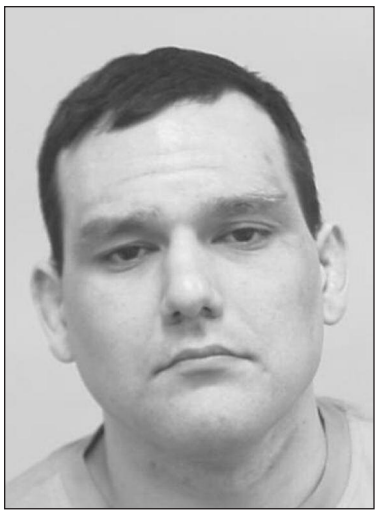
Fucking queers. There is something wrong with trash like you.

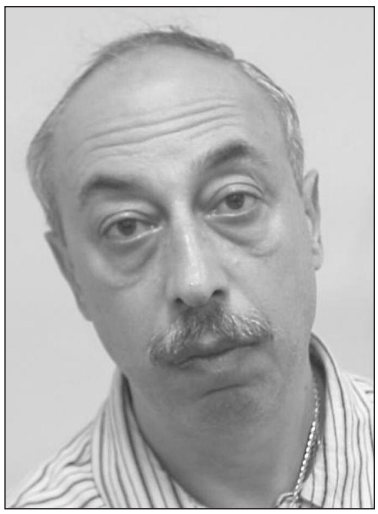
Slapped him. Slap them. To see how far this is going to go.

I haven't had sex without being drunk in the last ten years. He put his huge ugly head on my shoulder and waited for a cheesy hug. He had also realized it might be less interesting than he wanted but wasn't going to stop. As his runt hand was fumbling at my crotch.

Show me more little kids. I grabbed my own cock through the half undone buttons and struggle. Pulled my shirt back down and squeezed my balls as hard as I fucking could.

He sat down and reached into an open drawer under his computer. While I waited for the whole process to connect and buffer or whatever the fuck he had to press and mouse, I started to expose, then stroke my cock. The tiny base idea of watching children getting molested was too great in this murky atmosphere and I figured he'd think it was all part of my attraction to his bulbous drooping. It wasn't. I





could do this now.

Have your sexual activities (not related to sexual orientation) interfered with some aspect of your professional or personal life? That is, have you been unable to perform at work or lost a relationship?

I stopped dogging when the first badly displayed video started. I tried to concentrate. You memorize this niggling garbage. I had seen the movie before but I wanted to see it again. Ever since my arrest for this filth I've never kept anything. But I offered to buy this disc immediately. I didn't want to download it at home and I didn't want it on my hard drive. I wanted to leave this pigsty apartment with the disc and go home and masturbate. That's it. That's all. It is what you do.

It sits in front of its screen shirtless and its morning underwear at its ankles. As it watches the little children being mounted like skinny dogs under fat mule weight it pulls at both of its nipples and talks at the screen. It squeezes as hard as it can. Rends itself into a squirming mom. Disgusting. Nauseating corpulent filth and it laps up the sexual abuse of children like the faggot it learned to be through access and availability more than design or genetics. Its predispositions are failure and rejection. It never got over its first extended stupefying bend towards pornography and the promise that lied inside all the rest of the adult stores and marketing houses and printing plants and car trunk deals that propped up that cheap flat frozen raped world.

Have you engaged in unsafe or "risky" sexual practices even though you knew they would cause you harm?

He didn't like boys, mouthpig lied.

Not enough to bother with.

He liked getting beaten on slightly. Moving to more. Face fucked and ass plowed during long popper bouts. He told me his favorite drug is viagra mixed with coke and that it fucks up his vision to snort amyl at the same time so he only does it on special occasions. When the pig is in a relationship that isn't based on money alone. So he can keep hard longer than his cum. And get plugged and replugged.

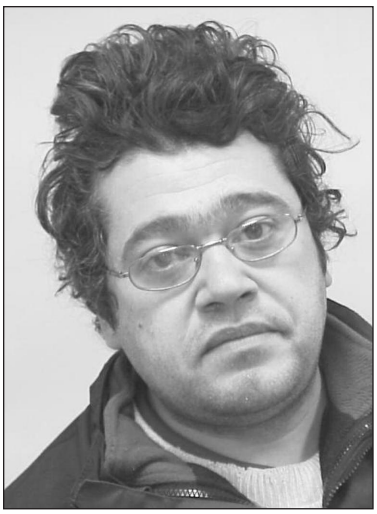
You fuck a face too hard, you want to piss in it. Which is why I got to see his piss pictures.

His slurping shiny dented head smashed against my sore gut while he sucked on me. Shoved my churning stomach as far into my ribs as he could push. Just so he could get as much cock and balls as he could mouth.

When I cummed, I wormed further in. I slapped and yanked the flaking wet stringy mess on the sides of his head and masturbated my fist and cock onto his mouth and cheeks.

I didn't want the KP to remind me of him later. I've bought far too much child pornography that included unbecoming insulting sex in the price. Cuter rats don't buy drugs this way. It's a life style I'm responsible for. That I've forced. That I'm dug in deepest for. I am dead in front of any other material.

There's too many stomach aches and swallowed vomits every fucking time I think of something



that I've had adult self sex on. And the naked held kids are all stained. I can cum, quickly, before the thoughts of law enforcement ruin everything as long as I don't do it directly on line. I can see the little beatens treated like human shit and it excites me rather than deflates me. But I don't see enough of it. And it's why I've fallen in love with the little rat with all her clothes on. My single option and last chance. To just fucking cum. Once in a stupid while.

Drop your pants all the way.

Turn around.

I want to lick your big balls. Give me those fat fucking balls, soldier. Gimme your browneye. Gimme your doghole.

Come on.

You let someone lick up inside you and you're ready to get fucked.

Let the walrus make you feel warm and dumb and harder than usual. He does this to boys half your age and still not boys at all.

Gimme your doghole.

You have to resist the temptation to call them animals. Dogs. Pigs. Sats. Obese flopping sunning sea lions. It makes them presentable. Call them human, however, and it sounds as if you expect more from them. As if it's natural or unnatural. Shared. Recognized. Poorly judged and bitterly accepted. When it is not.

Have you ever paid for sex?

The men I go home with are rapists. The sleazes that let me cum into their mouths and get hard and thick in mine are men struggling with sexual hatred, misery, abandonment. Barely controlled. They're all sick and aware of it. And all you have to do is put in a little effort and they'll all tell you about the kids they fuck or want to fuck. They all fuck their children. Or their friend's children. All got fucked by relatives and think little girls playing in car seats next to their mothers are sexy. One meth head said he fully intended to steal a car with a baby strapped into a baby safe seat and fuck it locked and held that way until it's tiny round head slashed open. Another told me at Slammers in LA that he liked to chop up little kids and he had thousands of kiddy cocks and cunts on his laptop computer at home. This is while he yanked on his soft long cock telling me anything he thought would get me to suck him. He sat across my lap while I smoked his rotten tina but I pushed him off. I watched him later piss a hard stream onto the same toilet licker I had used earlier. It was better watching him do it.

Who's your favorite.

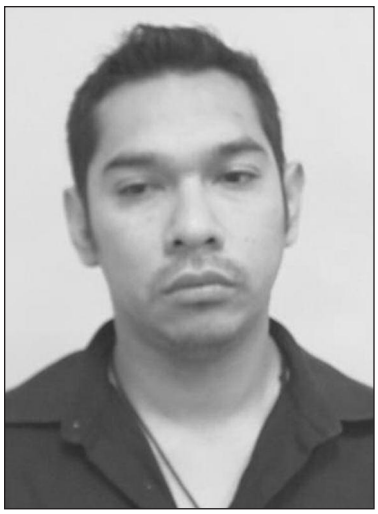
I have these shots of a girl sucking on some big bellied nigger in a basement.

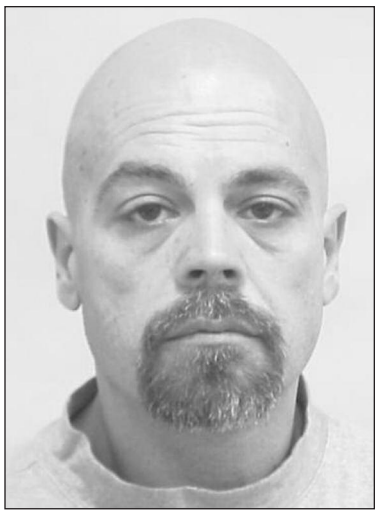
Is she wearing a thin pink negligé.

Just in the first few shots. Then she's completely nude.

I think I've got a few of those.

I saw on the news that there were some of a british boy shackled to a pipe. I'd like to see those. The boy's face was blanked out.





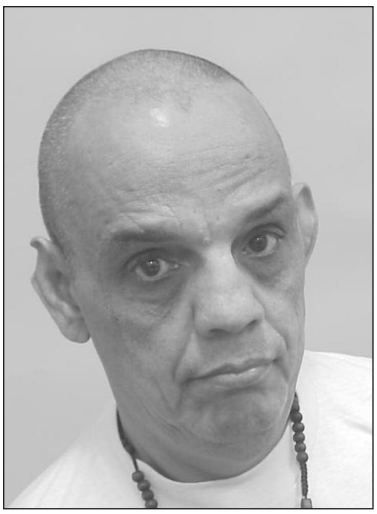
I've never seen that.

He moved as soon as he knew I was hard enough. Talking about the children helped make me hard again, it figured. Licking at my fat ass again would too. Lay flat, I told it. Squeezed the base of my cock and fit in. Slid in. Glided back. Dripped. Pushed my head around at his hole and listened to the girl pretend it was as sensitive as any tickled, flicked clit. Fucked his sloppy hideous hanging flab with my tongue, a small dirty black dildo and my fat drunk child's erection. I flattened the back of his slippery thinning red haired head into the bed and lost my footing. I had to mount him like a dog. My hands all over his huge bleating pushing body. My face hurting from the boredom and hatred and alcohol. I cummed inside his ass almost at the same time as he finally let go. Me pumping harder and faster, exactly like a dog, when he started moaning and jiggling and shaking. Like a heterosexual whose sole goal is to orgasm at the same time. As if his pleasure equaled or matched mine. It didn't. It's easier to cum a second fried time when they're bucking and the thoughts of raping the little girls fighting against me well up and squeeze around my uncovered stinging cock.

Earlier we had discussed how miserable it is to have lost LW Sales. I told it I didn't think I would care. I was glad to see the cesspool closed and the owners depleted of what little cash the monstrosity could have provided them. The human waste stench combined with the broken booth doors and busted peep machines meant only absolute last chance cocksuckers like me and him would end up there. Too many pushy short-cocked mexicans. Sunken men in silk panties. Roaches and fleas and cum watchers. Half the detritus ever in there wouldn't swallow anything. They'd barely even suck. They were mostly too frightened and wouldn't even drop enough clothes if they acquiesced to a full other's pleasure. They just want to give handjobs. Convince you they don't really want to infant your cock. You can't put a condom on a soft cock, dear. Do you mind if I cum on your cock. You got a big cock. I really like your cock. Take your balls out too.

Have you ever had sex with someone just because you were feeling aroused and later felt ashamed or regretted it?

I used to want the old faggot who mined the cash register to suck me off whenever he had enough time. He never refused me if the place was empty except for both of us. He'd walk in the back with his cock out, hard and fat and straight up like a teenager's on a fat bloated old jewelry wearing queen. I'd find make-up on my pants after he was done. Licked the tip of my pisshole when I cummed and I always kissed him and thanked him. I'd yank him a little but there was never enough interest or time for a reciprocal blowjob. I can't imagine what he'd think if he saw me now. He wasn't a shirt lifter then, I doubt that he would be now. I'm sure he's dead, in fact. He'd tool himself while he sucked and I saw cum sometimes, often enough. I would pass the anachronistic eyesore on the way home almost every single day for years. I never thought that the convenience was something I'd miss. I'm not sure that's the right word, though. I never saw this queer there. I must have gone far more than he ever did. I knew alot of the animals that crawled around there. They had their place and you didn't see them hulk themselves to the bars otherwise. I'm sure alot of them have gone up to the next cheapest pigsty on north avenue that, last



time I was there, was knock for entry only. The guy who runs that place sucks off his revolting share as well. Letting johns and slobs in to the back room for three dollars in quarters. I got thrown out once for bringing one of the wicker park street niggers in with me. This being a crackhead and me not having a car. I can't let her in there, scumbag said, pointing at the trash but looking at me. And I didn't argue. I didn't care at all, anyway. And the hooker in the salvation army flower print dress left and I went into the back where all the faggots were doing a worse, less clean, job than a fucking dying drug addicted worthless black mother would have done.

There is no difference.

None of it has any impact on what happens.

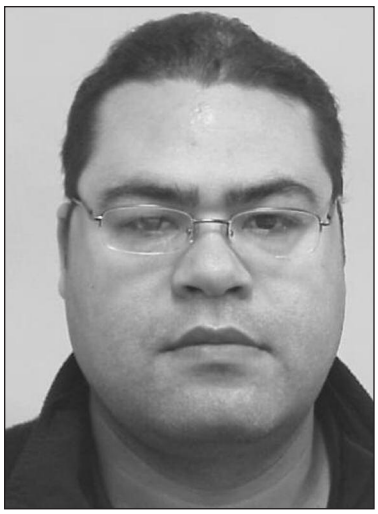
It is redundant.

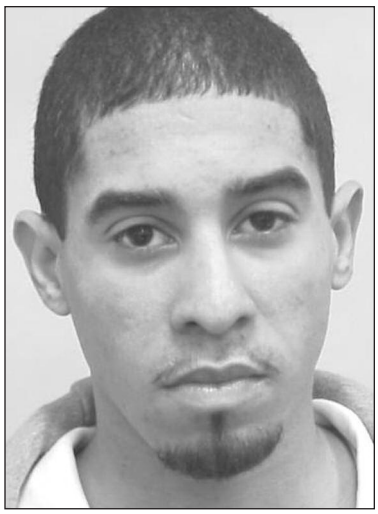
Try not to be shrill. The connections and changes and shifts are too simple to be loud about any of them. Doesn't mean it should stop anything.

I had passed out sometime in the night. And woke up knowing that somewhere I had a disc of new-ish child pornography that I had downloaded off this faggot's computer. All boys. Because he had shown me a usenet chatroom that he fucked around in. I kissed the tired cocksuker and started to play around his old ass and very soft cock. I stuck my tongue as deep and sober into his mouth as I could and asked him if he needed to piss first.

I shifted his fat legs up around my shoulders and leaned in to squash him. Kept kissing him as we fucked as was my intention. I didn't take my messy huffing mouth from his until he pushed back on my chest so that he could shift his hard-on away from his own fat gut. I knew how to do this from sleeping with girls. I'd stick my fingers around a dry vagina and see if I could get her to get wet enough to allow me to slip just one finger inside. I had recently started sleeping with a well built HIV case that liked getting fucked in the morning as he came off his drug stupor. We kissed like this. Every morning that I ended up there. He only ever wanted to get fucked and I tried my best to let him cum before I did. He'd lay down some mornings and stay as flat as he could. Grind and hump his long skinless erection into the bedding and stains and let me slide wide in and out as much as I liked until I stopped and let my cum pump alone down into him. As if he was dead already. I'd lick his asshole like a cunt just to get him wet. His balls and his asscheeks and the arch in his back just above his hips. I'd spit on my hand and massage my cock and most often, I'd reach for whatever glide it was that he always kept by his bed.

Usually, when a kid is hurt and the abuser goes to prison, the abuse is over. But because Matthew put my pictures on the Internet the abuse is still going on. Anyone can see them. People are still downloading them – we get notices from the FBI every time someone is arrested for it. I want every single one of them to go to jail and really be punished. But that's a problem too. I found out last summer that if someone downloads a song off the Internet the penalty is three times worse than if someone downloads child pornography. I couldn't believe it! How can this be? That's when I decided that we had to change the laws about downloading child porn. Senators introduced bills in Congress that make the penalty the same as downloading songs. That was a few months ago. There hasn't been a vote on it. I want every single member of Congress to sponsor these bills and I want the Congress to pass them right away. There are a lot of cases of people who downloaded my pictures and I want every single one of





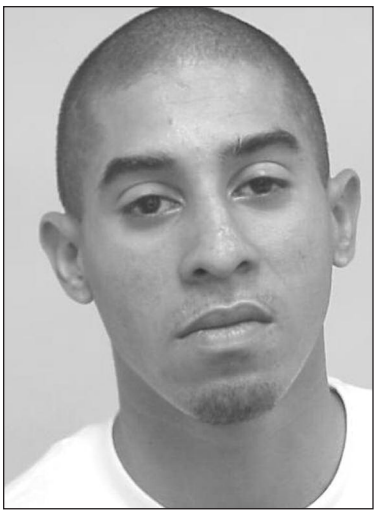
them to be punished as much as possible. There might be more pictures of me on the Internet than any other real child. The police told my lawyer that a lot of child pornographers – more than half even – have my picture on their computers. And there are a lot of other kids like me too. The people who are doing this should be afraid. We know who they are. A lot of the people downloading these pictures are professionals. They are doctors and teachers and ministers. We're going to put their pictures on the Internet and tell people what they are doing. People stopped downloading songs when they found out they could be sued. We're going to sue these guys too – every single one we find out about. I want to tell them, "You're not doing this in secret anymore. Everyone can find out who you are!"

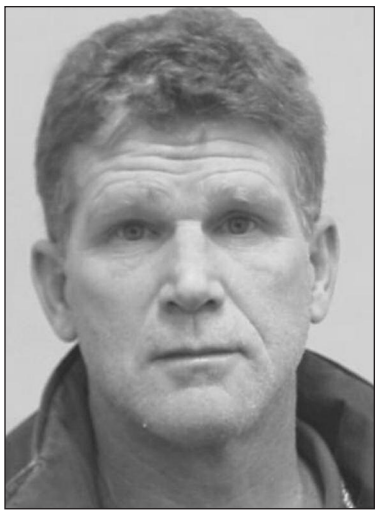
Keeps the words you don't think through enough. Thinks differently of them now that he's been soldiered over a table at a bar with a backroom designed to sell drinks on the luster of sex with similar adventurers. It won't be bad by the time you get here. Men fighting to get their share of your mouth and swollen body. You may well decide you like having an extra handful by then. Faggots who say please. Creeps who ask you if you want it. Compassion is offered down when scum spread their legs to let something like flesh or basement tools inside them. Do drag. Think like the fucks giving instructions from what they want to see most of all. The incidents aren't rooted in anything but pity. Not going further, holding back, checking on your health and being less stupid than the one who always, fucking without fail, wants to be reduced in as many ways as he can bombard himself. I'm such a girl, he says. Over and over again till you agree. The damaged mind that gets shoved to something sparkling. Child actors who perform nude scenes may be more sexualized than the ones who are thankfully captured performing less demanding receipts.

Blonder doll is filmed again sitting in her correctly sized chair after her scene is through:

I'm more upset about the pictures on the Internet than I am about what Matthew did to me physically. A lot of people are surprised that I wanted to go public with my story. But I've been on the Internet since I was five years old. Going on a television show wasn't going to hurt me. I did it because I didn't think anyone was doing enough about the things that happened to me and to a lot of other kids. Talking to newscasters has helped me. They were my champions. I feel in charge of my story because of them. I know they will help me to help other kids like me. People need to know about this stuff. The adults who let this happen have just tried to cover it up. You have to do something about the Internet. Matthew found the adoption agency on the Internet. They let him look at my pictures from Russia on the Internet even though they didn't really know anything about him. Other kids have been adopted by pedophiles the same way. Matthew put my pictures on the Internet after he got me. People are still downloading them even though he has been in prison for two years. We don't even know whether he still makes money for them even though he's in jail. Even now that I'm safe the Internet is still a dangerous place for me to go. The police detective who found Matthew's house for the FBI said I should never go to chat rooms even for fun things because they almost always have predators.

Fauve is interviewed by a college drop magazine after her latest film is released. Older than she was in her first, she wasn't asked to do another nude scene. She might have picked out her own outfit for the





current photospread. I thought about changing Masha's overscrubbed name in every utterance with that of Charlotte Blythe or Fauve De Loof. I'd use one even more special name like I wanted to use Trigger Payne's on the cover of my magazine filled with childish copied ideas on how to ugly up others' ideals. The audience would prefer having a nude scene that is infinitely more accessible.

Ten years ago I was a scared little girl in a Russian orphanage. For five years I was held hostage by a monster. But in the last two years a lot of amazing things have happened. Newscasters listened to me and told my story to the whole world. I called my Congressman, who didn't even know me. He introduced a bill in Congress right away to help me and other kids like me. Because of all these things, I believe I can do something for other kids so they don't have to go through what I did. Some people say we can't control what's on the Internet but that's ridiculous. If we can put a man on the moon, we can make the Internet safe for kids. That's just common sense. I'm going to work hard to protect other kids and make sure people who hurt them are punished. Let's talk about the photos, especially the one with the man on the dog-leash.

A friend showed me his photos of the glory holes he visited. The shots were only uneven vents cut through thin walls and the general squalor of the booths and floors and I told him I didn't care about mere documentation. Not without a greater sense of experience. I've been there. I wanted to see men with their faces and hard or soft or small cocks and their critical fingers stuck to the spaces. The trolls that I recognize. Freeze the unique individuals into the classic acts. Make them stay there. Rob them of the safety and passion and transience. Wads of Kleenex and condoms and cum stains are mother, teacher, jerk evidence. Of distant shock and public comment. Rather than personal interest and its decay. Read his cheap fascination and said the finished product would be more exciting, better art, if he didn't do what every other female did and instead cummed his confusion and disgust directly over the pictures. As an old man, I'm glad that those photos were taken. Especially since most of the joints have been replaced by internet queens thinking much more than cruised genitalia and impatient mouth. Exactly as old men do when looking at tourist photos of the sort I was complaining about. Still, I know that the seedy slipped reason for those pits wasn't going to be extended by perpetual imagery that attempted to impress by populist discourse. The toilet seats and dirt around your feet are less remarkable in light of what goes through your head. Your squinting eyes and tug hand to position erections efficiently to your gibbering or fat fingered ass were only permanent crashing brain slips and mistakes. I've never come to any of the holes not imagining regret. I'm looking for it all immediately. It's not as self-directed as you may think.

Photos are a mistake. Here you don't exist without reams of insidious qualifications and extensions. Repeat anecdotes to attempt this. This is clear in why pornographic images are repulsively ubiquitous and frustrating now. It's not the access to more and more via cunts with base vested interests that has diminished an appeal that was never there in the first place. It's what needs to be wiped over them; ultimately cover them and crush the listless forms of maddening art and common thoughtless language.

They're never memories.

They're never hard to find.

I've muttered about my hallucinations, what others find more comfortable as fantasies. I take away the alcohol and meth and still find the relivable experience more real than design.

A pregnant stump, face made-up to look like someone would still want to fuck the lipstick and powder strips on her own. Discard the cash cunt that wants her to please him or the stingy stealing audience he seeks and panders to. On the side she kneels at, she takes whatever cock gets slipped through the hole. Her sucking at cock like a faggot, like a rat beaten by instinct, can be common. The little boy of twelve isn't as much of a desired stretch as one far younger. With his raging mother's hand pushing his dirty head to the hole. Fingerfucking her pig because that's the level she's bothered her existence to. The fathers of these crybabies and miscreant unluckies are unavoidable. These are the men you find here. I know this form. I can tell you exactly what they do because I've done it.

One of my many mistakes: Everything is visual. And then I'd put words over the memories to make it constant. I wanted to prolong the experience, make it more real than the fleeting moments that seemed to be criminal when passed over and simply lived through. I spent so much time picking through what others said and growing tired of the process of lie sifting that I soon ended up placing my experience over theirs. I tried to find my obsessions in whatever was uttered. I like lies. I can easily say that without having to explain it .

It's beautiful, isn't it? I feel so lucky to be here. From the day I came home, I haven't wasted time looking back.

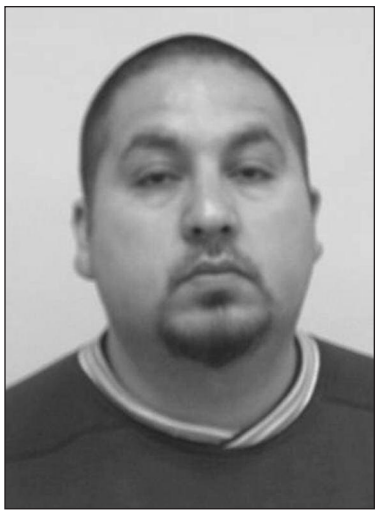
Can you understand that people who look at this photo are offended?

Well, they weren't there. And they don't know what went on and they don't know how we felt at the time, in that environment and what we were told to do.

Someone better than me should do this again.

Where this declension started. I edited every nude scene filmed on every child and stitched them together. I took the scenes from movies that were released and sold by large movie companies that would have cleared any legal issues by citing artistic value. The nude scenes were essential to character and plot development. I wanted something that ran through real time and didn't have to rely on quick shots in longer movies to see the children in the context that I thought was more engaging than the surrounding story. Wanted to locate the child in the acting. The reasoning of the director and parents and distributors removed from what the campaigners would complain against without thinking of soulful excuses. The result was obvious and active. I returned to this tape as often as the creeps would.

I was proving the complaints against the material. Context didn't stand. This was, in absolutely every definition of the term but one, child pornography. I also proved that the legal arguments against this compilation had no relation to what occurred when the visual material was created. Time explodes intent. I'm charting my disappointment, not my perversion. Culling the artistry from the insults left only the two



versions of carelessness.

The tape ran from innocence to blood. Child actors screaming or covered in blood. I removed the fiction, responsibility and overarching decency but found that I was unable to experience them undivided.

But do you understand the outrage?

To be honest, even if I wasn't there, I might think, "Yeah, what the hell was going on here? What are they doing to him?" But then I'd realize where it was. And then I'd think, "Oh, well, that's like standard procedure there."

Have you regularly cruised public restrooms, rest areas, and/or parks looking for sexual encounters with strangers?

It took me until my early thirties to lose the need to sexually please, because that still felt like all I had. It felt the only thing I was good at. I was still trying to find out what was normal and what wasn't because I didn't know. All the sex outside of the abuse felt very tame. Just ordinary intercourse, felt like… why don't you do any more, is this all that you're going to do. Because everything I'd known had been much more than just intercourse. So I used to check out in relationships; don't you want anymore, and they used to say, well what do you mean, and then I'd get too shy and too scared to explain what more there was. I used to think, well if they don't know, maybe I shouldn't say, maybe it's illegal. At that point, I didn't know what was illegal and what wasn't. I was still confused and didn't dare ask in case people wanted to know why I was asking. I don't know what a relationship is, and I still don't have an ongoing sexual relationship.

Did you feel sorry for him?

At the time, I didn't. No.

He was mentally ill.

Well, now they said that he was. But at the time it was never mentioned.

Do you feel sorry looking back now?

The masturbation started because of the sexual arousal and then the arousal led to self harming. It was more to finish the arousal than to feel satisfaction. Until the arousal had come to its fulfillment, there was no way out of it. It was like a trap, and I wanted it over and done with as quickly as I could in order to get rid of it. Sometimes the self harming took away the arousal and that was when I got hooked into it. I didn't like the arousal, it frightened me and I had to get rid of it.

Once I was aroused, I could only achieve orgasm or finish the arousal by repeating some of the abuse. The only thing that mattered was bringing the sexual arousal to an end, either by orgasm or by self injury. Unfortunately later when I went on to sexual relationships, I always wanted to end it in the same way; by self harming. So however good, or however mundane, any particular sexual experience had been, even if it was a chosen relationship, I would then self harm when I was on my own again, afterwards. By masturbating, for example until I bled. I would make my clitoris bleed, I would tear my rectum, my vagina.

To be honest, the whole time I never really felt guilty because I was following orders and I was doing what I was supposed to do. So I've never felt guilty about doing anything that I did there.

Guilt is one thing but feeling sorry is something else.

I allowed myself to be abused sexually in my relationships, by constantly having different relationships, by constantly having different relationships that would only last for a very short space of time, two or three weeks or months or one night stands. I lost count of the number of men. It could be any one, any place, any time. What I am describing is a compulsive sexual addiction, but it's not recognized as such: in women's magazines it's portrayed as being liberated.

Then afterwards, this is so important, whether it was a one night stand, or the most intimate loving tender relationship, afterwards I felt absolute self loathing, a drive to self harm and the desire to self injure. This was as compulsive as the desire to be sexual: the two went together. To be sexual and to self injure, they just happened. So all of the secrecy about the sexual activities in my childhood continued into secrets about sexual activities in adulthood.

Like I said, what he was saying to us, and when he was thrashing out at us, I didn't even feel sorry for him at the time.

Let us talk about the other pictures, like the infamous pyramid of humans.

There's been a lot of posts regarding the creeps and trolls and the proper respect one should have at the theater. Complaining here isn't going to solve or get rid of all of the creeps and trolls. Many of the creeps and trolls talked about, may not even be a part of this group. I've noticed a lot of new comers to this group who have posted that they are new and have asked what the proper etiquette at the book store is. Kudos and good job to them. Those are the people who will give pleasure physically and through simple respect to the women who visit the store and return. Just putting this here because all the complaining about the trolls and creeps may not reach their ears when posted here.

None of us knew what he was doing. He said he was stacking the men up to control them because it was seven of them in an enclosed area. Once he had got them into that position, somebody said, "That looks odd" and that they wanted a picture. And he took pictures too. Nearly everybody took pictures.

Do not touch a woman unless she gives you verbal or nonverbal (physical gesture) permission to touch her.

Do not make comments that may offend a woman or couple. Just because you see a woman or couple seated in the theater, on the sofa, on the air mattress, or at the table, it doesn't always mean that they want company. Some women and couples do get excited by being watched by others. But, sitting or standing in front of, next to, behind, or over a woman or couple while stroking yourself can make them feel uncomfortable. Respect other people's space.

Anyone who wants to photograph or videotape any action taking place should always inform management of their intentions and they should always have permission of the photo/video subject first. Anyone within the frame of the shot should be asked permission first or they should be asked to momentarily move out of frame of the shot if they don't want to be in the photograph or video.

Groups of men shouldn't follow women or couples around the theater. That makes them feel uncomfortable and it might cause them to leave. Some women or couples don't mind others following them. Look and listen carefully. They will let you know if it is alright with them or not.

Do not jiggle the door handles of closed video booth doors or attempt to open a closed video booth door. It's rude. Plus, if one of the video booth doors wasn't locked and it was opened by an intruder, he could run the risk of getting punched in the face by the occupant. Respect other people's space.

Smoking is not allowed in the theater.

Take your trash with you and dispose of it in a trash can.

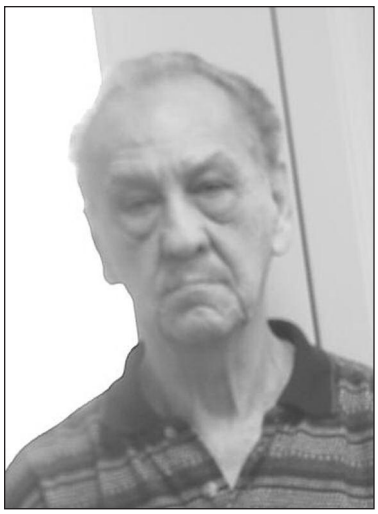
(Those who violate some of these risk being kicked out.)

What takes place at the theater stays at the theater. Does that have to be explained?

(Some theater patrons are members of community organizations, teachers, local school board members, on the PTA, doctors, attorneys, members of groups within a house of worship, may work directly with children, respected businessmen/ businesswomen, etc. We are all members of some community. Discretion and mutual respect for one another is expected of all patrons.)

If anyone asks, you were at the theater to just rent or purchase a video, magazine, adult toy, condoms, or lubricant.

But I discovered that the longer I was away from the family, and the breaks between working myself into total exhaustion, I was beginning to feel sexual arousal on my own. The only way I could handle this was by masturbation. And I got into excessive masturbation, into self harming sexually, pushing things inside me to fulfill this sexual arousal that wasn't being met either in or out of the family. This made me feel enormous guilt, and I was afraid people might catch me and find out. So I lived in total terror the entire time. But I was absolutely compelled to do it and it was the greatest addiction at that time for me to recover from.



You are seen smiling in the picture. What was so funny?

I feel so fortunate that I was able to come through this unscarred. I want to tell other people, "Don't give up. Miracles do happen".

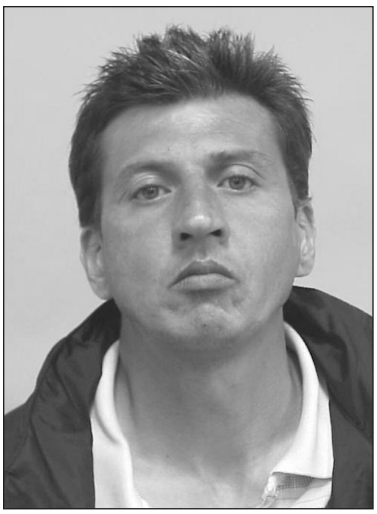
The lounge area actually is a good idea. Why it's annoying is because of the creepy guys. Get rid of them and the lounge area could be really fun. But that hasn't happened yet and never will happen. At $20 per creep Melrose needs the cash. They may be creeps but they are always there. That's too good of steady money to really get rid of it. And as creepy guys multiply which they do in every ABS soon they will be everywhere in Melrose. At least for now they mostly are in the lounge area.

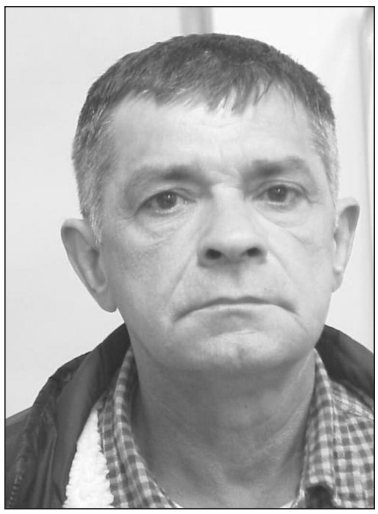
How has current community standards with probation agents and surveillance officers impacted you personally?

It's part of the program to police yourself. It's where therapy puts you. This idea that I'm wrong and everyone else is right is vain and exciting. It loses some of its immodest potential when you see it spilled over from past scientific programs that became obsolete. You know why those old decisions and programs didn't work. I listen to fathers spout self-righteous hatred all the time and yet I know these stereotypes. The photos I had almost all came from fathers. I'm aware of the disconnect between what I'm told is wrong with me and who is telling me. I trolled for fathers. Wouldn't do the same for mothers. Have done, however. I see the unimportant differences in the men that haul depression to the bars and holes. The way they've changed over the decades, the way so many are still coming like me. But I also check the newer diagnosis groups, the next type levels. I haven't been adversely impacted by allowing a second voice into my head that questions everything I want or think just because I have to. I don't like the decisions you've made or the replacements you suggest. What are some of the things that might cause a recovering sex offender to give up?

Thinking that they're owed something better than what anyone else has. A lack of empathy that finally wins out over a better understanding of their small place in society. Boredom. Drug abuse. A desire to experience something that can exist in fantasy but can't be differentiated from reality. Do you believe sex offender registration and community notification provides a degree of safety for the community?

I want questions that break apart answers using my piddly histories. Play with fascinating psychologies that fuck innocence with adult lies. And take more worthless pleasure from seeing emotive inarticulates repainted with more egregious or familiar degrees of self-hatred. Can you modestly imagine what occurs when I see these old, or younger than me, women howling at what has happened. From their aching stomachs, the middle of their necks or mercifully shuttered cortex. Collapsing on camera. Unable to wreck the flush and tears over vivid specific memories that crash into simple rote answers to vulgar questions. Dad gives a barrier'd press conference and mulls advice over anecdote to emit a thick





suffocating choke that can't edge talk from thought. His wife swallows the same settling pills in smaller numbers than the beer supping queer who thinks he wants something touchable, huggable, penetrable. You find yourself one on one at these open sores and the performance doesn't reach the obscene functionality until all the clutching, stroking and dog exploring has become tedious. Quaking with rage over the intention or medication that won't allow her to consider the foreground of film equipment, interviewers, hostesses and comfort manners. You are here, today, to do a job. What is that job for you. I can't experience this the way I should. I often want it to break through to test the reality I'm told exists in everything but my fucked-up adolescence. Blank hatred and rat fanged grief over what's happened to their child rather than them. And even that thought is ugly. A mother shrieks and continues to after long hours alone in a hotel, tearing apart the dark curtains and pissing the bed. It is impossible, I'm told.

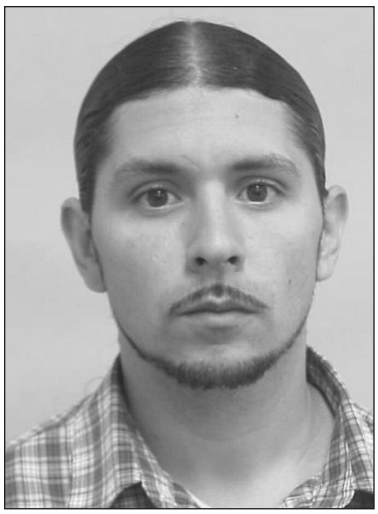
I agree the creeps and trolls are probably not part of this group. But they are part of the store. They are regulars. They go to the store all the time. Take a good serious look at them and you'll recognize them as being there the last time you were there. They pay their $20 just like you and me. Paying customers have a right to be there even if you and I dislike them. I also agree complaining about them doesn't do any good. But you still wrote about them just like everyone else does including me. It's bad to generalize that all of the regulars are what you call creeps and trolls. Do you believe our lives are designed to succeed over their failures?

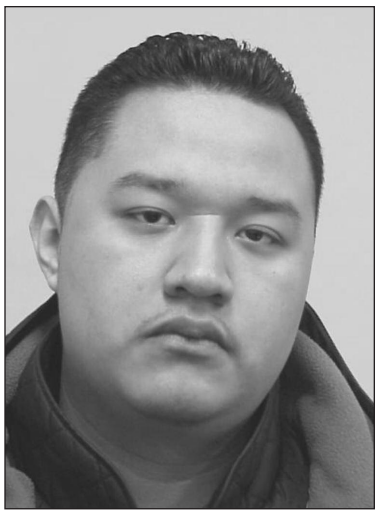
You weren't born this way. You can decide what's more or less important to you. In the space where you're among others as well as when you're left alone to your own devices. You certainly understand that your inside rights stop outside. You could pretend to learn. It's always difficult in these situations, because the public helped us so much in our search for Sarah. When we were doing the first appeals we shared everything with them because we wanted the public to feel that Sarah was theirs. We reasoned that if people felt personally involved they would be more likely to come forward with any information. Since we had given the nation ourselves and Sarah, and they had taken us to their hearts, it would be wrong to ignore them now. Yet there times when I wished I were invisible. Do you believe sex offender registration and community notification makes communities more or less safe than if they did not have it?

They have many names... they have been called Cicadas, Verizon, Leeches and the Swarm... now we can add Creeps and Trolls. Maybe you should post and ask some of the regular couples / females what their impression of the theater is.

Last night was our first time there and we were concerned. But we met several guys who were very courteous and helped to break the ice and made us feel more comfortable. Want to especially thank the guys we met outside during one of the breaks. They were great. Also it is important to thank all the guys who lent a helping hand after we asked for help due to a wardrobe misfunction. The last hook on those 4 hook bras can get tricky when they have a lot of strain on them. We know there were some inquiring minds last night and just so you know they are 42Ds.

Take your girl and have fun. We go to theaters and have never had a problem. Post before you





go as to what you are looking for and what your limits are and what time you will be there. Remember, No means no. If someone gets too close, ask them to give you some space. Learn to communicate politely and they will respond with no problem. I'm sure you will have a great time. I have even gone to Melrose one time by myself. Really, the guys were great.

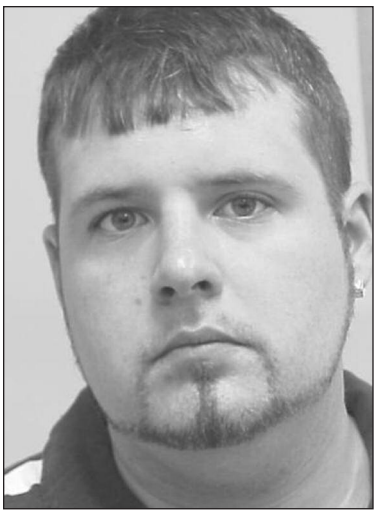
That's not what I meant, some regulars are really nice people. Some regulars are nice guys. Some regulars are also women and really nice too. But some regulars are the creeps and trolls. And all the creeps and trolls go there regularly. You see these same creeps and trolls every time you go there. I've seen them there more then once and so have others. Creeps and trolls are also regular visitors to Melrose, along with the regular nice people. And that is what I meant.

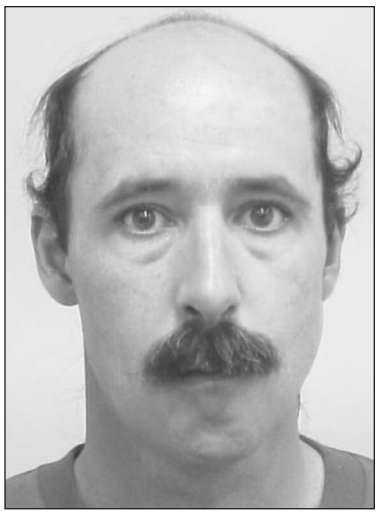
The best any of them has to offer is a proximity wank. I talk at these people. I talk indirectly, through urinals, to all of them. Quickly offer them enough trust. I get tired of the insistence that I'm looking for them in the wrong places. I pull the connections together before they become plans. Can a former sex offender build a new life?

You can't control history. You can rethink it. Try to convince others by using their arguments and suspicions against yourself. You can struggle to recreate what's happened by overworking the appearance of what you think your audience don't know yet. You can lie, go ahead. It's highly unlikely that you're thinking things through correctly anyway. But you probably know enough to lie. It's most often a very ugly impulse but picking away at honesty is as well. What you do with your repetition after sitting in it again and again. You have to call it something else eventually. You look to others for definition and make security proclamations no matter what you think you sound like. What circumstances do you believe caused your own sexual violence?

There's significant loss on every insignificant photo. Garbage cans about to be emptied by ghetto jobbers. Addiction and community myths that won't take hold since these men have delayed their self-destruction by hurting others. There's more reinforcement than cause at this age. I don't want them above stereotypes. Pick your own nonentity. Every man in a shot with a child displays his own egalitarian first, pathetic second, trudge. Exactly like, but not excusing, the housewives and their imitators who collect and legislate against them. I don't read mentoring or sharing or protecting or loving from either version. The repetition, the inability, the last worst mood, is all I can find when I hope to.

Sell counterintuition by straining intuition. The loss I'm superimposing is created by rats entering a tighter world of scrambled subjectivity. Ineffectuals only soaping up obsessively. I picked this group of photos imprecisely because of recidivist rates. The fact that this constant stream of indiscriminates are more responsive to the concept of fantasy, rather than community, is central. They do very well in management programs because of this. The cubicle niggers in helpful positions see enough of themselves in yet another desperate mirror and insult by association. The way sex is sold as a universal reciprocity instead of masturbation. Everycunt is always a former addict with plush excuses designed to collate outsider mistakes now corrected. You should be better than this doesn't add up the way it does with mere addicts. Yet the stunned runts in my collection are confined to the very same language.





Everything will be a lie, thickly underlined in the twelve step programs they are forced to pantomime. I see these creeps rubbing themselves as they walk back and forth in pornography stores. They show off their erections as bulk. They brag and bridge as they contain themselves because they don't have to bum into psychotic binges yet. They also insult me. I know enough to ask. To try and use my spare change. Discard the difference between the rageful opportunists and sick compulsives. Correctionals and punitives, life altering dreams and perpetually dim failures. I'll pay you not to look or just don't stop me. All these men know its not therapy. So they opt for medicine.

While most sex addicts actively seek treatment, pushed by some obvious consequence of a legal, occupational, health or relational type, the solitary nature of the compulsive masturbator's behavior leaves their actions less subject to the direct consequences of other forms of sexual acting out. The addict engaging in compulsive masturbation seeks therapeutic intervention for help as a last resort, seeking relief from anxiety, obsession, isolation and the inability to seek or maintain healthy intimate relationships. Some compulsive masturbators do experience consequences through the viewing of inappropriate materials i.e. child pornography or through masturbating in inappropriate places i.e. the workplace or an automobile. However, the most frequent consequence of compulsive masturbation is a life devoid of intimacy, removed from feeling and filled with hidden shame.

My disgust for sex never leaves me. It's what I look for. I have sex with men, primarily, in the worst possible situations. But that comes from recognizing the tedium in longer assignations. Not vice versa. It's never far from my mind that I refuse to draw these acts into anything that would take these grunts out of the context that I prefer. They belong here. Not in beds, not over breakfasts and kisses and momentary lapses in submissive brain activity. These men fuck holes and remove the offensive language of sympathy and bodily transcendence. This is the only place you'll find a workable formula. But the disgust for these places, acts and minds never separates from the baseless screeds that more is found in mindless numbing and sharing what could be best about you. These men reflect that; no matter what my penchant for clouding them in cheap quick filthy sex joints is. I dearly hope that the little intimacy they were looking for amid the phenomenal lifestyle problems makes a vicious sense in this context.

I have more snapshots of myself available to the public than most. I've gone back and looked. I don't have to find new ways to fuck the monsters I've already plugged. My backlog is nauseating to me and it exists far outside the mentalities I strive to control. This is important to me. And these thoughts never stop. I don't want them to. Combining the arousal, numbing, and fantasy pathways together creates a powerful neurochemical package for the client who masturbates to the point of injury. They are able to achieve high states of arousal through the masturbation. When the physical act becomes painful through repetition, cutting, or the combination of inserting physical objects to cause pain, the client achieves a high state of arousal followed immediately by numbing and fantasy.

I work above a group of doctor and psychiatrist offices that, because of the neighborhood I live in, specializes in AIDS patients. There I see more of the cripples I visit with in the bars and pits where I spend my better time than those captured here in my outlaw shots.

I started to look at these sites more frequently when I learned I could purchase child pornography from child molesters. I bought some from a drug dealer at one of the bars where he did

most of his work. I wanted to be able to ask the fronts I recognized. And it could make funneled sex real. The dealer was one of the worst whore experiences I've ever had. I told him I wasn't too interested in hustlers but it soon fueled the films I made. I've even collected pissing shots because of him. His sluggish reactions were stasis, weren't retractable like mine. The primary goal of the celibacy period is to allow the fear, anxiety, pain and shame that the client has been endeavoring to escape from the opportunity to surface. It is in this place of affective awareness that the client can often for the first time begin to glimpse the myriad of issues they have sought escape from and the ritualized fantasy they have often engaged in. You know how I cummed in his open mouth. I put my hand down on the top of my shaft and rubbed my cock up and down over his hot fat blanking face. When I started to cum, I smashed my cock flatter into his cheeks and nose and eyes but he hunkered lower to suck every extra otherwise wasted drop. I cleaned the sperm off his face with my fingers and the wet tip of my dick and put both into his mouth. Herpes cunt talked like Masha saying thank you through heaves that he didn't physically need to mimic. I don't want to pull myself out of what I say is another mind. I have to talk about myself. This technique with the parents of murder victims has proved more successful. So you do it with potential zombies. Just as much. They all tell me the rest of the bar is boring. I usually say we all are. Starts rubbing my leg to move onto my crotch.

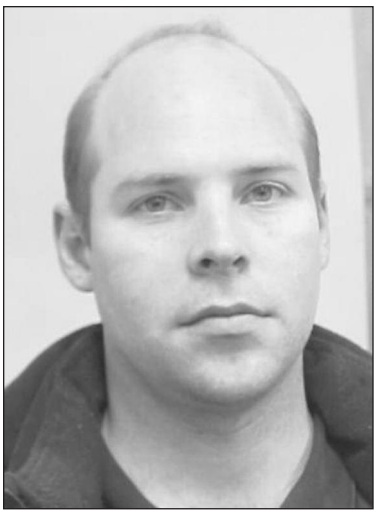
Is it hard yet.

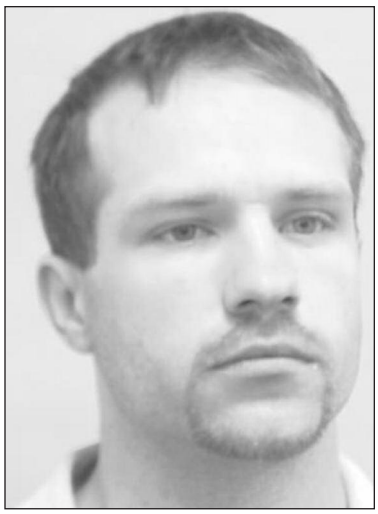
I don't mind. Animals fuck over their boredom.

During this celibacy period, the clinician has the opportunity to obtain a detailed sexual history, a detailed family of origin history, and begin the fumbling process of understanding how the client became socialized around their sexually compulsive behaviors as well as the process of escape mechanism. He moves away from you and strokes and stretches and turns around to wiggle like he's preening in a mirror. Wants to have something placed in her. As if her body can't contain the wanting busy mind she's stuck underneath.

I worked at a toy store when I was eighteen. Kids sound the same when they scream over not getting to stay or being yanked away from the doll they want. A middle-aged fag worked with me. Always agitated by his constant sex talk and queer winks. I saw the little boys like he did soon enough. I knew that there was always a chance of cumming if I was excited enough by the screaming bitches. Not just by jerking off in the rest room. The best way to deal with it, as I was never insulted, was by sucking him off. Which is what he wanted. He was that much of a creep. Should want to suck me off. I was only eighteen and his constant queening about child molesting was just him grooming me. Yet I knew that receiving pleasure was incumbent on me being turned over. I took what he said as serious, though. I wanted to tell him but I just kept dropping black beauties and doing my best at avoiding him. I figured if I stayed away from him then I'd think less about getting one of the little boys alone. I didn't have to do a fucking thing. I wasn't punishing myself or wanting rape without wanting to become a rapist. My insistence, not my instinct, was pornographic. What he looked like, which cartoon he was and the extraordinary amounts of shit he'd been left to believe. Had to be ignored.

I like watching child molesters masturbate. I like seeing how they cum on themselves. I'm willing to do what needs to done just to see that. These worthless men give nothing worth having. And I wouldn't





ever think of looking there. But, lately, I like sucking these worthless fucks off more and more. These fatty desperate plugs who actually come in here looking for absolutely any kind of physical brush at all. They want dick. And they want to cum. But I avoid the businessmen. I couldn't give a fuck about cumming in or from them. Reminds me of these queers who think they're slumming when they go after trolls or trannies. The ones that'll fuck anything near enough to hobo just so they have a degenerate story to tell you later. Who need to get something, anything, but won't accept that it's so much more pedestrian than they know and can admit.

The ones that I suspect are molesting children, the ones I think I may have something to learn or get something from, you masturbate with. Their physical ugliness and their uglier obvious actions. This isn't a simple deal that's easily forgotten or cleanly compartmentalized.

As the client's treatment progresses, the clinician is able to illuminate how their distorted self-belief system has concretized their belief that acting out with masturbation increases their sense of isolation and separateness. What the client seeks in their masturbatory fantasy world probably centers on sexual acts with others yet their compulsive masturbation reinforces the belief that, "I am alone, no one will desire sexually; therefore I am responsible for meeting more core sexual needs alone."

Could you bring yourself to tell someone else that you once committed a sexual offense, if that were true?

I wanted to make this. I had hundreds of photos all printed out from sex offender registries. I'd look through them maybe obsessively. The way you do when you're searching for pornography. Most often when I came home from the slob joints I troll at. I know what it's like there. The notification thrills didn't exist when I started visiting these places. Women weren't allowed in and it wasn't less perfect. I don't want to share the shots with imbeciles but it makes a certain Willy Strauss sense. He asked his audience to send him photos in his very first issue. Parents and friends of coming icons replied and forged the growing genius of child pornography magazines. Eventually into what I deal with. It's a direct line. Strauss had been given the photos that comprised his first magazine by a customer to his porn store. All Strauss did was share a private act. The taste didn't start there. The flattening response, the amber alerts, did.

As someone that plans on bringing his girlfriend for some fun, are these guys I need to worry about? What do they do that makes them creeps and trolls?

Watching men masturbate. It ruins and explains every sex act from then on.

Have you never felt regret about smiling at a stack of naked men next to you?

I never really thought about it.

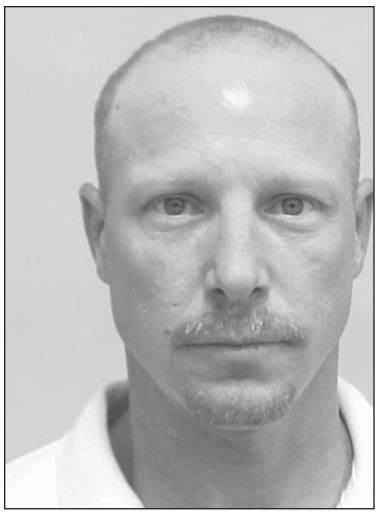
I bring my two girls there all the time. Never have a problem. If you want to have fun and not worry about a thing, come when we are there and we three will be glad to help in anyway possible. We always love to meet new people especially new couples.

Do you feel ashamed looking back now?

(Long silence).

Can you understand that it's demeaning for Muslim men to be naked in front of a female?

Thanks guys for another fun filled monday night. The girls had a great time as always. We



enjoyed meeting Bob and Sally. We hope to see them again and possibly play a little more. Of course, with Sally's permission and invitation only. You both seem very nice, feel free to contact us anytime if you like. We will be back probably next monday but we will post to confirm. We would like to meet more couples there. We had a great time as always. Thanks for being polite, respectable and helping me make my girls' wants and desires cum true once again.

And why were the men forced to masturbate in front of you?

I will be coming with my husband on Saturday at midnight, Looking for seven to ten good-looking guys to watch and jack-off on my tits & ass, as I suck & fuck my husband. All you have to do is ask me nicely if its okay. This will happen in the booths, then we will go into the theater. if you ask me if it is okay, you may feel me up, suck my tits, finger me, all the good stuff. I really enjoy being fingered while sucking my husband or having my 38D tits sucked while my husband bangs me from behind. Let me know if you are cumming.

This is Jen, I posted last week about being in the theater on Sunday. Well, that is tomorrow and I will be there. I will be there with my cuck/slave wimpy man. I need to get laid and filled up. I need my cuck to know his place and clean me up. I will be in the theater. I have not been to Melrose Theater that many times and would like to know if the management would be upset if, while I am in the theater, if I leave my slave in the booths naked and handcuffed if that would upset the management? I will be in the theater around 11 am.

You can't even say the word "masturbate".

(remains silent)

You stood next to him and allowed it to happen. Did you not protest just once?

I did. I asked Frederick, "Why are you doing this?" And he told me, "I just want to see if he'll do it." So I was like, "Whatever."

Can you be more specific about what they are doing that makes them creeps and trolls?

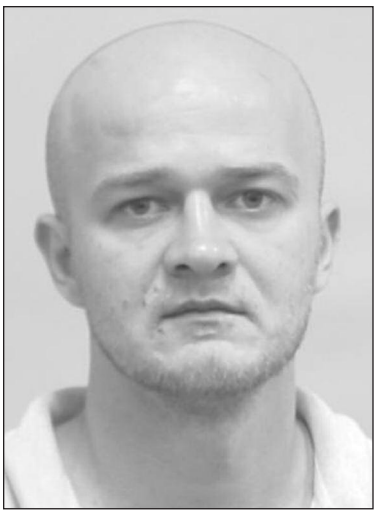
This is the "Pet" that was at the theater yesterday at lunch till 1:30... I would have made this apology privately to "Terri", but I do not know her screen name. Yesterday was only my second trip to Melrose... my first one being rather disappointing as no one was there who took interest in me at that time. I hope I did not ruin your day. I was probably a lot more vocal and... well you know... than I should I have been, but I was overwhelmed. It has been a long time since I have been there... let alone played with, and I just went into my head space and was honestly totally unaware of my surroundings or anyone else there... In fact I could not tell you what anyone even looked like. Maybe in the next trip I could "tone it down" if that would make it more pleasurable for everyone else.

No more?

No. I was like, "Fine, you know, whatever." Then they tried to convince me to get into the picture with this guy. I didn't want to, but they were really persistent about it. At the time I didn't think that it was something that needed to be documented but I followed him. I did everything he wanted me to do. I didn't want to lose him.

Get annoyed with the lounge area when you walk back towards the booth?

Makes it too uncomfortable to simply go rub one out back there. Having guys just sit and wait



for people to wander back makes it a little too creepy to go spank it. If there are no ladies present, of course.

Is a smile your answer to that?

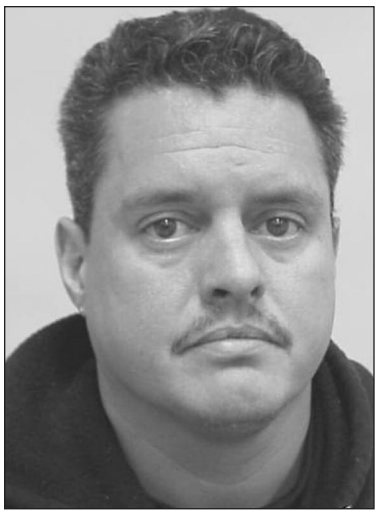
I'm tired of sounding like I'm whining. Explain if your experience with the police, courts, and probation system for this crime will affect what you do in the future.

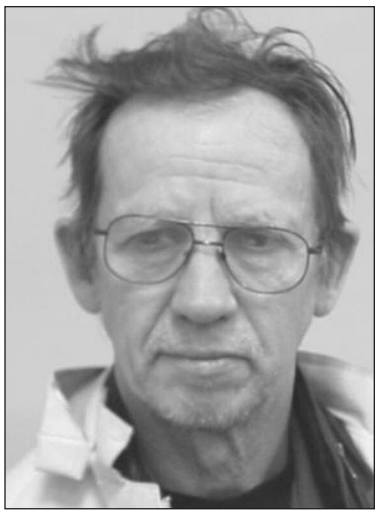
A pornographer who best sells barebacking films told me he wanted to make a book of photographs of just men's faces while they cummed. He told me he's spent his whole life making men cum and wanted to focus entirely on their unique, ecstatic expressions. I told him they were neither ecstatic or unique in my experience. I would rather see men just after their arrest for sex related crimes involving children. Another small group of categoricals pulling faces to express what frumps and actors do. Make a book of young men's queering to prove that they're deeply fat ugly fraus. A book of ABS braggarts to show what age looks like in pigs that never got over their first date, fuck, abortion, wedding.

But you took the photos.

There's almost always men masturbating at the sides. When it's busy. Can a person convicted of a sex offense return to society and become a member again?

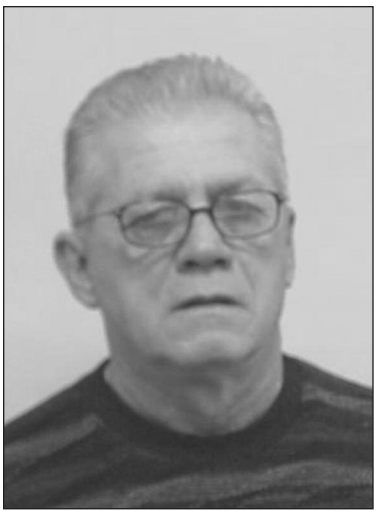
The uncounted suicides of men pinched in the Wonderland child pornography arrests were created by intense difficulties in explanation, not shame. The perception that I would remain a social misfit drawn by hideous misunder-standings of unfulfilled desire. I learned long ago that I was masturbating in every sexual experience I ever had. Never once did I think the scumbags that I wrapped my mouth around were meant just to settle my need to do something better. The photos I dragged in to stain and the men I wanted to convince and the children I would much rather suffocate than pet and open back up again were never out of place. If what I do is intentional, I'm in utter denial. If I present that I know more than the unintentional, then I'm nagged and deformed by disappointment and devastating yearning. These men, the best of them, sitting in a corner with their shirts pulled up to their necks and their greasy hands yanking on small hard cocks, staring off into the dark space of dusty rank sex constructions, I hope, don't want what you had. And every act after is self-destructive only when your ego is slapped over. You should see yourself. When you suck off your boyfriend or old husband or pet your cancer victim and read the tabloids. There's pornography that I believe has clouded my vision but most of that is attributed to the ugliness in deciding to perform. You know how men look at women in the street and some leer or make their black intentions known and some look down or don't care? Ask me how I look at children. How I do nothing more than wolf-whistle at a vast collection of magazine and internet photos. My decision for these men was to present them in their clothes. I've done another series of them masturbating. And another of men in the just pre-death stages of AIDS. All looking like they're still not as tired of sex as they are pain. Ask if there's a difference between watching men masturbate and then taking the cum job over with my mouth or my ass or my more adaptable fist. Ask if there's a difference between the men that fill my mouth and the mothers I watch cry. Here's how you suck on a photo. The only porn series I follow these days has a scene with a hooking wino looking up to compliment one of the pudgy strangers she's sucking on:

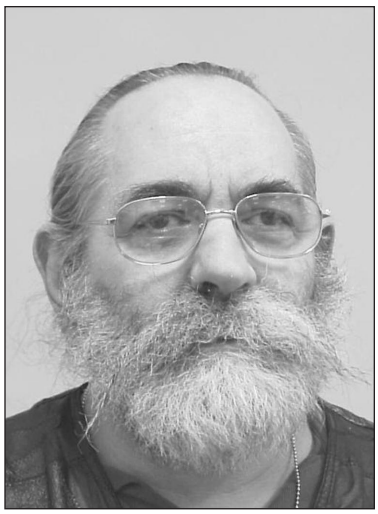




You fill my mouth.

I was jerking off this lumpen troll from Southern Illinois. He was sat back against a wall on a wooden bench at Bijou. He had his pants off completely but kept a large light blue dress shirt on, unbuttoned to expose his hanging mass and saggy haired chest. He had a ridged pinkish cock that curved up in the middle as is common on these backward friendly middle-aged slobs. He started to tell me that he had two daughters that he used to make do this to him. Just jerk him off, you know, with their little hands. He said that the youngest was three when he first started on her and he kept doing both girls until they were eight and ten. He only stopped because his son finally told the mother and she took them away from him. I asked him if he ever fucked the son and he said the boy was too busy getting it from his sisters. But he didn't like boys the way he liked his daughters' little hands and that he always felt like doing just that. No matter what else was happening at the house for all those years. The girls talking about school or fighting with their mother or holidays. He just wanted them to wrap their fingers around the hard cock that I was stroking back and forth while he lovingly remembered it all. You ask any man with kids in here, he said, and they'll all have fucked with their children. Boys or girls. In here, especially. He put his hand behind my head to lower my face onto his cock but I easily resisted. Did you ever make your daughters suck on it. How could you not. I started jerking and squeezing harder and tighter and faster. I wanted him to cum and I wanted to see it. I raised a claw to his hirsute tit and started to pinch and pull a soft pink nib. But he removed my hand. He slumped back further into himself and said he never got past the oral stage with them. His words. His choice. He couldn't fuck them. It wouldn't work. Do you have children, he asked me as if I could share a molestation story with him now. But I told him no. I didn't want to act as if I was his daughter. As if I was some stupid little girl or that this was some lame fantasy of his. I reached around to cup his balls and tried to get him to cum on my knuckles. Tell me about how your daughter made you cum. I queened. Suck it. Suck it and I'll tell you. Just tell me. I would've licked his grotesque nipple a little but I was trying to force him into telling the truth by staring at his pasty red blotched face. He was an ugly man, used to fucking men his own age now that he didn't fuck women he could marry. C'mon daddy. He moved my hands off him and said he didn't want to cum. It wasn't as good for him as it was for me. C'mon you old slob, tell me what you did to your little babies. Tell me about those little fingers on that ugly cock of yours. Fat ass. Maybe I could get him to blow me. I wanted to see him cum. Just the same. I was ready to expose my erection to him. Fuck his face and cum down his throat. Did you ever stick your finger in the little one? Did you ever get to kiss and lick and tickle inside her little cunt? Who'd she look like more? You or your fucking ugly wife. He was up off the bench but I'd only been whispering this shit into his ear like some horny faggot trying to elicit a bigger hard-on. He lumbers off the bench and I watch his sloppy rubbery ass bounce and hang and jiggle off into the hallway. I don't follow but get up immediately. Adjust my hard-on in my pants and head for the nearest booth as quick as possible. I get into a pitch dark closet and search for someone to stick something through one of the holes, preferably a fat ugly head but I'm not about to wait. So I just yank out my cock and pump maybe four or five times before I cum all over the booth and the empty hole. Would have been nice if some stupid faggot was there to watch or open up his spittoon for my sperm. But I was cumming before I even knew I could. I think I should have kept the hard-on. Kept the tip of my cock protruding into my belly and raised





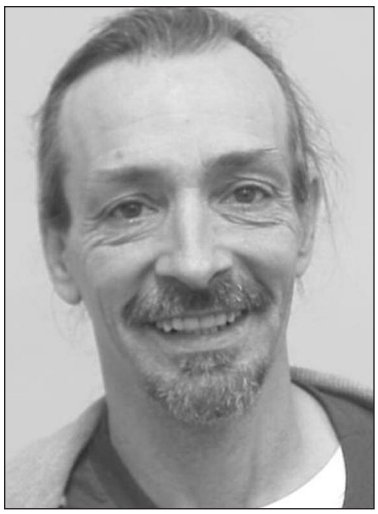
out of the top of my pants and licked and rubbed and played in the pre-cum as I walked back and forth in the halls looking for some old troll to suck it for me. I often keep hard as I walk around and massage it through my pants. Some of the queers in here let their cocks stand out from their zippers and walk around sticking it to anyone who'll look. If I want to get hard again, just after I cummed, I sometimes go into a booth and lean against the wall and start pinching both of my nipples. Through my shirt. If someone watches you doing this, they'll often come over to your little room and kneel. Undo your pants and swallow you whole. Takes forever to cum but I get hard fast. That's when I usually end up pumping in mouths. Face-fucking them. They'll most often take it just like that. And play with your ass. But if you can't cum or it looks like you're not as excited as you should be, these cocksuckers know to get up and go. They'll not suggest you work on them for awhile. They'll just leave you wet and standing as straight up as you can muster.

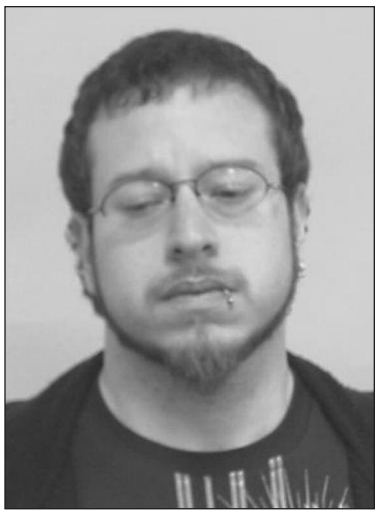
I take away these little sluts' voices and put them onto these old perverts. The confused slobs, some certain, others suffering now, all sounding untouched by anything better than fingers. What, if anything, can be done to reduce the amount of sexual victimization in your community?

As a talking head, the moron tells himself that he has a freedom no one else has. Just his little barebacking group, ignoring his star status even there. As the porn minutes in his birthday release, when he lays in a leather sling and takes charged load after load into his distended youth, poor boy still refuses to present anything more than hatred. Hatred for himself and, possibly more significantly, his hatred for the men in line, his fuming community.

He's interviewed as reductive totem in a professor's documentary on spreading HIV. He's available more readily as a niche tool advertising barebacking proof. Aesthetically, there's little I revisit that's any different from any other porn or documentary on resilience and illness. He pursues the suicide he's been told he's seeping and swallowing. A perfectly flawed loudmouth. My fixation is looking down, cunt. You watch your first porn film and move it to the end of line. The only constant is the ugliness of the actors. Most clear when old men suck on small cocks in child molester proof. And the boy becomes the pitch, skipping backwards from femme'd cavemen. You don't want to see yourself in that position. Pay me and I'll do it for you. Are there some who should not come back, but live in their own colonies, distant from the community?

You want to change though, don't you? I can put the pictures up. I've done it before. I've convinced assholes. Morons. I've even had slides made from the photos that I own and supposedly covet and had the sheer sickness to pretend that others would see something better in the pictures that I selected. Purely because they would see them in a different context. Even though I was being completely honest about their personal worth. Just like now, bringing it up, preparing it and yapping all over it is supposed to remove every ounce of what once made the photos work so perfectly. But it really doesn't. I can't do it without beating myself up for the idiots who care about it barely. I took the photos but I didn't make it worldwide. Yes, I was in five or six pictures and I took some pictures, and those pictures were shameful and degrading and I feel sorry and wrong about what I did. But it would not have escalated to what it did





all over the world if it wouldn't have been for someone leaking it to the media. Hell, I was at Fort Bragg when the pictures came out and I had no idea. What areas or things do you think researchers should be looking at in terms of sexual violence, deterrence, and the criminal justice system?

I cut out newspaper photos of all these special little girls. It's almost always little girls. There's more girls than boys. And I put the paper bits onto xerox machines and I enlarge the images. The paper is bright white underneath the face that turns from cheap newspaper gray into harsh black dots. There are no small details. The image becomes general and flat and whole. The idea becomes intentional. I keep these at home and use them as pornography. I can no longer find any commercial pornography worthwhile.

I jam the clipped photos into my pockets. I want them to tear and flake and disintegrate. They are not precious. They are dirt. Garbage. They are used cheap newsprint that costs no more than the entire newspaper at no more than fifty cents a day. This is all very small. Very little. Unimportant. They don't even adequately represent the lies that families and friends continue to mouth even after the now missed thinglet is buried. Anymore. Children are convenient. For their parents. The shots of their children's faces are gray and flat and sold.

I want to believe that the work I put into these smiling shots is genuine. Deserved. Honest. Natural glee – taken at happy times that apparently need commemorating. Times that were safe and paraded and full of the promise badly planned but ostentatiously hoped for. Tight. That love; that unique bond that is inexplicable to those of us who don't pass our cum into bodies worthy of reproducing and raising and worrying and protecting and selflessly giving and sneaking off every small once in a while.

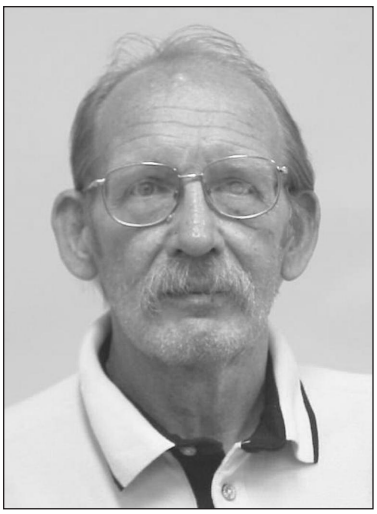
The shots – the ones I picked that day when I knew where I'd end up sooner or later – stay in my pockets until after I cum in public. Then they end up on the floor stamped on and unrecognizable, left to crumble and soak their ink and grainy thin paper into the puddles of dead runny cum and shit smears and piss drops and steam and crabs and sperm feeding flies and lazy glossy black paint on cracked concrete.

I've seen men get on their hands and knees and lick at the cum and shoe sole filth left on the never swept floor. I've had a beast wipe my dripping cock with a kleenex that crumpled into small white fisted wet clumps that left white fuzz all over my mouth drenched crotch and then, like a retard, like a degenerate faggot, push the sticky wet tissue globs into his mouth, lick, bite and chew. All the while staring at me and masturbating his long hard angry cock.

This is something you do alone.

This is not a ritual.

This is what creates a creep. This is what creates art. The help proffered is armchair psychology. These men come in loaded to the front of their dangerous brains on anti-psychotic meds. Stalagmites whose only pulse is paranoia. The parents who create the market for self-help and fiction and spare expositions mud up every footpath out or in. The system they barely choose is more duplicitous than the one they had. A single function to exchange one context for another as long as it's called self-control. The tension, at least, is eased. Mine come from placing the entire audio record of Masha Allen's testimony over video of some Floridian wetback jerking himself off while he stares at a hanging cock and



balls. Comes from hissing on Pat Hodges reading crime details into a tape recorder for the man who murdered little Lesley Ann Downey. I made the mistake of editing the toddler video and won't make the same mistake again. The section where Masha lies about recidivism rates has a sexually timid, viciously echoing appeal to me. It's not the stupidity of her mouth or the ferocity of my child pornography fixation that should deter you from seeing more. Define show. I fucking can't. I can't help but think that there's a greater market for this material but I want to be the last fucker that would mine the thing. I want to find some way of nailing that little mouse and spreading it open on a smearing newspaper expose' that her mother gets to read and consider. Hard. Absolutely. I want to talk to the mother about the autopsy that I did with my little pins and scalpels and the cumstains all over my pants, constantly. Listen. I know how she should listen. You remove the apes from her side and you sit them down and explain to her. That it absolutely is, I know full well, my fucking problem. I'm not apologizing, you cunt. But I know that everyone else who's so fucking upset about the stupid little thing is genuinely upset and worried and that it, somehow inexplicably, turns down into rage and uncontrolled seething anger. Fucking white trash, you think I don't know this garbage? But the little bird-faced cocksucker that has the apparent right to address my little fucking nothings then; better have a better fucking answer than the rest of the trash. Like trash. Found like trash. You pinch her fucking nonexistent lips and you say "tell me everything you know" and then do it after you've applied more lipstick on. The mothers get their details from the same fucking places I do. Naturally, they all become smaller and fucked in front of everyone. Which opens them up wider. These degenerates. These toilet cleaners. They're easiest the most despicable liars. I fucking want my part of that ugly hair depleted mouth because I fucking did more fucking work than you ever fucking did. You don't fucking own it. Not now. Not ever. Just fucking stop pretending like you do. Or did. Or fucking still want to. Ask it, really, isn't this much better now. And what made it that way. How the fuck did you get over it? How dare you tell me how it's gotten better for you. How dare you try and forget what happened. How did it happen so bad that she can't fucking grow up and out of it? She's not the only stupid idiot who's ever sucked on a cock before or got fucked in her poor baby asshole.

Should our sex registration laws also tell you if the sex offender has had any counseling or treatment programs?

Watching over your shoulder every single day, it grinds you down. It's not good for you. I'm not saying I don't deserve that.

Are there questions that I did not ask that you think I should have? What are they?

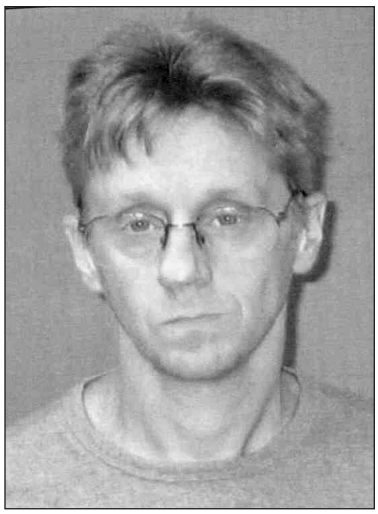
Was Holly completely naked in the ditch?

How did the man know there was a ditch down there?

How many people have seen Holly's body?

Have you seen Holly's body?

How were Holly and Jessica killed?



Was Holly already dead before I searched on my bike?
What will happen to the caretaker?
Why did he kill Holly and Jessica?
When do you think Mum will stop crying?

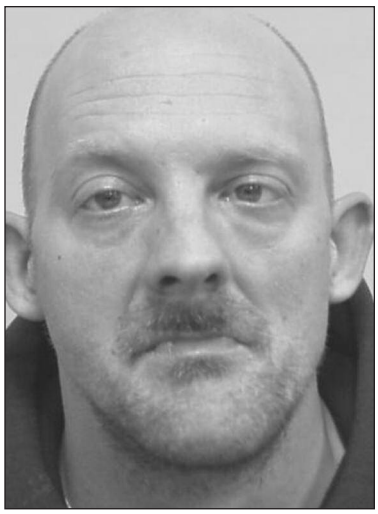
Were you scared when you realized the pictures were out there?

Not sure how much I can tell. I do not want to listen to laws that exist over my head for no logical reason. There's one case that I want to tell absolutely everything about and then another that I'd rather keep my mouth shut about. The first case because I think the guy's a fucking scumbag regardless of what the police and press say he's done. I don't have any ties other than what happened and I'm not particularly interested in furthering any of it. The other is more problematic because I care a great deal over what happens to the poor fuck. I'd like to help in any way I could and I think what's going on now in his life is a terrible tragedy. This is someone who should not be wasting away in jail. Both cases have happened at roughly the same time and it makes me wonder how many others I've missed. And opportunities I've been too arrogant to follow. Inadequate. It obsesses me often enough. Awhile ago I actually knew something like this was going to happen. I had turned a corner where I was spending too much time around these degenerates and I figured out that sooner or later, there was going to be payoff. That, oddly enough, happened at a bar I was hanging around at. A guy with a fat greasy belly and a stubby cock covered in blubber that, when it got hard enough to suck, would have to push back around his pubic hair just to keep the fat out of your face. My face. He'd sell me discs of child pornography and wanted to suck more dick than he fed. I've masturbated inches away from his face and his computer screen as I looked at what I'd wanted to see for so long by then. I'd see images of him drenched in human waste and then all these series shots of little girls and boys. His apartment was dirty and cheap and he didn't care where I cummed though I cupped my hand under my cock when I was ready. I let him lick it and suck on it but he was far more interested in seeing me tool. I'd stay over and get up the next day and have regular sex and I couldn't fucking wait to get out of there. But I don't give a fuck about what he thinks or does. And he isn't one of the people that matter to me now. I'd licked out an asshole at the Eagle not too long ago. A guy that I went to the john with and he turned around and I wanted to do it. And it started me in on wanting to do it with all these sick pigs. It actually stems from a drunken night with a woman in a hotel room and an act that I've since wanted to replicate constantly. Even with dirty men. It's why I don't worry about diseases that much anymore. One of these cocksucking traders was this tall skinny fuck with a bad messy goatee and a very sleazy demeanor. I've known him since I was a kid, really, because when he wasn't working at a specific porno store he was hanging out at the others. When the police arrested him, they said he had been working as a security guard for over ten years and that he was virtually homeless. They said that he was divorced and I remember that he would talk about his wife and kids when he was in the porn store at work. But I guess it had been at least that long that I've known him. The last place I saw him; I figured fuck it. He has always been so disgusting to me. We've watched each other droop and sag into these human blobs – he hasn't gained the weight I have, but he's always been the first rat to

follow a cock into a booth or through a hole. I've seen him as a template to avoid all my life. He sucked on me and pulled at my nipples and we made out. It was at L.W. sales, actually, and, as usual, there was no one else there. He yanked on his long thick pale cock and pushed my head down as I was kissing him. I turned him around and beat his cock as hard as I could while I tongued up all the sweat that collected and sat between him and the wood bench he'd plop on all fucking day long. I always taste more grease and sweat than I do shit. And almost always, these faggots will return the favor. My asshole looks worse. And I knew he would. I pushed my ass into his face and popped in my hand and on my shirt and on the floor. I didn't turn around because I just wanted to cum as if he was just functional. It's the way that I like best. A mexican guy asked me if I wanted to eat it once and I just pushed him into the tv screen. I let this creep cum a little in my mouth though. Even though I cummed, I still wanted to see if I could finish him off and he was ready. I've fucked men here before. There's not a whole lot of room. And I didn't want to get fucked. But, if I hadn't cum all over myself, I'm sure I was getting primed for it. Not sure if it wouldn't have been okay as well. I corkscrewed his asshole that was still wet tight and when he cummed I moved my head away. I licked it off his head and down his shaft and pulled on mine at the same time. I spit in the booth. This was awhile before he was arrested but not that long ago. I fucked off and he stayed. He's the type that would head for the john. It really isn't a fag thing. I head straight out the door and go home, if not back to work. He apparently had a book that he showed the little girl that he raped. And when cops found it, it led them to another victim. He had raped the first girl, a ten-year-old, by snatching her off the street. He took her to a vacant apartment that he was staying in and where he was finally arrested. He let the girl go home, I think but it wasn't in the papers, because he wanted to keep raping her. He threatened to kill her but let her go when the girl said she had to get home before a certain time. The book that the cops found had child porn photos in it that he had made while fucking another little girl the same age. This was the daughter of a friend of his and the pictures were actually taken by the ten-year-old's brother. He was only twelve and the police said he hadn't been physically assaulted. But the animal had a previous record for molesting a boy. The mother of the boy and girl was all over the news and explained that she had suspected something might be going on but both children always denied it. She finally stopped letting the kids go out with her friend. And this last one was snatched as she walked home alone through an alley behind the vacant apartment house. He just grabbed her and dragged her upstairs. When the police caught him, he was still in the place and trying to hide in a closet. I'm thinking about what he liked and, in the places that we go, you have to admit there really is no clue. I don't imagine licking my asshole or having my tongue inside his is his favorite thing either. That book, and that revolting hard cock of his, and his sloppy face and long fingers and wiry shitty brain is on my mind every time I jerk off now. I try and think of other things lately. Or look at things. And I keep returning to that cock and that design. I want to see that book and I've asked around very carefully. I don't think he let anyone know and I've never seen him in gay bars. He wasn't the kind you could go home with.

Did you feel ashamed when you saw the pictures in public for the first time?

Started filming interviews with drips on the periphery of the smaller sex industries. Amateurs, trolls,

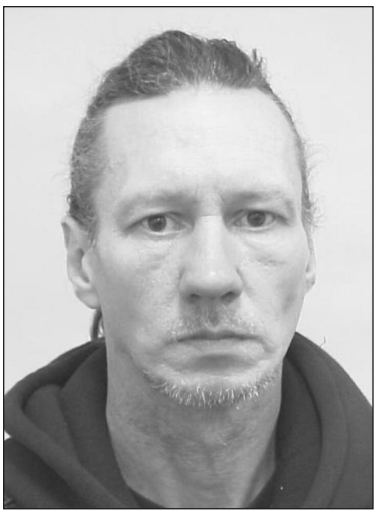


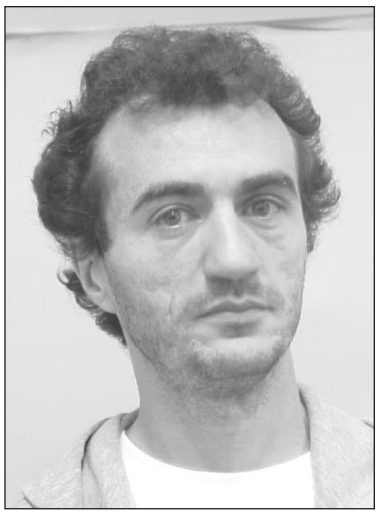
compulsive masturbators. Full face close-ups of half hour conversations with just my voice at yammering faces. I'd film them again for another half-hour, same tight close-up, but without them or me saying a word. They could smoke, drink, show her big tits or stand up and work on a hard-on. I hoped they'd just stare off. As long as it was silent. The plan was to edit the audio interview over the screen test monotony. I wanted voices disembodied and inflections raw. Without the pride show and winks and frowns. Wanted to see the person either acting out what she'd just convinced herself of. Or have the poses and mugs contradict, confirm, insult. Maybe he could fucking think about sex and not necessarily reflect the salestalk. Subjects never left metaphor, however. The arguments never exceeded the industry standard. I could pick better chances. Not merchandised minds. At home, I couldn't put more little children voices over. Couldn't make another version with loops of favorite repeated sentences or bleats. Anyone more interesting would have been awkward. I'd have to be the rat crawling up the back of the garbage can instead of them. My job would be to get them to reduce what they're creating down to a confession. The kids they worked with. On. For. I didn't want to have them admit or deny. Wasn't my job to convince anyone, look for affirmation, tell them they were dirty men, making only leer pornography that was much less captivating than they were.

So you did feel shame?

It's not humiliating. Though it should be. If all the lies that droop out of these mothers' and fathers' now supposed empty lives – lifes – had even the smallest root in reality. These thieves that care about whether or not I'm masturbating and staining and coveting their little birth breaths into my low sleazing mulching existence.

The cheezy catch in twink porn is seeing something you shouldn't. It's not until old men come into the scenes that it becomes better than what young skinnies do with themselves. When I see blonde sharp bones and red cheeks slapping and pushing into each other. I have to remember that there's a grandpa filming them. It's not the only market. But it's the only way to look at it. Cute boys correctly dismiss the trolls clogging their tiresome online chats. The aging stutter and shake learning they're unwelcome offhandedly and quickly become the exact parodies they wanted to hide so much better. No matter how much clumsy effort they put into converting over convincing. Let me help you learn from someone who's been through it. The primary importance of upkeep and care of cute boy voices. I found this book very helpful, it's not for everyone. The kids are just dumb, frankly. They groan. Then meet the bitchier homebodies offering the importance of consent. And daring, troublesome youth who are respected but best to blossom naturally. I teach a class. I'm working on a thesis. And the would-be teachers are even more ugly. I will not buy these magazines any more. I will not go into stores that allow adults to be photographed as adults enjoying sex. Because I do not believe they do. I don't fucking care about these culture limpets. I will go into the backrooms and, because of the way I've become, drop to a squat and suck what seems to have been drawn in by the wind that that garbage has created. Infested. By the noise that howls in the brains of those degenerates that then go home and lie to absolutely everyone else.





Is there anything else you would like to talk about or share with me about what this experience has been like for you?

You want a sickness or a morality to turn the comparisons into connections. Compassion isn't fuckable enough. A Brazilian filmmaker pays transsexuals to masturbate and spread in front of his camera. He keeps himself out of the scenes but is clearly encouraging the wrecks to pose more aggressively, sink deeper, get harder, lick and kiss the hotel air between record and idea. He tries to stay silent, sometimes offering small groans and directions in mutt portuguese but is most often applauding the girls forward by pointing down to his fat hard cock. The young women often respond as if they can't wait to suck on it off camera. Just as often, they bask in the compliment and preen extra appropriately. Their doctor job, their significant feminine degree, their skilled sexuality. They mock these same moves to the mirror he usually guides them to.

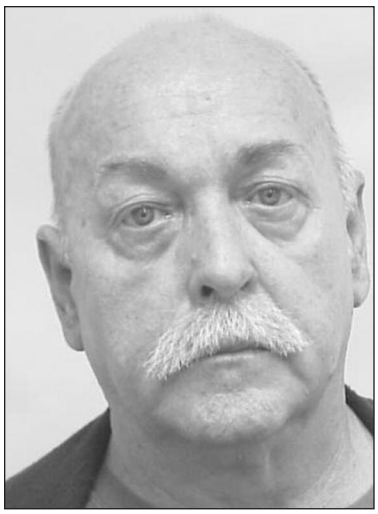
A Los Angeles pornographer does the same with his hustlers. Hotel or cheap apartment, single camera, mirror, big hard cock. He's been doing it for decades and the trash he's collected are now a public history of slow, dramatic shifts in homosexual desire. Sixties and Seventies rough trade were egged on to hurl insults at the faggot with the camera. The models eventually morphed into queers playing straight less convincingly. As the filmmaker aged and continued. Went from desperate, exploitive or pornographic peer to regressive, sadistic pervert up to sociologist and gay mentor with a marketable taste for exploiting and exploring dirty street problems. The old queen was always there. Wanting stupid violent men or boys to masturbate nice cocks and flex high butch. The time-stamp counts simple numbers more than cultures and tolerance.

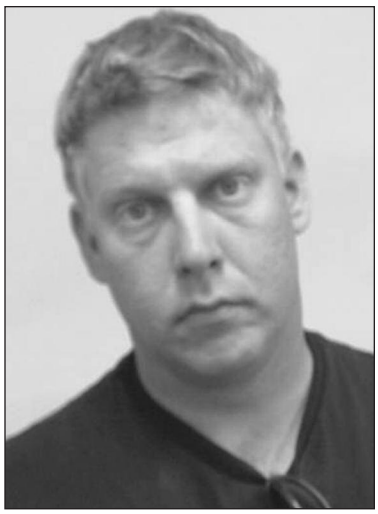
Very few instances of the comic recognition that teachers expect when the prostitutes face the mirror. You have to wish them over the purchase. No flash of disgust at personal breakthrough or interior, necessarily ignored, pain. Not even drug recoil. A private video that Jamie Gillis released carefully shows him dragging a masochist to a mirror on her hands and knees. Look at yourself, Jamie tells her, forcing her to watch as he keeps her positioned by standing behind her and locking his legs, cock sticking hard out of his pants zipper. She shrieks and struggles, moans ohno and please when she takes in the image. Not wanting to see herself covered in waste and wet straggling hair, frenzy or make-up smeared personality. The idea of a single moment captured as a punch doesn't apply here either. She wanted just this. Might be too far for her. But probably not quite. Begs and sucks dick when she sees it behind her.

Show me the photos you want to talk about. Ask me what I'm looking for.

Should our sex offender registration laws also tell you the method that the offender used to find his victims, so you could make sure he isn't using them again?

I'd like to see the details. How others use the information is impossible for me to imagine perfectly. I could say that some would like to see the details for the same reasons as mine but I know what reinforcement accusations sound like. I could say that causation histories versus empathy instruction be petitioned against if you like. Make the lowergrade minds write essays about the next one in the lineup, the ones





before and immediately after their own picture in unlucky order. Put scenes of the victims next to the offenders for official reasons rather than crime rolls. Just the faces cut from the dirty action and worse references. Help find this one or look at the pain about to be experienced outside of the shot or flamboyantly inherent in the frame. I'm self-impressed but not consistent enough to find the sexual bottom in housewife lust or child, crime, degradation pornography.

Am I more like the yearning sex offenders or the housewives protecting their imaginations when I carefully select these photos.

Do I need a garish backdrop to take your attention away from the front of the stage.

Does it matter if someone's listening.

Are you sexually attracted to children?

I've been asked this before. I usually add that I'm also sexually attracted to empty chairs.

What would the sex offender's life look like, if he were described as a journey?

Merely incorrect.

Any shame, any guilt?

No.

Are you sexually attracted to children?

Yes.

Are you being honest?

Yes.

Does your son remind you of him?

Yes, I try not to think about it but it gets harder the older he gets. The more he grows, the more he looks like him.

What will you tell your son about his parents?

I don't know. I'm trying to get together a scrapbook right now. My Mom kept every single article. And I'll probably cut them out and put them in a scrapbook and let him look at that. I still don't know what I'm going to tell him about his father. I guess the truth.

Are you being honest?

Yes. It helps if you keep asking.

Are you being as honest as you think you can?

Ask me if I find children pretty.

I don't think children are pretty.

Male or female look similar at the ages you prefer.

Naked?

Exploitable?

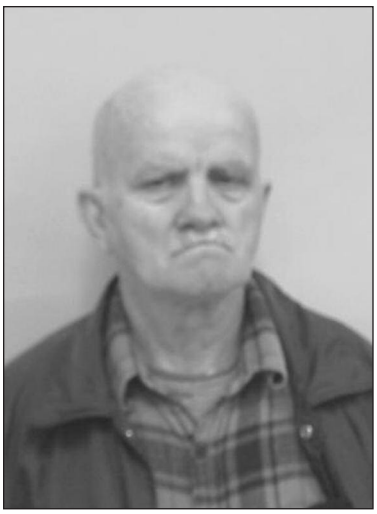
Available?

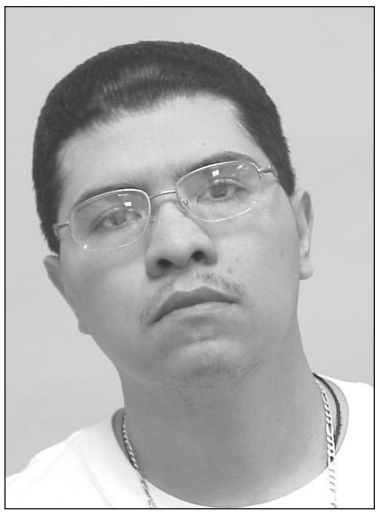
They won't say the same things as adults.

What do adults say that children won't or can't?

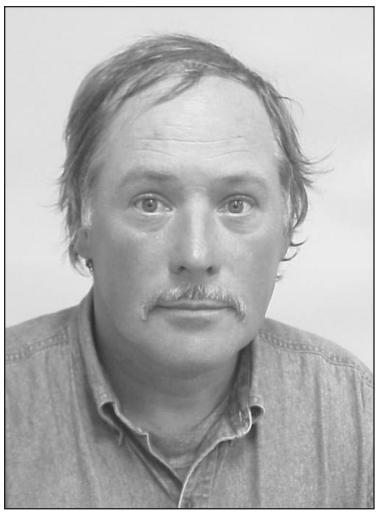
Less critical.

When do they become adults?





I don't care.
Do you have to stop them becoming adults?
I want them to be anything but pornography.
Are you afraid of criticism?
They're not criticizing me.
Are you being honest?
It doesn't matter.
A self-esteem issue: Are you a victim; are you protecting yourself?
This is all that happens.
You think you deserve better than what you had?
Not when I see them.
Would you say that men are attractive to you in the same sexual way?
When they're in the same position. When I understand what happened. Always.
The difference between touching and seeing?
It's important not to touch any of them. Any age. I wish I never had.
Have you been deceived?
No.
Looking for encouragement.
And not finding any?
You're being cautious?
No.
Can you measure degrees of attraction or experience?
I subtract.
Does this add or detract?
I get sick of anyone putting their fingers anywhere near them. Inside, especially.
Are you trying to convince anyone but yourself?
Count the fucking few names I gave you. This is an old man sick of them and sicker of going through every single photo he has. They fuck up the memories and the rules.
Do you think you're inadequate?
I'd rather hear it from someone else.
Are you inadequate?
Yes.
This becomes legitimate then.
Can you make it better?
I have. I do.
Is it an excuse or a mistake.
It's not an excuse.
Can it be healthy?
I've stripped away every political reference I could. Neurotic sympathy. I'm not left with less



honesty or more lies. I'm stuck with shifting phrases of regret. Not animals rutting among animals.

Do you feel more like a victim or an offender?

I feel more like a puppet. First I was played by him. Then the media portrayed me as their puppet so they could flash my picture out over and over and over and over again.

Saying you were a puppet again makes you sound like a victim.

Okay, I do take responsibility. I was dumb enough to do all that. You don't question it. And now they're saying, "Well, you should have questioned it."

Pornography.

I distribute these photos. I've been judged a sex offender with a class X felony because of my ownership of criminal photos. I understand that the shots of child porn stars that I coveted are not the same as the pictures I own and sell at a loss right now. My intent has stayed the same, I'm afraid.

Do you masturbate with these photos.

Memories.

Less tangible than reality until you have a verified physical response.

Do you masturbate to these photos.

Birdseed. Not a single focus or statement. My interaction with men like this is entirely sexual.

Does that change anything.

I don't want it to stop. Everything is going to be judged as a need of mine by someone else. I want this to happen.

Is this enough.

It doesn't exist.

What goes through your head.

Impulses are rooted out and discarded. I work to separate the compulsiveness of the collection from the neediness of the initial thought. Both definitions became hoary a long time ago.

Proof.

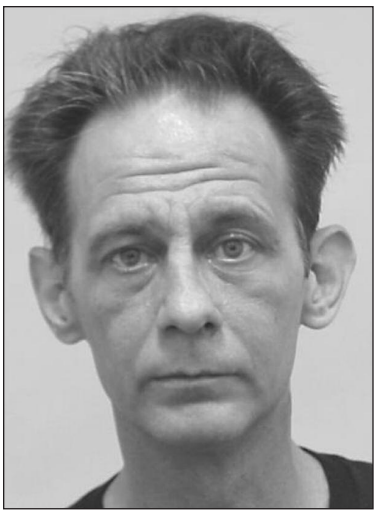
Encourage her to find like-minded friends in teen chat rooms instead. Not even for fun things. Let her absorb the pedophiles held up to the local twink ridicule as perfectly indistinct from those who've championed her own highly personal experience. All these mounting helpful half-smiles replacing the pervert that started with his fingers. One pedophile publicly argues against the misrepresentation of his concern and respect. Complaining that he is dragged into predatory projection when he's only been actively promoting their well watched security. There are no children involved in these discussions. Just adults talking about them. Both sides around the dumb models losing the requisite timidity for degenerate egoism.

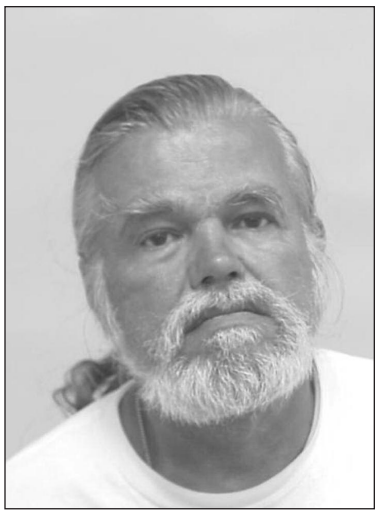
INDECENT SOLICITATION OF A CHILD

Offender's age at conviction: 32

Victim Age: 16

I didn't feel comfortable but I did what he asked me to. Wasn't sexually excited yet. He told me he didn't like children and did like older men. I was drunk enough to ask him if he had a daddy complex. I wanted to fuck him if he would talk about his father fucking him. But he didn't want to play games. I





don't think I want to either. I knew he'd be far more acceptable if he was alot younger. And less than one of these women who do porn to stretch their audience's tolerance. Seeing him as the reality thin chub that wanted me to be masculine, angry and naked with him offered nothing worth fucking. Where did this begin, was it incest. Straight men like those who thought you were too femme.

AGGRAVATED CRIMINAL SEXUAL ABUSE/VICTIM 13-16

Offender's age at conviction: 44

Victim Age: 16

If I could have, but I couldn't, I would have asked him for a photo of himself as a child. I doubt he was molested in any way. I'd introduce the idea as if these faggots never fucking ever thought of it before. Faggot spent most of his mouth time at my chest. Where I clearly preferred it. There's a concern that I asked to be punched or bit harder because I'm sublimating my own receding history. Or my congenital alcoholism, or my target damaged brain or it's just the best I can offer when someone doesn't acknowledge deficiencies with the appropriate disgust. If I can see it going to his head, I let all of them know it usually gets much worse. I want it too. I get little or no pleasure from hitting them but they never hit me hard enough.

CHILD PORNOGRAPHY/FILM/TAPE/PHOTO

Offender's age at conviction: 35

Victim Age: 17

He's going to tell her: I know what you've been through. You can tell me everything. If I haven't heard it before, you have to trust me that I'll find a way to help. We'll do the hard work together.

He'll wish he's never heard the details from her in particular. Wish he didn't want her to keep talking about herself while thinking it was better for her. Can't separate what he did and what he apologizes for. To her and to the position he's been put in. Pornography finds you. Needs her to show an equal amount of the consideration he's been showing her. Shows her how to think and knows all the while that she won't apply it with the same legitimate concern.

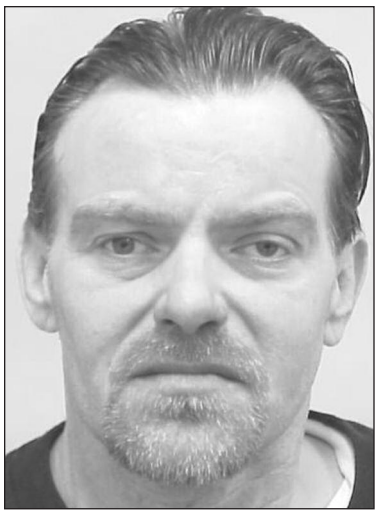
1. Understanding what is proposed.
2. Knowledge of social standards for what is proposed.
3. Awareness of potential consequences and alternatives.
4. An assumption that agreement or disagreement will be respected equally.
5. Voluntary decision.
6. Mental competence.

CHILD PORNOGRAPHY/FILM/TAPE/PHOTO

Offender's age at conviction:

Victim Age: <18

The market for tit wiggling young girls and skinny twinks. The idea being that, if it were bought by the depicted age groups, the copy would sell gay rights, self esteem and coming confusing sexuality. But coming of age films sell to older men who know and enjoy these lessons as triggers. Add desperate pasts, voyeuristic sympathies tinged only affectionately by the prized nude scenes, heroic independence and cheeky extra body measurements. My personal interest in this scant, bisexual selection of mug shots



tallies in their flagging experience. The films and pictures I edit are viewed with these audiences but not sold as created for them.

INDECENT SOLICITATION OF A CHILD<13/ABUSE

Offender's age at conviction: 20

Victim Age: 12

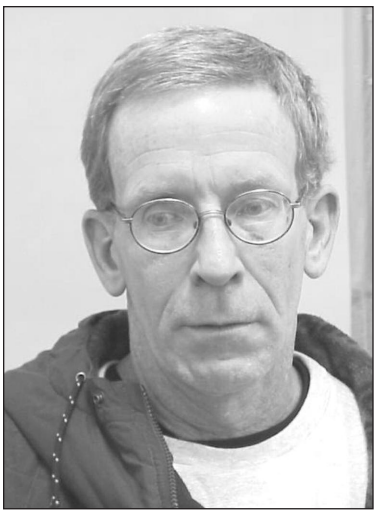
After much teasing and talking about it, a pakistani porn star only does a dildo and piss scene in the park. Indian gal fucks but looks entirely bored throughout the entire scene. Another does a good scene with cum dribbling all over her nylon pullover but it isn't interracial but black-on-black. The other women are homely, pasty white girls who do some boring and lame sex scenes. The best out of the white girls, and that's not saying much here, talks about wanting a big black dick but instead keeps going back to this pudgy, dirty looking white dude who is wearing this ridiculously padded biker outfit. Skip this one. She better start coming up with better material for her company. No resentment. You keep your fucking eyes open. Control the real image without placing yourself into the word fantasy. My memories of similar positions have more to do with facing a white wall than the socket on the other side. The result has nothing to do with the sensations he's ably or clumsily conniving. I walked in the joint. I knew what kind of cocksucker would be there before I passed up any bar. I often think of these big jobs when I masturbate, it's what happens when you use the films and photos and stages to get you back to what you've done. You want to see more, you negotiate reciprocation and forget about the way it feels. It made me want to do things. I wanted to do it. It gave me more courage to do them. Knowing that I've seen it on there. They were doing it, I can do it. It wasn't a person it was just a flat image, a flat picture. It was just a picture… there was nothing to worry about. I didn't do the usual. At some cunt's home, I took my shirt off and when I looked down hard over my belly to see where he was sucking. My asshole or below my balls. While I jerked off above his noisy pigging. Grinding and sliding all over his slimy prefinger slop. What's it take to get you to stop? HIV, unchecked syphilis, pregnancy, a hospital beating, gossip, a film of what you look like, still photos of what you did, the self-loathing isn't working. The addict's turning point is never dramatic enough. A ten-minute close-up of some young hustler's soft cock while he's just standing in the middle of the room you took him to. Where are you less fucking frustrated. Sitting outside in his car in front of where I work, taking cellphone shots of every bigger than average tit that jogs by. Firm asses in shorts and tight jeans. Puts them on a small fan website to encourage back the shots he didn't get yet. AIDS cases getting better, little blonde tots holding hands with dumb young mothers, I tell him. Faces are cherished but walk away shots from behind work, I like sun hats and full hair that hasn't been parent cut for awhile and the way they scream excitedly as they rush to be the only one that pushes the button on the elevator.

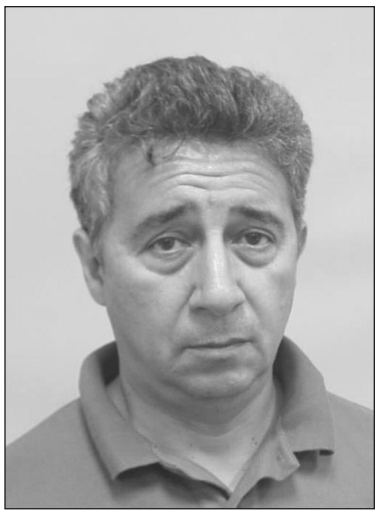
INDECENT SOLICITATION OF A CHILD

Offender's age at conviction: 31

Victim Age: 15

Wait till she's done with the career path to hear fresher impairment opinions of what she went through rather than followed. Porn stars follow on scripts from films into fake interviews set up by the employers first. Their rights to challenge their audiences are their rights to earn money. The audience is





the correct answer to every question about taste. Taste that has to be satisfied rather than questioned.

CRIMINAL SEXUAL ASSAULT/FORCE

Offender's age at conviction: 37

Victim Age: 10

Used to happen quite a lot. Naked men would lay down on their backs with feet planted on the filthy floor facing the bunker doors. Work up hard-ons to entice the men trolling between the open windows with immediate access. Any mouth, right now. Don't close the door, spectacle says when you enter. He wants others to see you suck on him. He lifts his head from the slab to watch the others who come to gawk and he motions them to masturbate. Selects one of the better looking, show cock, shirtless, to replace the clothed dolt on the floor. Takes a knock of poppers and offers it to the audience if he's edging or to the mouthslob if he wants to assume there's a community connection or observer requirement.

ATTEMPTED CHILD PORNOGRAPHY/FILM/TAPE/PHOTO

Victim was 4 years of age

Offender was 45 at the time of the offense

In-between the backyard and the backroom of Slammers in LA is a huge jug of free hydrogen peroxide. Little paper rinse cups and a big garbage barrel for your spit. In-between getting limply sucked by a tweaking KP collector and pissing on a fat oaf who was watching porn, I watched the hopefuls line up and gargle. One after another; most of them shirtless and sweaty. It doesn't do a thing. The mainroom was packed. Very few of them outward psychotics. The naked fucks on the platform wouldn't budge from their positions. The faggots on the floor would just seal from one big half-hard cock to the next. They just work on all those dicks over and over. Look for the ones that are better than what they just settled for or the one that didn't rudely pull back. Get them hard and cum and huff and work them up again until they decide to concentrate on themselves. The ones that went for the peroxide were the ones in the closed booths, generally. Not the ones spreading out all over. I went into a vacant booth and jerked my sloppy gummed self off looking at a photo that I kept with me. I had two in my pocket but only tugged one out. Honestly, it was my little one dressed in diapers, actually, and a small child's summer shirt. Smiling excitedly as she reached out to pet a rabbit in some field somewhere. She had so much hair even back then. And she was as happy as any photo I've ever seen.

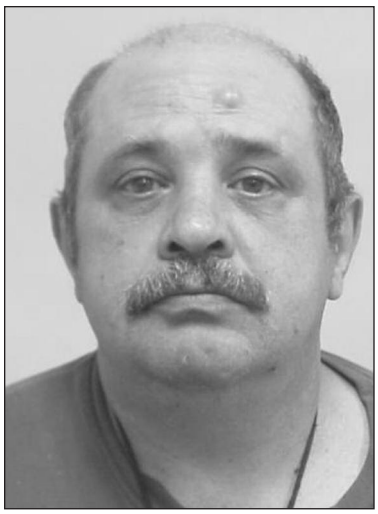
AGGRAVATED CRIMINAL SEXUAL ABUSE/VICTIM <13

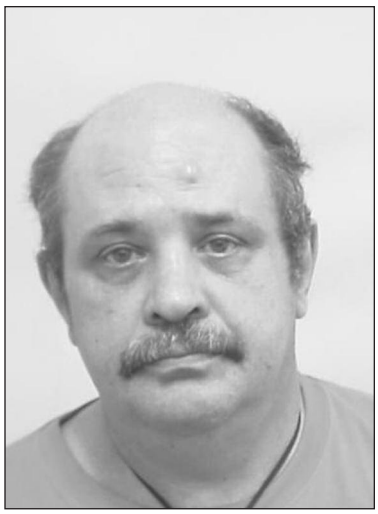
Offender's age at conviction: 40

Victim Age: 12

I don't know if it works for the others. But one of the few images I can't shake is a short cocked truckdriver getting sucked off in his cab by a french whore that Jamie Gillis paid. I don't care about the idea any longer. That Jamie had the genius to trot out a whore in Paris and film her having sex with the first lucky guy they came across that was willing to get filmed. The fat fucker with his eyes closed and his cock stubbed up thick and straight is what I find myself looking to see more of. I don't regret these aesthetics. I don't think they have quite as much to do with age as you'd imagine.

CHILD ABDUCTION/LURE A CHILD LESS THAN 16





Offender's age at conviction: 45

Victim Age: 15

I made an audio loop of Becca's estranged now grieving parents talking about what they learned about their daughter. I looked in the film interviews for what I had spotted in the print reports. I still saved as much as I could get at the time. Recorded an extended pause from stingy footage of Becca immediately dismissing a filmcrew that were working on a lucky documentary about underage prostitution and spliced the parental love loops over. Wiped away Becca complaining that the crew wanted to show her face. Made another audio loop of the short Becca words and placed it over just the interview portion of a particular young hustler sitting, clothed, smiling, shy in a hotel chair. I did this for myself. And can't show it to a public. I understand what I was reacting to. But can't let the material stop by packaging it. The audience, locating it in an adult bookstore with the following text on the cover, would insist on a cheap resolution:

Here, the account used the pictures as a form of justification, a sense that if others are engaged in this then it doesn't matter. It allowed one respondent to ignore the other cues that were presented to him, such as the victim crying or constantly covering her face with her nightdress. Such fantasies were also fueled by the excitement that came from a sense of doing something illegal.

AGGRAVATED CRIMINAL SEX ABUSE/VICTIM 13-16

Offender's age at conviction: 31

Victim Age: 13

I've made no distinction between acts and images of acts. The questions I've chosen to ask have made none. I've been trying to change what might happen. Which is a terrible mistake when you review your past for facts. Preferred content is likely to be dynamic, rather than static, reflecting both levels of habituation and the interaction of fantasy with real-life social settings.

CHILD ABDUCTION/LURE A CHILD <16 YRS INTO VEHICLE

Offender's age at conviction: 31

Victim Age: 13

All of these are questions for children. Every single one of them. I want to watch torpid adults bled by their minds and their refusals to change. I don't think it's ugly to see that when it's ugly to exist that way. Convicted pedophile tells a researcher that he often cut the heads off in the photos he collected.

You found the emotions unsettling?

To tell you the truth, I just found some of them ugly.

Did you prefer looking at their bodies?

Yes. I had very specific things I looked for.

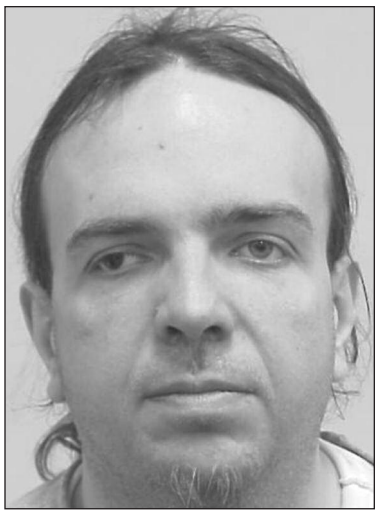
Did you think you might want to avoid certain expressions.

I think it's possible.

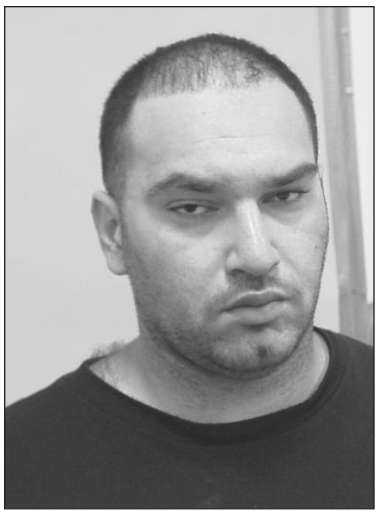
Did you see expressions that disturbed you?

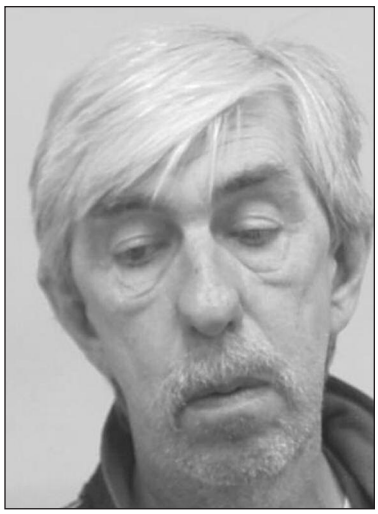
Not so much. I was looking for a certain look in the face. But mostly it was their bodies.

You found more bodies to register than faces.



Yes. More than anything else.
For whose pleasure?
Maybe she's bored, I don't know.
Is the absence of pubic hair a factor?
Yes. It looks disgusting on women of my age.
INDECENT SOLICITATION OF A CHILD
Offender's age at conviction: 34
Victim Age: 13
Hi Geofrey, how you doing today?
Alright.
Just want to ask you a couple quick questions here. Um... why don't you tell me how old you are.
Eighteen.
Eighteen, okay. And give me some numbers here. How tall are you?
Six three.
Six three, and what do you weigh?
About one forty.
One Forty. Sure it's not maybe one thirty or so or I... you're very light, very thin.
Well, the scale says I'm one forty.
One forty, okay. Do you remember the first time you jacked off?
Um... yeah.
Okay, and did you – how old were you?
Thirteen.
About fourteen? What were the circumstances – were you at home or...
In bed.
In bed. How'd you know how to do it? I mean, cause, did it come natural or...
They talked about it in school.
They talked about it in school? What, just the other guys and stuff like that?
Girls and guys.
Girls and guys, okay. And did somebody say "do this, it feels good" or...
No, they'd just talk about it alot.
They'd just talk about it alot. Well, they do that at that age; you do talk about it a lot.
I didn't.
You didn't? How come?
(laughs)
Why not?
....I was quiet at that age. I am still quiet.
You were quiet at that age.
I don't talk much.





Well, we'll try to get you to say a little bit here. But...

Alright.

Um... Where do you jack off? What's your favorite way to do it. Where, when, how – how do you like to do it?

I like privacy.

You like privacy? Well, you didn't have privacy today but... let's see, you like to use lube, right?

Yeah.

Some sort of lubrication?

Sometimes I'll jerk off in the shower. And I use soap.

Use some soap, yeah?

Yeah, it's really clean.

Yeah (laughs) works well. How often do you do it nowadays? How often do you jack off?

About four times a day.

Four times a day? Jesus. It's a wonder the thing hasn't fallen off yet. You like a...

It's healthy.

It is!

Take care of it, it'll stay healthy, right?

Right.... well, use it or lose it, something like that. Okay. That's all the questions we have. Is there anything you'd like to say to the viewer watching your video today?

(laughs) I hope you find me interesting.

I'm sure they will, alright Geofrey, thanks.

INDECENT SOLICITATION OF A CHILD

Offender's age at conviction: 36

Victim Age: 14

Ask the children I've hurt these questions. Get them to act as if these events have occurred with the appropriate adult consequence. They rarely cry. Adults cry from these questions. Almost every fucking time because they didn't cry when they were kids. They tell you. It's only difficult to imagine now. They hiccup. I only sell films with children crying.

AGGRAVATED CRIMINAL SEXUAL ASSAULT/VICTIM <13

Offender's age at conviction: 57

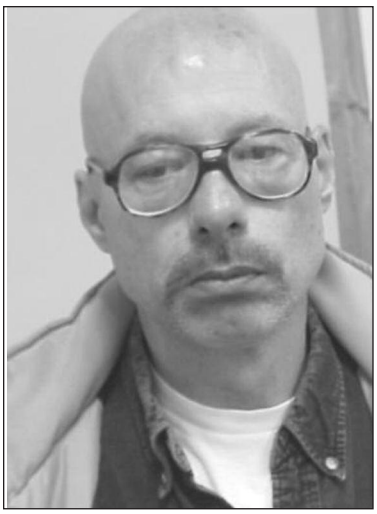
Victim Age: 13

Who made you so slow. Ask the adult to get sexualized filthy lies. Ask the little girl in front of a room of men, listening compassionately, and a back phalanx of women, petting and urging for deeper more. Place the words into the withered plastered yaps in the women so different than the showy men in sex businesses ostensibly constructed for the exact same release and resonance. Sweetheart, what do you want to change?

AGGRAVATED CRIMINAL SEX ABUSE/BODILY HARM

Offender's age at conviction: 57

Victim Age: 13



Explain what you'd think of your long lists of stumbles if you were that pretty stupid girl you're always supposed to listen to. Put your jabbed and sifted experience in her mouth. Put a tall man in the same film. Just fucking have him sit next to her on a fucking clean expensive couch and no one touches anymore. Have the old crow protecting birth control rights say:

These voyeuristic creeps stare at the women going in to the clinic. They ogle and burn up because they want what these women have had.

AGGRAVATED CRIMINAL SEXUAL ABUSE/VICTIM <13

You can make her believe it. Their interpretation of brutality can be deftly increased by young minds to quickly become living introspection. You can fuck it by asking direct questions. Slow it down. Slow it to the squirm of adults that don't know the limping difference between what they want and what they have done.

CRIMINAL SEXUAL ABUSE/VICTIM CAN'T CONSENT/2ND (2 Counts)

Victim was 14 years of age

Offender was 45 at the time of the offense

You have to clearly make the contrary points that you understand all possible inferences and insinuations as double-standards:

All three girls have been asked "What can I do to help" so many times. I made sure they weren't asked again. In the script and behind the scenes.

CRIMINAL SEXUAL ABUSE

Offender's age at conviction: 26

Victim Age: 16

Stop all the moaning and pointing. Stop for a quick wank. The women aren't treated the same in the theater. No one's head is held down. Men sneak at masturbating so that she can pretend she's the one making him cum. Her sex skills if not her smart beauty. Forgets her kowtowed everyday decisions when she's making him cum with everything she has, she stops thinking.

CRIMINAL SEXUAL ABUSE/VICTIM VIC 9-16

Offender's age at conviction: 50

Victim Age: 13

The wrinkled, blobbed old hag kept licking his cock but looking at me to the side. Making noise and never getting the head into hers. Just tonguing and lolling up and down and showing me that she loved doing what little she was suggesting. The pornography she studied is radically different than the sort I select. Until I give in. The men who would suck it don't worry as much. I thought I was doing it right when I was younger, I explain. Paying these hustlers like I paid hookers to just suck me off.

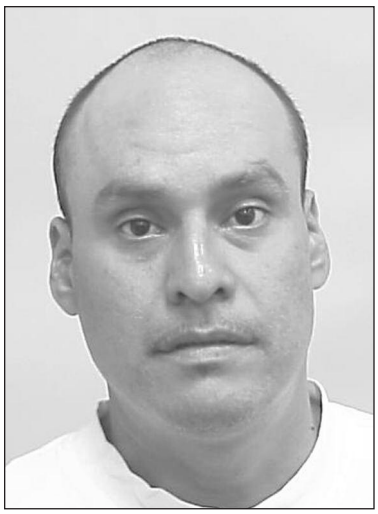
CHILD PORNOGRAPHY

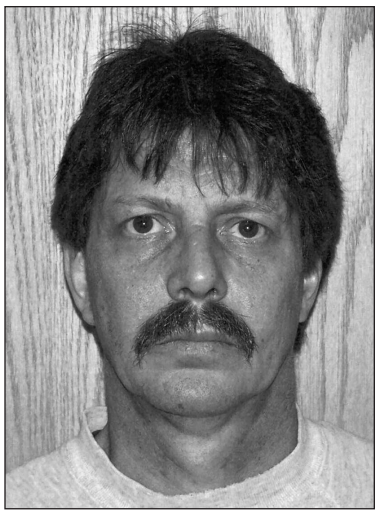
Offender's age at conviction: 43

Victim Age: 15

One of the fat belly beasts bellows over:

That's it. Make him cum. That's all you want, that's all you fucking want to do. Make him cum on your face.





Clips the usual insults out. Either the ones he's heard from pornography or the ones he can't help but think. Knows the action would stop if he called her a whore or me a pig and keeps wanking faster than I'm getting sucked.

SEXUAL EXPLOITATION/EXPOSE ORGANS

Victim was 16 years of age

Offender was 48 at the time of the offense

Take your younger than legal skinny daughter to the front of the theater. Next to the stage corners where middle-aged and up men are pumping working cocks into corpulent women. Put her in the center; she's walked down the lines of seats where the fathers and wanters were masturbating already.

Insects buzz around the one bug already smashed. Weak, confused, turning their instinct and anger inward, they only continue masturbating as they get closer in a group rather than touch and take individually. The lousy law has been prodded but they're not the one to be blamed just so far.

The pig in the corner lays down and spreads wide to let bald man on his knees probe and dig inside wet fat cunt. The men who watch usually decide they wouldn't go that far. They crowd around blowjobs most. Fucks are too difficult to see enough and cuntlapping, if they can't convince the pasty lost flat to lean her sweaty head back and suck and lick what they shove, quickly is left to just the two.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

QUESTIONS.

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Max Taylor & Ethel Quayle, Child Pornography: An Internet Crime (Brunner-Routledge, 2003)
Robert Weiss, Cruise Control (Alyson, 2005) & Understanding Compulsive Masturbation (with Leslie Fisher, Sexual Recovery Institute)
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ANSWERS.

Pamela D. Schultz, Not Monsters (Rowman & Littlefield, 2005)
Catherine Itzen, Home Truths About Sexual Abuse (Routledge, 2000)
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AO:

Bodil Joensen (The Sex People, Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, Playboy Press, 1975), Elizabeth Smart with Cathy Free & Alex Tresniowski (People, June 23, 2008), Ian Huntley, prison confessions (Tabloids, March 28, 2007), Hayley Jordan (Suicide For Film Sex Attack Mum, The Sun, 10/26/07),Chelsea Smith's mother Trudy (Teenage Model 'Hanged Herself After Shopping Trip' Daily Mail 2/14/08), Paul Griffiths, Ceop (UK Children Rescued From Sex Ring, BBC, 3/5/08), Shannon Matthew's best friend Megan Aldridge (Let Shannon Go Please, The Sun, 3/5/08)

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